

SOME UNITED STATES

IRVIN S. COBB



SOME UNITED STATES

BY IRVIN S. COBB

FICTION

PROSE AND CONS
ON AN ISLAND THAT COST \$24.00
ALIAS BEN ALIBI
GOIN' ON FOURTEEN
SNAKE DOCTOR
J. POINDEXTER, COLORED
SUNDRY ACCOUNTS
FROM PLACE TO PLACE
THOSE TIMES AND THESE
LOCAL COLOR
OLD JUDGE PRIEST
BACK HOME
THE ESCAPE OF MR. TRIMM
FIBBLE, D.D.

WIT AND HUMOR

SOME UNITED STATES
MANY LAUGHS FOR MANY DAYS
"HERE COMES THE BRIDE" — AND SO FORTH
A LAUGH A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY
A PLEA FOR OLD CAP COLLIER
ONE THIRD OFF
THE ABANDONED FARMERS
THE LIFE OF THE PARTY
EATING IN TWO OR THREE LANGUAGES
"OH WELL, YOU KNOW HOW WOMEN ARE!"
"SPEAKING OF OPERATIONS —"
EUROPE REVISED
ROUGHING IT DE LUXE
COBB'S BILL OF FARE
COBB'S ANATOMY
Cobb's American Guyed Books

MAINE
NEW YORK
KENTUCKY

NORTH CAROLINA
INDIANA
KANSAS

MISCELLANY

STICKFULS
THE THUNDERS OF SILENCE
THE GLORY OF THE COMING
PATHS OF GLORY
"SPEAKING OF PRUSSIAN —"

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

SOME UNITED STATES

A SERIES OF STOPS IN VARIOUS
PARTS OF THIS NATION WITH
ONE EXCURSION ACROSS THE LINE

BY
IRVIN S. COBB

NEW  YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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SOME UNITED STATES
— A —
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO
CHARLES M. RUSSELL

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SOME UNITED STATES

CHAPTER I

MAINE

The One That's So Rugged

IT is my intention to skip back and forth and to and fro in the country for a spell, and write pieces about some of the states as they impress themselves upon me. I do not expect to write a separate piece about each separate state. Doing this I should run out of material long before I ran out of states. The plan I have in mind is to pick out certain states which to me appear to have personalities, individualities of their own, special and distinct characteristics in climate or politics, or in their social aspects or their scenic arrangements or their whatnot, and write little pieces about them.

I realize that this, for me, is a dangerous plan of procedure. Citizens of some states which have been omitted from the list may feel slighted, and, on the other hand, native sons of some of the states which are included may be moved to complain that I have given their states an unfair deal. This cannot be

helped. I shall play my own hand according to my own lights, let the chips stack where they may.

Certainly I shall have a broad and varied ranging ground — from the manzanita to the mangrove; from the beach plum of Cape Cod to the water hyacinth of Bayou Vermillion; from the Ku Klux Klan to the Non-Partisan League; from where San Francisco sits, an empress enthroned, with the bronze buckler of the mountains at her back and the silver lance of her bay aimed at the breast of the sea, to Manhattan, the saber-toothed shark of the cities, as she lolls a fanged lower jaw in the Atlantic; from Great Salt Lake to Great Barrington; from the live oaks to the tamaracks; from Northern Lights to Southern livers; from — but why elaborate? Assuredly, the territory is wide and deep and long and splendid in every way between its boundaries.

I start with the State of Maine. Geographically speaking, if for no other reasons, it seems fitting that we should start off with Maine. Lying, as she does, at the extreme upper right-hand corner of the Union and nudging her elbow in the short ribs of New Brunswick, she is the first state to greet you as you come down the coast and the last one you'll say good-by to as you go up it. Furthermore, she has in herself merits which call for consideration.

It is customary to speak of Maine as a rugged state. The adjective is deserved, as this wit-

ness can testify. I have met her rugged yeomanry and I have skirted her rugged shore line; have viewed her rugged mountains and ranged her rugged forests. And at a certain country hotel in Maine I had for breakfast one morning some eggs that were about as rugged as any eggs I ever saw anywhere.

But perhaps the ruggedest thing I encountered on my latest trip of exploration and discovery was a gentleman living in Portland who was going to be a member of our party. Two of us went by his house to pick him up. We were accoutered in boots and sweaters and flannel shirts, and we were loaded like sumtermules with packs of equipment from the sporting-goods stores of New York.

We found him all ready for the start; at least, he astonished us by saying he was ready, and, as it turned out, he was. He wore a jaunty Norfolk suit with knee breeches, low-quarter shoes and a golfing cap. His baggage consisted of a hand-bag about the size of the one a chiropodist carries his tools in, a large wooden bucket of salted peanuts and two cheeses, one a domestic cheese, but the other a genuine imported antique, furnishing its own credentials and ever demanding the respect which is due to age and valor.

We figured that if he had been going to the Polar regions he might, in addition, have taken along his ear-muffs and possibly another authenticated cheese. As it was, he breezed along

through the tangled wildwood carefree, lightly laden, and comfortable. But then, he had followed a career that was calculated to make him hardy; he was prominent in Maine politics.

A few years of Maine politics would make almost anyone indifferent to the rigors of climate and the hardships of the wilderness. If he had lived through the former the two latter would give him little concern. With the possible exception of Indiana there is no state in our great confederation where people take their politics more seriously than they do in Maine — and everybody knows that, in Indiana, if it were any more serious than it is, it would be fatal. Those who survived the primaries would perish of exhaustion at the general election.

I had been in Maine before — several times years back I toured her principal cities; that was when I traveled the lyceum trail, following in the illustrious mouthprints of William Jennings Bryan. Once, also, I had spent a happy summer month on her coast. It was a month when I reveled in her fried scrod — which is a young and adolescent codfish caught just as his voice is changing — and in her shore-dinners and in her Saco Bay chowders which are like unto no other chowders on this eathers.

They have a fine appreciation of sea foods in Southeastern Maine. The beach cook knows just exactly what proportion of the flavor of scorched seaweed is required to make his clam-

bake tasty and he is more sparing with the sand seasoning than they are on Long Island, say, where very often a man who has just finished a commercial shore dinner arises with the feeling that his mouth has been lined with emery paper.

The Maine lobster, buried in a pit and left there to broil on hot stones, is an exceedingly noble offering, too. You sit down on a scrap of driftwood and with a bowlder you crack the hot red lobster claws and extract the white-and-pink nuggets of deliciousness that hide within. If, as you bring the bowlder down smartly, a sharp darting pain seems to run through the claw, why, it's your thumb. This should be a signal to you to shift your grip and try again. But who would weigh a crippled hand against that treasure-trove of hot juicy lobster meat?

In somewhat sketchy fashion I had seen Maine around one edge and as she reveals herself in her main towns; but now, for the purposes of this chapter, I set out to see her in a more leisurely and a more appraising fashion. No country is to be read properly from railroad trains. Going afoot or by horse-drawn rig or even in an automobile that isn't in too great a hurry to get from stopping place to stopping place is, in nearly every instance, the better way of becoming acquainted with a land and the people who live in it.

In interior Maine, though, your most suitable

medium for travel is by canoe; and it was a canoe trip that we made through the wonderful country that Thoreau loved so dearly and wrote about so feelingly — from the top of Moosehead Lake, along a stretch of the east branch of the Penobscot, thence down the Allegash to its union with the St. John and finally a short journey on the St. John to Fort Kent, crossing or traversing en route several of those beautiful lakes which, in accordance with the curious ways of Maine lakes, have a way of interposing themselves in the navigable waterways of the commonwealth.

If you will look at the map you will see that, heading mostly downstream, we nevertheless moved northward from approximately the center of the state, skirting the Eastern edge of its middle breadth to one of its extreme upper tips.

And if ever you should follow over the same route — and if you love the woods and the waters you'll take my advice and do it some day — you'll find yourself buried in a wilderness which for scope and beauty and naturalness is not to be matched this side of the Rocky Mountains except in Canada — an unspoiled playground, aloof and yet accessible, where you may travel all day, sometimes, and see scarcely an object to suggest that any white man ever has been here before you.

The transition from so-called modern civilization to this virginal domain is abrupt. In the morning we were in tourist land, a land of sum-

mer hotels, of balsam pillows and souvenir postcards and filling stations; a land where venerable farmsteads fought a losing battle against the invading vacationists from New York and Boston. Some had succumbed, becoming boarding-houses or tea-houses, mostly called *Ye Olde Something or Other*.

Others stood forth, defiant and angular and four-square, as though they gloried in being still what they had been these seventy-five or one hundred years past — the homes of a stalwart, humorous, self-reliant race, with the barns built smack up against the houses and joined to them by covered passage-ways. Snow and arctic weather mean only annoyance to the Maine husbandman of the ancient sort. In the cities they may go in for ski and toboggan; but greasing his chilblains and spitting on the stove are still his favorite winter sports.

All that morning we rolled over smooth asphaltum roads and past a constant succession of villages and settlements. On one stretch we passed through a whole school of shiny new Fords, which evidently had just been turned out from the spawning beds. I didn't know until then that Uncle Henry had put in a hatchery away up there in Central Maine. At another place, while negotiating a detour, we saw a thing which seemed to me as typical of the old order as the farmhouses with the fodder-sheds opening off the spare-room. On ahead of us, laborers were repairing a length of faulty

roadbed and for their protection against reckless motorists a sign had been set at the roadside. Perhaps the man who painted the warning had started to print the word "Workmen" and found he must economize on space; or perhaps he had a more subtle motive. At any rate, the wording on the board read as follows:

WO'MEN AHEAD
DANGER!

Maybe he was right.

That was in the morning; before night of the same day we had been magically carried on to the empire of the real Maine forest, a vast area unvexed by noisy clustering humanity, where the lakes were set deep in the greenery like jewels of sapphire in bracelets of jade, and the mountains rose as round bosses on the girdle of the belted wilderness.

For the flivver honk-honk calling to its mate we had instead the derisive cackle of the loon, that strange bird which knows an everlasting joke on the rest of the world and is forever laughing over it. For the smell of the garage and the asphalt we had the commingled good savors of earth and woods and waters. For the wilted product of the wayside fruit-stand we had blueberries and wild raspberries of our own picking. We were sitting on the world and the seat was downy and fragrant and a tremendous content filled all our souls.

Another twenty-four hours and we had

found our way to the very heart of the land. We were gliding down rapids where the swift white water foamed and the rocks reared their sharp edges like the teeth in a gin; we were paddling across wide still pools where every dip of the paddle blade splashed a million dollars' worth of diamonds and emeralds and opals into the air; we were making the acquaintance of minks and muskrats and beavers and black duck and eagles and ospreys and kingfishers and trout and togue and land-locked salmon in their own homes. We were engaged in a spirited competition, each canoe passenger striving to be the first to see the next deer and the one to see the greatest number of deer in a given length of time.

In one day the party saw forty deer. In one week we saw more than two hundred. Slipping around a turn in the stream it was an unusual thing and a disappointment if some basket-horned buck did not go stamping up out of the shallows, snorting his displeasure at this impious intrusion upon his privacy, or if some plump doe, often with a speckled twitchy-eared fawn at her flank, did not lift her head from where she fed on the water plants and, with curious unfearing eyes, watch us glide on past her. Sometimes, on a long straightway of the river, there would be in sight at one time, against the green background, as many as six or seven — and once eight — of the moving reddish spots that were deer.

~ We saw no moose — moose are getting scarce — but up a trout brook we came upon the splayed broad tracks in the mud where two of them had been drinking. We saw no bear, either, although we heard one. He must have heard us coming — or maybe he caught a whiff of the Portland man's imported cheese; we were used to it by now but to him, coming suddenly this way, it would naturally be a shock — and he was whining his annoyance as he hastened off through the dense spruce thickets. The bear is still fairly plentiful in Maine but he has his reasons for being man-shy. For him there is no closed season from the gunner. This, I think, is a mistake. Next to a Vermont Democrat he is probably the most inoffensive mammal in New England.

If I were running the Maine conservation commission I should admit bears to the protection of the game laws for ten months of the year. But I'd put a bounty on the pelts of the lumbermen who needlessly have scarred and marred the verges of so many of Maine's lakes and spread hideous desolation and waste along the banks of her otherwise incredibly lovely streams.

And those evenings! At the end of each day was an evening when the afterglow painted the skies with all the tints of glory and the white-throated sparrow, who is the minstrel of these northern woods, began singing his vesper hymn for us as our canoes grated their

bottoms upon a boulder-paved point at the camping place and we looked through a vista of white birch trunks, that were like the smooth naked legs of forest fairies, to where Joe Caron, the cook, awaited us with supper ready.

At the end of a long day of paddling a canoe — or of watching your guide paddling a canoe — I know of nothing finer in all nature than to move down an aisle of green tracery to a mess of fried ham.

In my time I have known some top-notch camp cooks. There is Dave Wilcox out in Wyoming and Louis Harlowe, the Micmac, up in the Nova Scotia moose-barrens, and Norman Jacobson in Oregon, and John Stribling's black skillet-hound down on the Gulf of Mexico in Texas. But Monsieur Joe Caron need take off his hat to none of these, masters though they are. Indoors or out, I have yet to see such perfect doughnuts as he could fabricate over an open fire. One of our troupe ate so many doughnuts one night that he caught a severe cold in the head from the draft blowing through the holes. And what Joe could do with a frying-pan and fat pork and a string of fresh-caught small troutlings! And what he did do! What mattered it, as you ate with nature's tools, that the grease ran down on you until, when you had finished, you might have touched a match to your vest and read an evening paper by your own light? Joe would have taken

what was left of the garment and served it for breakfast and made you like it.

You may go into the Maine woods all desk-sore and fagged and nervous, but the woods themselves will provide the tonic and the cure. We went in for some very sincere and whole-souled sleeping on this trip of ours.

A bed of balsam boughs when properly made is the best bed, anyway; and our guides knew how to make them properly and in a marvelously brief space of time, at that. A good North Woods guide with an ax can do more than your average city artisan could do with a whole kit of wood-working tools, and the guide doesn't keep union hours, either.

We did not roll ourselves in our blankets, though. It is customary, in accounts of camping trips, to say that those participating rolled themselves in their blankets at bedtime, but this merely is a fictional description which some romancer coined years and years ago and which has been kept alive through usage. You may sleep on a blanket or you may sleep under one or more blankets, but unless you are a contortionist, you cannot roll yourself in a blanket with any degree of comfort and if you did succeed in doing it you couldn't sleep long without becoming badly unrolled.

Between suppertime and bedtime each night a glorious hour intervened for us — an hour when we sat by the fire and swapped harmless happy lies of our own manufacture or encour-

aged the guides to do so. We had eight guides along with us including the cook, who could handle a canoe or an ax just as skillfully as he could handle a Dutch oven.

The eight included an Indian, courtly, gentle and soft-voiced, and three French Canadians, all of them lithe, handsome, nimble chaps, but the remaining four were typical Yankees with the Down-East twang in their voices and the inborn conservatism of the true rural pioneer stock of New England at the back of whatever they said. I remember a certain speech of one of them. He delivered it between pauses, while he puffed his pipe and pondered his statements, testing each brief sentence for truth before he uttered it.

"Knew a feller once't 'at p'izened hisself eatin' tainted salmon out of one of these here tin cans out of a store," he began. "Least-wise, they said ez haow 'twuz tainted." Pause. "Eatin' it didn't dew him no real good, ez you might say." Pause. "They figgered that eatin' it wuz enough, jest by itself, to make him die." Pause. "Fact is, I don't know but whut he did die." Pause. "I wuz to the *funerel*."

If you weary of other pursuits in the Thoreau country you can wile away many an hour trying to pronounce and memorize the Indian names of lakes and rivers and mountains and towns and islands and such. Unless you were born and bred in Maine you'll never succeed at

this, though; you'll merely utter gargling sounds suggestive of clabber running out of a jug. There was once a visitor who memorized all the curious aboriginal names in Maine but the tax was too great for an alien intellect. His mind gave way under the strain and he went through the remainder of his life an object of universal pity, making noises like the last pint of suds in a sink. So I am credibly informed.

Before now, people have wondered why it is that Maine, a state of the second rank in population and with a harsh climate through better than half the year, should have produced more great singers than any other state in the whole Union — Emma Eames and Madame Nordica and Clara Louise Kellogg, to cite three conspicuous examples, not to mention Geraldine Farrar, who is a daughter of Maine one generation removed, her father having been a native. I think I know the answer. At least I have my own theory about it. I figure that these great singers in their youth mellowed their tones and made them flexible by contending with the words in the Maine geography.

In a great majority of cases, the white man was so well advised as to let the waters and the hills go on wearing the many-jointed twistified names originally bestowed upon them by the Red Man, which was a good thing, I guess. It made the vocabulary of the Maine folks picturesque and added a raft of new syllables to the language.

When the paleface undertook the job of re-naming things he made rather a hash of it, sometimes. We spent a day and a night on the shores of a certain small body of water. It had two names, which the guides employed indifferently. The first man who ever visited this spot — anyhow, I am assuming he was the first man — took a look at the surroundings and christened it Round Lake.

Later on, another pathfinder happened along and he sized up the contours and decided that the suitable name was Square Pond. Behold how wrong were both of them! I, myself, surveyed the place with the comprehensive eye of one who is descended from pioneering stock, and I knew instantly that the only properly descriptive title was Parallelogram Pool. People should be careful how they go about strange districts naming things without proper deliberation and without a sense of the eternal verities. The result is confusing and misleading and frequently works injustice. Take for instance, the East Indian mongoose — not a thing about him to suggest a goose, and looks as little like a mon as any creature you ever saw.

We wound up the voyage at Fort Kent, at one peak of the state, just across the river from the Dominion. There, on the evening of our arrival, we saw as gorgeous a sunset as ever mortal eye beheld — one of those sunsets which involuntarily bring from the spectator the stere-

otyped remark: "Well, sir, if any artist succeeded in painting a sky like that one yonder, nobody would believe it." We watched it to its glorious finish.

Outside of watching the sunsets there isn't a great deal of night-life going on in Fort Kent. I decided that never had there been such a sunset before; that never again could there be such a sunset again. But I was in error. On the second night we spent in the neighborhood it responded to an encore, and duplicated the entire performance. I don't believe there is a small town anywhere in this country where they have finer sunsets than they do in Fort Kent!

Had not the peace and sweetness of the Maine woods so completely possessed and fascinated me I might have allotted more of my space to other phases of the topic; perhaps I should have. The author of any adequate guide-book would know better. There should have been sections, or at least paragraphs, devoted to her geology — Maine has as much geology as some states that are twice her size, which is highly creditable to her, of course — and there also should have been tables of statistics on the extent of her fisheries and her shipping and her lumbering and her boat-building, and her other outstanding industries, probably.

I should have said something, I suppose, about her granite, of which, I am reliably informed, she quarries a greater output than all

the rest of New England combined. But I am not especially interested in granite, as such. It seems to me it is not properly distributed, anyhow. There's too much of it in the skulls of our national lawgivers and not enough of it down their spinal columns. If you don't believe me, spend a week in Washington some time when a session is on and find out for yourself.

Taking Fort Ticonderoga, that doughty warrior, Ethan Allen, uttered a splendid great mouthful of swear words. "Surrender," he said, "in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress." But I'm thinking that if old Eth came back now he would shorten his oath to: "Congress? Oh, my God!"

However, that is aside from the main subject. Beyond doubt, the complete chronicler would dwell upon the marvels of Maine's serrated and embayed coastline which is only 225 miles in length, measured on a straight line from top to bottom, but upwards of 2500 miles if you follow the scallopings, in and out. Personally, I cannot spare time for this nor have I the inclination, being subject to seasickness. He also would go more or less at length into her history, the same being honorable and romantic.

Among other things, prohibition originated within her borders. Neal Dow, the father of statewide local option, fathered it, but at present John Doe is deriving most of the profit

from the idea. Maine was the first state to vote dry and, if I am one to say, will be among the last to become so — those unregenerate provinces are too handily adjacent and the boundary too long for the government patrol-lers, now that bootlegging has become an exact science and our largest single line of business.

Likewise there should, by rights, be a separate chapter for the good old, famous old, vanished days of the clipper-ships when Maine's great race of sea-captains — part owners, usually, of the packets they commanded — were poking their bowsprits into every cranny of the globe, mastering the intricacies of foreign commerce, enriching our trade and bringing home with them a knowledge of world affairs, while in her sister states inland, the mental horizon of the average American was bounded by what he could see from his own dooryard. Alas, nowadays her most expert wind-jammers go to Augusta to sit in the legislature!

Of great financiers who have come from Maine — one or two of them hurriedly — there is a long list. She has bred her share and more than her share of notable publicists — Munsey and Curtis and Mitchell, to name three — and has sent forth her proportion of distinguished teachers. The trait of the true Yankee, yearning to satisfy that admirable form of curiosity known as getting an education, is most highly developed up Maine way and her schools and colleges always are full.

Her military record is as good as any. In every war we've had, there always was a sailor man from Maine to steer the ship past the hostile batteries and a Maine volunteer to wade ashore with the first landing party.

Curiously enough, though, she is among a very few of the older eastern states that never have sent a native son to the White House. This isn't altogether her fault. In Hamlin and James G. Blaine and Thomas Brackett Reed she has bred the proper material — timber fit and fitted for the Presidency. Her geographical situation has been against her here, she being so far out of the center of the national political picture. Anyway, as all know, the most desirable qualifications, these latter years, for a boy who expects to be President when he grows up is for him to arrange beforehand to be born of poor but Republican parents in the state of Ohio.

CHAPTER II

KANSAS

Land of My Brother's Keeper

FROM time to time, it is customary for Bill Al White to strum his typewriter and burst into rhapsody on the merits of his State.

"I shall sing a few stanzas
A-touchin' on Kansas,"

he cries, or ringing words to that effect. And does. And does it well, too — so well that, as you read after him, you decide you'll go out there some of these days when you've been everywhere else and give Bill Al's beloved land the friendly once-over.

So you go. You behold it in its wealth of unromantic horizontalitudenessities. You view its towns, which all of them are not altogether beautiful, and its sunflowers, which in mass grow monotonous — because, say what you will, when you've seen one sunflower, you've seen 'em all — and its rivers, which incline to muddiness and sandbars.

You look for the fabled grasshopper whose

saw-fretted hind legs once fiddled a raspy requiem for the Kansas wheat, but learn that he, even as the buffalo which also once roamed these plains in countless hosts, has become practically an extinct species, alas.

You keep an eye peeled for one of those characteristic Kansas cyclones, but likewise in vain; for cyclones are out of vogue. The really important ones seemed to lose interest after Art Capper began offering such spirited competition. So now they are storing spare parts for the Ford and old subscription copies of the Life of William Lloyd Garrison in the former cyclone cellar, and the husbandman no longer gets a permanent wave in his neck from regarding the summer heavens.

You visit the historic place: Place where visiting Missourians abolished a batch of Abolitionists. Place where old John Brown turned right around and eliminated a few pro-slavery-ites. Place where Aunt Carrie Nation, with the words: "I may not be able to tell a lie but, by francesewillard, I can tell a speak-easy as far as I can smell it!" took her little hatchet and chopped down the cherry bounce. Place where Sockless Jerry Simpson first took 'em off, or first put 'em on, I forget which. Place where Senator Pfeffer got his whiskers caught in a clothes-wringer.

You figure then that you have observed all of it that there is to be observed and to yourself you say:

"So this is Kansas, is it? Well, from this time on I can take my Kansas or I can leave it alone — and undoubtedly will! I am prepared to believe what these local enthusiasts tell me about the number of party telephone lines in the average county and about the size of their bank deposits.

"It naturally would be a great country for listening in and besides, what could these people do with their money except save it? But still, there can't be as many trains leaving here for outside points as they let on, or practically everybody would have got away before now. Emporia and Atchison, a long farewell! Topeka, take a good look at me now because this is positively going to be your last chance! Dodge City, the man who named you meant it as a warning! Abilene, adios!"

That is what you are apt to say, especially if, naming no names, you hail from that metropolis of the Eastern Fringe where we have the largest number of visible skyscrapers and the fewest number of visible sky-pilots. The truth of the matter is, though, that you haven't seen Kansas yet. You merely have skimmed the surface, which is easy to skim, being flat the way it is. In a sketchy sort of fashion you've looked the country over, but you haven't met Bill Al's kind of folks — Walt Mason and Ole Ed Howe and Hen Allen and Vic Murdock and the rest of the real people.

Maybe you are so lucky as to be introduced

to these heads of leading families. Perhaps you get a chance to go around some with Walt, which is easier on a hot day than trying to go 'round him — Walt being, since he fleshened up so, what you might call a Human Detour — and maybe, too, you talk with Ole Ed or you watch Hen politically functioning, which he certainly can function once he gets started, or hear the vocal twenty-ball Roman candle that Vic is, when in action. If so, you revise your earlier judgments, for you have made the discovery that while this State may be a trifle shy on natural beauties she has plenty of mental Alps and moral Himalayas to compensate for what was left out of the mixture when the original plan of creation was being thought up.

And in the ancient verity that it is not so much how a country appears to the casual eye as what it can produce in men and intellect and progressive legislation and forward-thinking and right-living and educational advancement and prosperity-building, you find much food for thought as you start back for West Two Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, overlooking the Subway. I know I did.

I am thinking now of the occasion when I first began to know Kansas. We had met before but we had not been regularly introduced. Slantwise, I had crossed the State — hurriedly and glad of it — on the way to the Pacific Coast; but nobody ever yet saw a country from a car window. You might just as

well expect to learn the science of electricity from watching an electric fan buzz around. To me, moving along swiftly, Kansas seemed a dismalish interlude between the Mississippi Bottoms and the Raton Pass, a sort of dull-toned anteroom through which you must pass to reach the wide sun parlors of New Mexico and the great corridor of painted glory that is Arizona.

So, when fate, personated by the booking agency of a lyceum bureau, decreed that I should jump out of the Teutonic comforts of St. Louis clear over to a smallish community of interior Kansas, there to emit my little piece from an opera-house stage, I went with no noticeable uplifting of the spirit. To tell you the truth, it made me feel as bored as a circus lion, than which there's nothing on this earth borerder.

It was in the month of March. It was in the middle of a tempestuous and fickle March and the way Winter lingered in the lap of Spring was something scandalous. This is the time of the year when the Wheat Belt is at its very lowest pitch, so far as its appearance goes. By night the earth freezes and by day it thaws, so that the soil is a boggy, sticky compost and the weather is never the same two days in succession. Hail! — as the poet says — hail, Gentle Spring, and sometimes rain or snow.

To reach my appointed destination I had to quit the main line soon after breakfast and,

after a weary wait at a junction, take an accommodation, as some practical joker has named it, over a winding and bumpy branch road which appeared to have no more sense of direction than an egg-beater. It was one of those branch roads on which the through passengers make pools on the day's run, and its train schedule was the work of a born humorist. In the middle of a raw, chill afternoon, two hours and forty minutes behind time, I climbed off my day coach at a point far out in the sloshy hinterlands.

Kansas was up to its hocks in a mud batter. The station was as homely and shabby and unfurnished as the average small-town station is; if anything, that station was more so. I learned that housing accommodations for the alien were at a premium here; there was some sort of convention going on. So I took what I could get. The hotel to which I was directed was not the largest hotel in the town — there were two others of relatively greater size — but undoubtedly it was the one where the most suicides took place.

Filled with wonder that any group of persons should choose to hold a convention at this season of the year and that they should pick on this town as a place for holding it, I jammed myself and my hand-baggage into a misses-and-children's size jitney and told the driver where I desired to go. We went, careening over the half-congealed, half-molten ridges,

thence splashing down into yellow puddles and thus along a main street of uninteresting-looking houses to an angular structure which, as I found out later, had been condemned by everybody who'd ever entered it except the local building inspector.

Right here, I think, would be a good place for me to say that in the opinion of this somewhat seasoned tourist the best advertisement any small American community can have is a decently-appointed and well-served hotel. The stranger may forget your proposed Civic Center or your plans for a Great White Way, for he has encountered such ambitious undertakings elsewhere on his travels; but if at your leading hotel he badly was bedded and poorly was baited he will remember your town forever after as a spot to be cursed and avoided.

The local philanthropist who builds for you your public library might have left a more satisfactory monument to his memory and good deeds had he endowed a public hostelry. If he did no more than found a fund for the proper cleansing of the tableware and the proper airing of the guests' coverlids, that would help. On the food side we probably have worse small-town hotels in America than any other civilized country has. And the Kansas average is as deplorably bad as the average is in the states which surround her. And this particular one notably was bad.

As I wriggled out of the snug conveyance

which had brought me here, my hat caught on the door-jamb and was pulled off, brushing my face as it fell. With a dexterous gesture I caught it in mid-flight and clapped it back where it belonged, then, with a whoop of agony snatched it away again and pressed my two hands to the peak of my skull. I was on fire. The hair up there was singed from a space as large as a silver dime and where the hair had been was a throbbing blister. By some freak of unwitting legerdemain I had, in retrieving the truant hat, neatly knocked the live spark off the tip of my cigar and caught it in the crown of the hat from whence it had been transferred, a red and glowing ember, to the top of my head. To do the thing intentionally, only a professional juggler would have been competent and he would have hesitated, I think, unless he had an asbestos scalp.

The ruins were still smoking and I had a caressing palm pressed to the recent site, which hurt like the very mischief, as I entered the hotel. Its interior lived up to its outside promises; it was terrible. The office was a tightly bottled retort for the preservation of an assortment of menagerie smells. Quite a large number of flies had wintered there; thus early there was ample guarantee of a sufficient supply for summer. Some were buzzing cheerily against the specked window-panes. I knew where I would find the despondent ones. The mustard cruet in the dining-room beyond would

be a mausoleum for the mortal remains of those suicides. It always is.

Having registered under the eye of the proprietor or fly-master, I mounted creaking steps to the second floor and traversed a moldy corridor haunted by the ghosts of some very bad cabbages that had died and gone to Hell and been condemned for their sins to fry eternally. In an alcove in the hallway, right next to the room which had been assigned to me, an ancient battered piano was crouched in the shadows, showing its yellowed teeth like a crabbed alligator; and on a stool at this piano sat a fat lumpy little girl, practising on it — no, there's a better word. She was preying on it.

I was ushered into a chamber where the aroma of rotted oilcloth contended with the perfume of a leaky gas fixture. They were running a dead heat for second place behind the cabbages but nobody could say they both weren't trying. The bed was one of those beds which an East Indian fakir preferably would stretch upon if he couldn't find any thorns handy, or a pallet of iron chains. It was high at the sides and sagged in the middle, and through the flimsy mattress I could see the uplifted shapes of the springs where they were coiled to strike. The sheets had plainly not been washed for quite a spell; I doubted whether they had even been searched.

On numerous counts I was out of sorts. For one thing I was tired. My burnt district still

gave much pain. I was drowsy. The night before, on the Pullman, the Swiss yodeler who occupied the berth just across from mine kept rehearsing in his sleep. I strongly felt the need of a nap; if slumber could knit up the raveled sleeve of care this would be a swell chance for her to do her stuff.

I cast myself upon the bed and the loosened head of the springs struck back and fanged me in the short ribs. Curious unclassified noises kept filtering in through the thin partition wall. The ragged shade slatted and chattered where the wind came in by a gap in the window; and the young instrumentalist outside the door was without mercy. She ran the scales more than two hundred thousand times — I kept count up to the one hundred and ninety-thousandth time — and then, after many efforts, she succeeded in striking an octave. She was a pudgy little thing and I think the only way she could strike an octave was by turning around and sitting down violently on the keys. Anyhow, that was how it sounded. Having mastered the feat she kept repeating it. I seemed to hear her gladly bouncing herself up and down and the piano-wires twanged and I was the widest-awake party or the wide-awakest — as the grammar of the case may be — in that part of the Union. I lay there and suffered and called the State of Kansas hard and unforgivable names.

There came a knock at the door and I bade

whoever was there to come on in. I rather hoped it might be the manager of the opera-house, whom already I had met, coming to tell me his opera-house had burned up or fallen apart or something, in which event I would repack my bags and hurry right down to the depot and catch the first train leaving in any general direction.

No such luck. The man who entered was a stranger to me. He was small, quietly-dressed, unimportant-looking. And he was smoking one of the most violent and unruly cigars I ever saw in my whole life. Every now and then it would get entirely out of control and back-fire on him and spew his front with ashes and clinkers. I groaned inwardly. At first appearances, the stranger had the look about him of being a bore. Through bitter experience I had learned that in every town is at least one official pest craving to decant his windy common-places upon any visitor whose name he has at one time or another seen in print; probably this person held the job in this community.

We shook hands and he told me his name, which sounded like Wyhrxz, the same as nearly all names sound the first time you hear them; and he said he was an office-holder there, but did not state what office it was, but just let it go at that; and he went on to say that he had been chosen by the local committee to present me to this coming evening's audience and, then, between fits of contending with his back-draft,

he talked to me and with me about things in general.

And how the man could talk! He had read everything worth while that ever had been written by anybody worth while. He had been about and he had seen things and could express himself graphically and humorously on what he had seen.

He had views on men and matters, on causes and events, and they were not borrowed, second-handed predigested views out of somebody's loan collection, either; not foundlings that had been left on the doorstep and adopted by him as his own. They were crisp and vivid and witty and picturesque, and he was their father and their mother, or I missed my guess. He wasn't bumptious or dogmatic or cocksure or opinionated. He just was one of those rare creatures who know what they are talking about and know how to talk about it.

Presently he checked himself to remark upon the fact that I was not smoking and yet, as he said, all the pictures he ever had seen of me showed me with a cigar in my mouth. He insisted that I take one of his. I had half a thought to tell him that, while I smoked, I didn't countenance committing arson on strange premises, and I meant to add that anyway, something which recently happened led me to believe that the tobacco habit was dangerous: it caused loss of hair.

But the fascination of the man's personality

held me in its spell and I yielded and took the sinister long black roll which he brought forth from a breast pocket where he had a stock of them binned. He said, with a touch of local pride in his tone, that this cigar was of strictly domestic manufacture — made right here in town. But that was unnecessary. One felt instinctively that the Interstate Commerce Commission would prevent the shipment of this brand to or from outside points. He told me its name which I have forgotten — perhaps it was *The Burning Shame*.

Anyway, I lit it and it had a defective flue — probably a family failing — and pretty soon I also looked as though I had been cleaning out an anthracite stove. But I didn't mind; I smoked the deadly thing right down to the water's edge. For I was in contact with one of the sprightliest minds I've ever run into, anywhere. He stayed on for nearly two hours and when finally he left I was sorry to see him go.

After he had gone, I went downstairs and asked the clerk who my caller was, or rather, what he was; I recalled that he had said something about holding office.

"Oh, him?" said the clerk. "He's our county superintendent of schools."

A county superintendent of schools, mind you!

"Well," I said to myself, "you people here must not be able to recognize talent when you

meet it. Where that fellow belongs is in the United States Senate. Hold on, that's wrong — he's got too many brains for the Senate; most of the other members would be distressed and confused in his presence. He belongs in the White House — that's where. No, wrong again. If he were President we would hand-shake him and back-platform him and button-hole him and speech-make him to death, just as we've done to so many of our Presidents and that would be a national loss. I guess he belongs where he is. Judging by the looks of the town, there's need for one good, full-dimensioned, original intellect in these parts."

Behold, how once more was I in error. It only goes to show that you cannot judge a fruit by its outer husk. Came along 8:30 that night and this man introduced me — in a mercifully short, unmercifully whimsical speech — to as live an audience as ever I have faced. A man who does much public speaking gets so, in time, that he senses the temper of a crowd the moment, almost, he claps eyes on it. I could get the mental heft of this crowd before my sponsor uttered a dozen words, and I grew abashed at the prospect before me.

It was by no means a citified audience. I didn't see a single pair of spats the whole evening. Either the spat influence, originating abroad and working its way steadily westward from the Atlantic seaboard, had failed to penetrate this isolated district or else these peo-

ple here felt as I did — that the main trouble with wearing spats in our climate is that, about the time you begin to quit being self-conscious, the weather starts turning warm on you. Although this was the year when the streamline forehead first became so popular in our larger cities, nearly every girl present seemed still to have all the eyebrows with which her Creator originally endowed her. And I had the conviction that should one of these matrons complain that her bridge was very bad this spring she would be blaming her dentist and not Elwell or Foster.

At the same time, it was not a countrified audience. If no spats offered themselves to my notice as I stood up to get under way, neither did my eye catch the gleam of celluloid cuffs nor my ear detect the rattle of the same. Here revealed itself an assemblage alert, responsive, cordial, sympathetic, electric. These people were generously appreciative of my poor efforts. They caught my points without any muffing, and not on the second bounce, either; they took 'em, as 'twere, on the fly. Their attitude made me regardful for my grammar which, like my spelling, naturally is of the Cubist school, made me remorseful for the feebleness of my memorized flights of philosophy. I had a horrid fear that a swine was casting itself before pearls.

But they bore with me kindly and when the spouting was over and I met some of the indi-

vidual members of my late audience, I met none who was a slug-wit, none who visibly suffered from that somewhat common disease which might be called nervous culture. It was not a selected group that I met, mark you, but merely the random and casual run of the citizens of this town and, without exception, made up of flavory, savory attractive American types. It dawned on me then that my incendiary friend of the afternoon was no isolated phenomenon occurring in a waste of cultural stagnation, but that, intellectually, he was of a piece with the common pattern of his constituents.

Right there, in the wings of that shabby little hall, I revised my earlier impressions of Kansas and to this day I've had no occasion to change back. On further acquaintance and, in a balmier month, I have fallen in love with the wistful lonely beauty of the wide, flowered reaches of her prairie and with the glory of her sunsets, and I have tasted the sweet tang in her air when the little breezes that spring up after the sun goes down in the early autumn evenings come blowing over the shorn farm-lands.

Likewise I flatter myself that, at long distance and in some small degree, I have absorbed an appreciation for the spirit of neighborly tolerance which inspires the humorous personal journalism — it's always humorous and sometimes very, very personal — in such papers as the *Emporia Gazette*, for the profound

love of country which glows, like burning coals in a brazier, between the bars of some of Gene Ware's verses, for the muse which moves Walt Mason, for the straight-thinking behind the essays of Ed Howe, for the kindly understanding of American virtues and American shortcomings which reveals itself in chapter after chapter of Allen's own book "A Certain Rich Man."

And to myself I have said: "Some of these days a great poet will arise in this flat place — a poet competent to interpret the real story of the land. And some of these days, too, an artist will be bred up who'll evolve a type of architecture fitted for the plains and springing out of them, and then these towns here will be lovely where now they are homely when they're not actually grotesque."

Speaking as a friendly onlooker and confessing myself subject to correction, it seems to me the history of Kansas, first as territory and then as commonwealth, falls naturally into three periods.

To start with, she was the thorn in the paw of the Slavery lion. On her young soil the juices of partisan antagonism which Massachusetts and South Carolina had distilled were stewed in a witches' cauldron out of which came boiling the sour brews of two irreconcilable fanaticisms, one distillation as insoluble to reasoning as the other.

She knew the labor pains of civil war long

before the guns firing on Fort Sumter announced the baptism of that hideous offspring of intolerance mated to sectionalism. This was the Union's child of trouble, conceived in the travail of a bitter feud, born in the dripping red bedchamber of battle, christened with the laying-on of armed and bloodied hands.

So much for her beginnings. In her second age, hers was a forlorn and lamentable state. For she came to be a byword of the wagsters, and at mention of the very name there ensued the laughter of fools which is like unto the crackling of thorns under a pot.

In the monologist's repertoire she held that place among the States which, later, the Erie held among the railroads and later still, the Ford car held among the automobiles. According to the cruel and unpitying humor of the times, she was painted as the gawky product of an Abolitionist sire and an Agrarian dame — the dour face of a Puritan, the long, inquiring snout of a Pilgrim Father, the billy-goat beard of a Populist, a thumbed Old Testament under one arm, a rusty Jay-hawker's rifle under the other, shirt-tail out and toes turned in.

When you thought of Kansas you thought of mortgages, overlapping like the shingles on the roof; you thought of grasshoppers and windstorms and weird legislation and strange unhallowed political experimentation; you thought of whirling dustclouds and sun-blasted grain

fields; of freak statesmen; of clodhoppers playing at leadership and clowns masquerading as crusaders.

Oh-h-h, the roosters lay eggs,
And they've feathers on their legs,
And they feed 'em on shoe-pegs —
In Kansas!

She was the nation's standing joke, that's what Kansas was then.

But not any more and not for quite some time past, in case anybody should ask you. To-day this wellwisher envisages her as the prime embodiment of a reasonably successful effort on the part of the whole people to answer that question which Adam's murdering son asked of his Jehovah. There are sundry States which insist on minding their own affairs and on not allowing any outsider to do any part of the minding for them; thereby have some of these States suffered, becoming narrow and provincial and backward.

There is at least one State which, speaking through her lawgivers and her law-enforcers, has resolutely and persistently undertaken to attend to the other fellow's business, and that State is Kansas. It has been her way to shape out original and sometimes curious plans of governmental operation, to frame drastic laws of ministration and administration having behind them no model of precedent or tradition,

and then to keep projecting with them and tinkering at them and fiddling at the inner works of them, until these revolutionary mechanisms did the bidding of their daring designers and, more than that, gave satisfaction to the public at large.

In setting up Prohibition as a statewide ordinance, Maine pointed out a path, but having copied the plan and with the force of localized public opinion for her main weapon, Kansas enforced this law within her own borders long before there was an Eighteenth Amendment to give Constitutional force and Federal strength to the letter of the mandate, while, as for Maine — well, still and yet, even in these Volsteadian days, Maine, she says it with hiccoughs!

“Here’sh lookin’ at you — double,” murmurs Maine, and lifts the forbidden noggin filled with befogging stuff smuggled across the boundary. And New York and Rhode Island and Jersey and most of the others drink the toast. Not so with Kansas, wearing a dornick chipped from Plymouth Rock for a watch-charm — not so’s you’d notice it! She rams compulsory temperance down the throats of her children and makes ’em like it, and they lick the spoon and cry for more.

Because — and here’s proof that a virtue overdone may become a vice — because the typical Kansan is over-ready to write pedagogic legislation into the statute book and overdocile to obey it once it is written there, wherein

he somewhat differs from the rest of us. There is a common tendency among us to pass more laws and yet more, rather than to demand enforcement of those laws which already we have. But the Kansan takes 'em and obeys 'em as they come. And this habit, ingrained in him, has its tendency to make of him a sort of social guinea-pig. He may be bright enough in his own right but he is content to endure the abiding dullness and the physical ugliness of the community life about him. If he has one outstanding fault I'd say that fault is the fault of smugness. A schoolmasterish instinct is in him.

It was Kansas, that pioneer into untracked fields of sumptuary legislation, which enacted a law against cigarettes; their use, sale, loan and gift. And wasn't it within the halls of her state capitol where some inspired solon from the tall grass offered the bill requiring that tavern and boarding-house bed-sheets must be of sufficient longitude to cover the longest guest up to his — or her — chin line? Or was it in Oklahoma this came to pass? On second thought, it must have been Oklahoma. Your true Kansas reformer would have framed an enactment to saw off the legs of the patron to proper length.

It might be said — and said with some color of truth, too — that in her forward march toward special righteousness and common betterment, Kansas has pressed into the dust the

ancient right of private selection on the part of the individual as to his private conduct, and left it lying there, flat and dead as a squashed tumble-bug. Those who steer this Chariot of Fire, with its water-wagon trailer, would answer back that there's no such thing as personal liberty where it runs counter to the will of the masses — that the theory of the greater good to the greater number outweighs such petty considerations as to the wishes of any isolated human insect who thinks against the current instead of with it.

“See this?” proclaims the voice of the militant majority to the rebel, “Well, this is the Golden Rule and we're the boys that know how to apply it. Now then, will you take it nice and quietly or must we apply it to the seat of your pants until we've just naturally fanned all the nap off?”

Call her a Meddlesome Mattie, if so be it pleases you; call her a Peeping Tom, with a holier-than-thou gleam in a searching eye, a Paul Pry with a greedy ear pressed against the next-door keyhole, a Nosey Parker whose proboscis is forever sniffing out hidden evil, a latter-day Witch-Finder, hungry for fresh victims, a Nineteenth Century Inquisitioner constantly on the hunt for dissenters and heretics and protestants against her prevalent parochial dogmas. On all counts of the indictments, Kansas would plead guilty and rest the case for the defense upon this record, namely, to wit, as follows:

That she has pried and meddled and probed and eavesdropped with most wholesome effect upon the moral and material health of the commonwealth; that she has contended, more or less availingly, with the social evil; has promoted industrial justice; has stabilized and adjusted interior economic forces; has formed an enduring governmental partnership with the higher moralities; has so wrought that now her professional criminal class is negligible and a pauper class practically no longer exists; has so wisely distributed her wealth — divided it, rather — that swollen fortunes are rare and poorhouses aren't needed; has curbed the dishonest stockbroker and put hobbles on the speculative custodian of invested or deposited savings; has shaped her people into as orderly, as godly, as uniformly prosperous, as well-content, as patriotic and — most noteworthy perhaps of all — as generally educated a mass of citizenry as is to be found inhabiting any State of the Union.

Finally, now and then she has given to the nation a quality of political leadership which amply reflects the radical, progressive, corrective, inquisitive, remedial, experimental spirit which is the very soul of this new Kansas of the third period — the Kansas which cries out so loudly that all the peoples of the Nation may hear:

“Am I my Brother's Keeper? You bet your sweet life I am!”

CHAPTER III

CALIFORNIA

The Mystery of the Double Yolk

TAKE an egg. For purposes of illustration take any egg, but preferably a fresh one. Its cubic contents are enclosed within a single shell but, as is known by everybody, from the chandler who candled it to the scientist who analyzed it, its white part is very different from its yellow part — different in color, taste, specific gravity, density, degree of stickiness and organic chemistry. Until they are scrambled, yolk and albumen have just two things in common, other than their common destiny. They sprang simultaneously, as it were, from the same hen and together they form a separate unit, as counter-distinguished from all the rest of the eggs that ever were laid.

Such being the case, and thus acknowledged, I make so bold, for the sake of interior comparisons, as to liken California to an egg — a double-yolked egg, if it please you, with pronouncedly a golden cast to it, but even so, an egg. They

call her one state but, as I see it, really the only excuse for doing this is because she has one state government for administering her affairs. Elsewise, to all psychologic intents, she is two states that are widely apart in most of the essentials which serve to make an individual or a commonwealth special and distinctive from the individuals or the commonwealths roundabout. A terminal cross-swing of the Sierra, whipping eastward like the tail of a great angry snake, makes the division, roughly — and the Sierra is very rough — between Northern California and Southern California. But that line of demarcation merely is scenic. The dissimilarities are more than topographic, more than geographic, and infinitely more than climatic. They lie in the fabrications of opposing temperaments, opposing viewpoints, opposing outlooks. I am not the first amateur cartographer of sociological phenomena to point a finger at this fact; the charting out of the boundaries has oft been done before. It probably is being done while I set these words down. The loyal San Franciscan — being the only sort of San Franciscan there is — meets the stranger at the train to inform him he is now entering the capital of the real California that is not to be confused with a certain spurious and imitation California which — to hear him tell it — lies some hundreds of miles to the Southward and lies and lies and lies! But whenever I travel through the craggy passes of the Tehachapi

Spur on my way out of Northern California into Southern California or *vice versa* — personally I prefer the vice to the versa — I have the feelings of a discoverer all over again, like Columbus sighting the New World or Mr. Henry Ford, finding out for the first time with a shock of surprise that Geoffrey Chaucer was not the originator of plug tobacco.

Nowhere is the difference more sharply accented than in the rival metropolii of these rival domains. Each is fairly representative of its immediate tributary surroundings and both have names of Spanish derivation but I maintain that thereafter the resemblance ceases. One has more character, more personality, more color and tang to it than any city of the first order in America, not excepting New Orleans. That's San Francisco.

Now, on the other hand, Los Angeles has as little share of these qualities as almost any great city that, offhand, I can put my mind on. San Francisco always and invariably is one definite entity. You may not be able exactly to define or to describe the entity which San Francisco is, but you sense it as you come across the Bay from Oakland Mole and you feel it for every waking moment that you spend in or near to the town. Los Angeles is all things to all people, or aims to be. But at heart she is a vast cross-section of the Corn Belt set down incongruously in a Maxfield Parrish setting. She's a mail-order town, an over-

grown cut-out from the Sunday supplement. Her brow is among the clouds and her toes dabble in the surf but amidships she suffers yet from Kansasitis and Michigamania and Iowa-sclerosis, with Hollywood tucked in her side, like a page out of a dime novel that has been slipped in between the leaves of the Gospel hymn book. She hasn't found her soul yet and when she does find it, it won't be the sort of soul she thought it was going to be.

This lack of definiteness is not Los Angeles' fault. The prime trouble with her — or the virtue, if you choose to put it that way — was that she had no long-drawn-out period of adolescence. Over night, so to speak, she turned from a pueblo into a giantess. She jumped right out of her swaddling clothes into her long pants. Day before yesterday, as men measure growth of cities, she was a baby, mewling and puking; only yesterday her voice was changing; to-day she bellows in baritone, to-morrow her basso profundo will be heard around the world; for, unless all the signs fail, Los Angeles is marked to be one of the biggest cities on this hemisphere.

In other words, she didn't have leisure in which to sprout her own social background; it was brought to her ready-made from Council Bluffs and Kansas City and points east. Not that she isn't populated by as worthy a breed as we have anywhere in this country. Those are mighty wholesome folks who come out of

the flatlands of the Mississippi basin. But the point I would make is that so many of her native sons were born while their mothers were away from home. She was denied that period of gentle growth from a village into a town and from a town into a city, which permits the development of a civic tone strong enough to persist and to perpetuate itself upon each succeeding phase of increase. What individuality she may have had in the seed season of her beginnings was trampled to pulp beneath the galoshed feet of the homeseekers. What individuality she might now begin to have, has been smothered to death by the tourists.

Take a handful of citizens out of almost any environment in America and put them down in the midst of a homogeneous population in any other American environment, and within a generation they have been digested and swallowed up, have become part and parcel of the communal life about them. This is as true of Vermonters planted in Texas as it is of North Carolinians trekking to South Dakota. But transplant them in bulk, one mighty wave of emigration overlapping another until the mass becomes too great for ready assimilation and, for at least a decade, or two, they will remain precisely the sort of coagulates they were, with the aspirations and the idioms and the habits they had back yonder, where they came from. The package has not been broken; it merely has been shifted from one point to another.

Which helps to explain why the business center of Los Angeles — and a hiving, throbbing, boisterous, tumultuous business center it is — makes you think of a large segment of Cleveland, mixed with equal parts of St. Louis, Detroit and Omaha, with a dash of Denver and just a trace of Chicago stirred in for seasoning. It is only when the visiting observer ventures into the outlying residential districts and farther on into the swarming suburbs that his eye begins to fall upon vistas faintly suggestive of the land itself. Even there it isn't as though the Middle-West had invaded the semi-tropics; it is more as though the Middle-West had imported the semi-tropics to itself. The houses may be of Spanish type — or what translated Eastern builders fondly regard as the Spanish type — and the trees may be pepper-trees and gum-trees rather than water maples and hackberries, and the geraniums may grow here into llanos and the rose bushes be turned to jungles, but the feel of the Midlands is with you. Of course, as I said a bit ago, the moving-picture colony is something else again — the spirit of Deadwood Dick ramping to and fro amid the sub-titles, with Moody clucking reprovingly on one side of him and Sankey sighing on the other.

Which also is why Los Angeles still is provincial and parochial and zealous and hectic, whereas her sister up the coast line is cosmopolitan; why she is nervous and noisy and envious while San Francisco is assured and

complacent and arrived; why every new-hatched fad and every seven-months' ism finds a fertile feeding ground in the prairie-raised imaginations of her alien yeomanry; why for every new fresh political creed there is a recruiting camp and for any strange cult a sky-piercing temple; finally, why Los Angeles is not typical of the Mexic hamlet that used to stand there and not yet is in the least typical or even strongly suggestive of the splendid city she one day will be. To find the true Southern California at its best, you must go to Santa Barbara, not to Los Angeles or to San Diego or to Pasadena or to any of the municipal forcing beds on down the seashore or back in the interior. Eastern money and Eastern pretensions haven't spoiled Santa Barbara. In time they may do so, but mainly she still remains herself, which is another way of saying that Santa Barbara is one of the loveliest spots and one of the most restful under the flag, and surely the most attractive of all the smaller cities that have builded about the ancient Mission settlements.

But just give Los Angeles time. In the years to come then she may offer San Francisco some really lively competition for first place in the Setting Sun — not in census figures or in actual size, because back in 1920, following a tremendous influx of cut-rate excursions from the valleys of the Kaw and the Platte she passed San Francisco in population — but in the de-

velopment of a native spirit, an attained and seasoned personality. She begins the race, though, with the odds and the handicap of three-quarters of a century against her, so it may take her quite a while to catch up. As it stands now, Los Angeles secretly is envious of San Francisco, and San Francisco openly is disdainful of Los Angeles, and each, in my humble opinion, has reason to be so, and there you are.

Approaching middle age most of us are fond of describing how differently we would live our lives could we but re-live them. So perhaps I only am reciting tiresome old stuff when I say that if I could start in all over again back at twenty or twenty-five I should choose for my earthly abiding place some spot in a hundred-mile radius of San Francisco. On second thought, I beg leave slightly to amend that plan. Half the year I should like to spend in the city itself; the other half on a roving commission somewhere — no, anywhere — within that magic hundred mile circuit, with license to go for occasional excursions on further south-eastward, to the verges of the desert, or on and up northeastward into the high country where there are peaks so numerous — and some of them twice as high, nearly, as any to be found this side of the Rockies — that here and there is one which hasn't even been officially named, but is still just an anonymous asterisk on the state map. But if it were in Europe, every

school child would have heard about it and the Americans would make expensive pilgrimages to it.

What a range of changing scene I might have! Now I might tarry a spell in one of the incomparable fruit valleys, which always are gorgeous but which in blossom-time become visions of such incredible beauty that the very clods of the earth and the birds of the air get drunk on the glory. Or I could find spots, plenty of them, where the rounded, full-breasted mountains of the Coast Range come right down into the blue sea, or seek out the places of the tall trees and the tall liars, or cruise among the tule marshes, where a million resident fowl skitter on still waters and for every red-winged black-bird and every meadow lark that you would see back East, there is here a vocal thousand. Or, best of all, if one may be permitted to pick a particular gem from a diadem of flawless gems, skirt the edges of Monterey Bay. There are a few things of nature's molding and a few more of man's contriving which never have disappointed me, which always, on first contact, were found to have lived up to their advance notices and which never since have lost for me their zest and flavor — the Naples water-front by moonlight, pre-war Pilsener beer, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Riley Wilson's dialect stories, McIntyre and Heath, the Place Vendôme, the smell and taste of a young, healthy, clean baby when your lips brush the back of his

plump pink neck, and Monterey Bay. And I'm not sure but what the last of these is the most dependable in its everlasting, never-wearying lure.

Then, when I grew tired of rambling I could go back to that city which, by my way of thinking, is of all American cities the most friendly on preliminary inspection and, on further acquaintance the most likable — the one which on all counts wears the best and the longest. Los Angeles already is and, I reckon, always will be California's diamond-studded stomacher, but San Francisco is the poppy in her hair. The architecture is nothing to rave about, or rather, a good deal of it is something to rave about — monotonous miles of narrow-chested, high-shouldered, jimber-jawed houses strongly reminiscent of the scroll-saw period of our creative artistry; skyscrapers no different from the run of skyscrapers elsewhere and almost altogether lacking in the grace with which New York has begun to endow late models; on the hill slopes and the hilltops rich men's palaces which apparently were designed by the Mad King of Bavaria; homely public buildings; cobbled streets running so steeply up and down that they could have appeal only for Miss Anna Peck and the bounding chamois of the Alps. The far-famed Barbary Coast, having, by the hand of the reformer, been sterilized, has become sterile. True, this scoffer has looked personally into the merits of the Barbary Coast

only since it was cleaned up, but still is inclined to think, quoting an ancient song, that it wasn't so very dirty when it first came in. Or at least not so dirty as the old-timers claim it was. The night life is just as stupid and just as sordid as the night life, let us say, in Bridgeport, Conn., although, of course, carried on upon a more elaborate scale. At the risk of being shot at sunrise the next time I dare venture out that way, I furthermore wish to go on record as saying quite frankly and aboveboard, that to me the matchless Golden Gate is not quite as superlatively matchless as the folks there advertise it as being. There are other harbors I'd as soon have for a steady scenic diet, Havana's, for example. And then there's Chinatown, which palls quickly on this palate. I never was one to rhapsodize over our Occidental Chinatowns, anyway. Their fascination flits away; it is their smells that linger on in the olfactory department of my recollection. As regards San Francisco's Oriental quarter, so-called, I have much the same feelings that I have for Los Angeles' movie colony. In one afternoon spent in gathering impressions in either locality, I can get enough of Chinatown or Hollywood, as the case may be, to last a reasonably careful and saving person — not stingy, you understand, but just moderately frugal — for seven or eight years.

It is something else, other than the site and the physical accessories and the historical val-

ues — a something else not exactly definable in words, but certainly compounded of the temper of its people, the swing and rhythm of its social life, the intangible but ever-present element that we call atmosphere — which makes Frisco what San Francisco really is and that is, the happiest-hearted, the gayest, the most care-free city on this continent. A community of lovers of good cookery, good story-tellers, good company, good cheer and good fellowship. Yes, sir, there must be something of higher human value than mounting census figures and increasing bank clearings to render it possible for this town to produce a greater number of native-born or, anyhow, home-grown actors, distinguished fictionists, sculptors, landscape painters, silver-tongued orators (loud cries of “No! No!” from Lexington, Ky., and Richmond, Va.), dramatists, wits, and — oh, yes — pugilists, than any other city, great or small, in this Union.

It is a natural gaiety, too, that this town has, not an artificial made-to-order sort. Your true San Franciscan does not depend exclusively on the bootlegger's wares for his holiday enthusiasm; he can brew his own out of the infectious essences of his temperament, and the temperaments of his neighbors. They know how to play in San Francisco — the adults do — how just to haul off and play, naturally and spontaneously and without taking aim beforehand. And this is a rare trick and one prac-

tically extinct in some parts. San Francisco's grown-up children play by groups, by parties, by the hundreds of thousands at a time. No American community of like size could have a Bohemian Club with its Grove and its Jinks, or a Family Club with its Farm. Nowhere else in this country in a given space of time will you find so many individuals engaged, at every chance, in getting their fun out of the out-of-doors. It may be a couple of young married folks, in laced boots and riding breeches and khaki shirts starting off for a hiking tour through the foothills, with a burro to bear their camp kit for them. Even in the rainy season such a sight as this is common. Or in the time of dryness it may be a family crowding themselves and their dunnage into the tin Lizette and going off for a day or a week of gypsying. The mountains have turned to a metallic, yellowish brown and over on the open stretches where the sun can get at it the vegetation is parched and dead-looking, and the dust of the long drought lies thick on the wayside bushes. To these chronic picnickers all this makes no difference. There are splendid highroads for them to tool over, and somewhere across and beyond the shoulders of the great bronzy ramparts that wall the city in, the head of the expedition knows where there is a ferny cool canyon with a stream of icy water threading down through it, or a defile where the redwoods will shade the pup-tent. Without conscious

knowledge of the fact, they are expressing a phase of the tribal spirit of Northern California; are obeying the universal instinct of their blessed land. It's in the blood, out there, and the very marrow of their bones. The San Francisco flea has it; nothing gives him more pleasure than to browse from tourist to tourist.

Certain people are given to saying that the old San Francisco passed with the Fire. Curiously enough, it most frequently is a native San Franciscan that you hear saying this bewailful thing. I don't believe it — begging everybody's pardon, not a single word of it do I believe. If another fire, infinitely more devastating than the first one was, should come along and burn down every house in every street and crumble all the bricks and warp all the steel, and blast away each green thing and make the molten iron to run like rain-water in the gutters, and if, of all the dwellers there, it spared but two to live unscathed — a young man and a young woman of the authentic San Franciscan stocks — and if these two should mate, I am surely of the opinion that the unquenchable spirit of San Francisco would endure in them and be perpetuated in their progeny after them — that heritage of the fused and intermixed traditions of the old Padres and the early Conquistadors and the Nordic pathfinders and the Argonauts and Forty-niners and Vigilantes and Regulators and top-booted, red-shirted, hairy-chested gold seekers and old

Southern aristocrats, especially the last named. For they are a hardy breed — members of the old Southern families are — and they thrive with transplanting. There's a great deal of Southern blood in San Francisco. Anyone whose great-grandfather worked as a section hand on the Southern Pacific is eligible, and a large number have signed up.

Having borne with me thus far, the reader may begin to suspect that I somewhat am prejudiced in favor of the State of the Double Yolk. Further evasion being useless, I might as well confess it. I am. But as a chronicler striving to keep the faith with himself, I feel it my bounden duty to show the other side of the shield. Imperial California is not altogether without blemish. She suffers from a curse, a blight, a pestilence worse than the foot-and-mouth disease, more widely distributed than the boll weevil. I refer to the professional booster; a separate species not to be confused with the comparatively puny uncultivated booster of the country at large, but the mammoth, golden-russet, grafted, sunkist or California booster running eight to the dozen.

Everywhere you go you find him, sometimes pursuing his prey singly, sometimes traveling in packs. With loud glad buzzing sounds the swarm settles down upon you as you cross the state line, coming in, and until the hour you leave, one or more boosters ever are with you. Once in a while a booster boosts for hire; that

is, when he is in the real estate business. But more often he works just for the pure love of it. With him, boosting began first as a fancy. Soon it became a mania. Now it is an incurable disease.

And there's no escaping him. Flee as a bird to the innermost fastness of the primeval wilderness, if you will. It's no use; he'll be on the track long before sundown, uttering the piercing hunting call of his kind.

You are weary, mayhap, of hearing the praises of California chanted in a high exultant key from every side. Possibly you don't want them to keep on ding-donging the tally of the local superiorities into your stunned ears; unassisted, you'd prefer to spy out a few of them for yourself. Or maybe it is that you desire to withdraw from the madding throng and invite your soul. Having no soul of his own, or at best merely a rudimentary one, the booster cannot understand why you should pine for privacy and the silent places. So he hits your trail.

Only too bitterly well I know the hopelessness of trying to get away from him. I have been up among the Sierras, knee-deep in everlasting snow, gazing straight down upon green orange groves which seem never to stop budding or blossoming or bearing. There are plenty of places in which one may enjoy such vivid contrasts, just as there are at least two spots on the lower coast, known to me, where from the

breakers on the beach one may look shoreward and, through a defile, see a seemingly endless stretch of desert. I have done this, too. And behold, a booster came wading out to surf-cast for me.

Away up on the side of a remote and isolated peak I have sat myself down upon a mossy boulder. Surely in this vast and well-nigh inaccessible solitude — so I have said to myself — I must be alone. I am peering down over the rim of an almost bottomless chasm. I debate with myself there an issue of theological dogma. I am trying to decide whether, if my foot should slip and I started sliding down that precipitate wall, which I'd rather be — a Mental Healer or a Holy Roller? And out from under that same boulder crawls a booster.

For him scenery, the majesties of the landscape, have no lure. Mountains, to him, merely are selling points, and canyons are but holes in the ground, which unfortunately are unfitted for suburban speculation, and in your virgin valley he beholds only the site of future fruit ranches or bee ranches or sheep ranches or ostrich ranches. For, mark you, there are no farms in California, no truck patches, no poultry runs. Big or little, they're always ranches. I'm not sure but I think a Californian who was doing something for his scalp would refer to himself as a dandruff-rancher.

He drags me down from my lofty perch. He will have his way with me, He is going to show

me something worth seeing; he keeps on telling me that. He crams me into a car and he scoots away with me to a town. That is what he craves I should look at — a town. It is a new town, a booming town, a progressive and an enterprising town, a town so slick and shiny that the very sight of it hurts the eye, a raw and unrestful town smelling of fresh paint and second mortgages. It does not seem to occur to him as pertinent to the issue that I have seen new towns before; that I am so fed up on towns that sometimes I have the feeling I'll never be able to hold another town on my stomach without gagging. He has not time or patience for such unmanly squeamishness. He is pointing out to me a new civic center. It is exactly like nine thousand other civic centers which, in my time, I have with a languid eye looked upon. He is calling my attention to the public library; its pattern also is familiar. It must be a universal pre-natal influence that affects all of the architects, all over the country, who design small town public libraries; shortly before they were born their mothers must have been badly frightened by a brick smokehouse. With pride in his bearing he is whisking me past where comfortable-looking old homes are being torn down to make room for service stations, where peaceful vineyards are being stripped away so that a stucco moving-picture place may rise instead, where there goes on all the rest of that ravaging bedevilment which man

works on the mistreated bosom of nature when he undertakes — excuse the wrong word — improvements!

He sings the booster song through to the bitter end; then starts at the first verse and sings it through again. Why, would I believe it? — this town actually is growing so fast that new arrivals are sleeping on the pool table at the hotel? Nearly every morning the help find a set of forgotten false teeth in one of the side pockets. The telephone company is six weeks behind with the orders of new subscribers. A man who builds a house may have to wait three months for his water connections. He seems to think it is an added incentive to locate here if a fellow has to wait three months for a bath. And then, as he proclaims that this town has doubled in population in the past two years and will quadruple in the next two, his voice rises to a triumphant shriek. Whence comes this mad passion of the average American for being crowded? Guinea pigs increase rapidly, too, and they form large, close colonies, but guinea pigs are not the most attractive members of the animal kingdom.

If I fight him off, him and his pouring statistics on new streets and new sewers and low tax rates and high altitudes, he still has one killing shot in his locker. He falls back on the climate. The chances are, your true booster being usually a comparatively recent importation himself, that where he came from they

mostly had weather and he can't get used to being where they have climate. He tells me it never snows here. But, for myself, I like a little snow once in awhile. Since we are being candid, I will add that a climate where you half bake in the sun and half freeze in the shade is not exactly my notion of a perfect climate anyhow. If this be treason, make the most of it.

California is derelict in certain regards. She has curbed the San José scale, but nothing has been done about abolishing the booster. He is apt to be more numerous in Southern California than elsewhere but, the soil being admirably adapted for his development, the northern counties are not to say exactly free of the pest. I have encountered very lusty specimens close up to the Oregon line, and about once in so often San Francisco goes on a boosting orgy, which is a thing she has no call to do.

Speaking again of San Francisco, reminds me of one local attraction I had almost overlooked. It's important, too. This town just naturally excels in good-looking women. Perhaps it is the fog that gives them their marvelous complexions — that same fog which sweeps in of an afternoon to lie like a veil of gray and filmy gossamer on the face of the town. Perhaps it is the distinctive yellow haze in which, on bright days, the landscape seems to float as though, by some subtle alchemy of its own, the California sun had transmuted all the dust

motes into specks of virgin gold — perhaps it is this that puts the glint in their hair. But what it is that endows them with their carriage and their grace and their loveliness I would not undertake to say. I only know that all these details are exceedingly and pleasantly prevalent. You go to a gathering where the city's beauty is assembled — almost any gathering will do — and you look about you at those gorgeous creatures and to yourself you say: "And these poor, blinded mammals, these misguided boobs, have a thing like this to brag about — and then go around giving three cheers for their derved old climate!"

When it comes to pretty women, San Francisco is the Paducah, Ky., of the Pacific Slope.

CHAPTER IV

KENTUCKY

"Be It Ever So Humble"

THE people of this State have a character as strongly marked by nationality as those of any state of the Union. It is a character extremely difficult to describe, although all the shades of it are strongly marked to the eye of a person who has been long acquainted with them. They are not only unique in their manners but in their origin. They have a distinct and striking moral physiognomy, an enthusiasm, a vivacity and ardor of character, courage, frankness and generosity, that have been developed with the peculiar circumstances under which they have been placed.

They have a delightful frankness of hospitality which renders a sojourn among them exceedingly pleasant to a stranger. Their language, the very amusing dialect of the common people, their opinions and modes of thinking, from various circumstances, have been very excessively communicated and impressed upon

the general character of the people. Their bravery has been evinced in field and forest from Louisiana to Canada. Their enthusiasm of character is very observable in the ardor with which all classes of people express themselves in reference to their favorite views and opinions.

All their feelings tend to extremes. It is not altogether in burlesque that they are described as boastful and accustomed to assume to themselves the best horse, dog, gun, wife, statesmen and country. Their fearless ardor and frankness and self-confidence become to their young men in other parts, in competition for place and precedence, as a good star. When a Kentuckian presents himself in another state as a candidate for an office, other circumstances being equal, the Kentuckian carries it.

Whenever the Kentuckian travels, he earnestly and affectionately remembers his native hills and plains. His thoughts as incessantly turn toward home as those of the Swiss. He invokes the genius of his country, in trouble, danger and solitude. It is to him the home of plenty, beauty, greatness and everything that he desires or respects. This nationality never deserts him. No country will bear a comparison with his country; no people with his own people.

English are said to go into a battle with songs about roast beef in their mouths. When the Kentuckian encounters dangers of battle, or of

any kind, when he is even on board a foundering ship, his last exclamation is: Hurrah for old Kentucky.

The foregoing lines should have been printed with quotation marks. The credit belongs to one Timothy Flint, Esquire, who wrote them. I have taken the liberty of using them here because they made so appropriate a beginning for this chapter of this book. Beyond doubt, they were true when this Mr. Flint wrote them, back yonder in 1831. After these ninety-odd years they still are true — absolutely true, I would say.

America at large has been made over and remade over half a dozen times in this past century — made over by the opening up of the territory comprised in the Louisiana Purchase and by the acquisition of other domains farther west that formerly had been held in Spanish or Mexican hands; by the Civil War; by the abolition of slavery; by the development of intercontinental transit facilities and means of rapid communication; by sweeping changes in our industrial and economic system.

Our ancestors lived at the rate of eight miles an hour; we live at sixty. Slow molasses was the symbol for them; greased lightning is ours. The telephone marked one period of our development, the saxophone marks the present one. We have progressed from a jog to a canter, from a canter to a gallop, a gallop to a runaway; and now even when we slow up, we shimmy.

But a Kentuckian stays put. What this early traveler said of the great-grandsire, applies to-day, in 1926, to the great-grandson. The swing of time and the pressure of succeeding generations has not altered the mold or reshaped the familiar pattern. This thing which is true of Kentuckians is true, I think, of the peoples of only a very few other States, two or three in the South and one or two in the New England group, and relatively perhaps not true of them to the same force and extent with which it applies to Kentuckians.

Timothy Flint, that observant Irishman, went out from the Atlantic seaboard, where the older civilization was, to what lately had been the Far Western frontier and there, as he says, he found a race of proud optimists, an ardent, boastful and enthusiastic breed who made a religion of their politics and a creed of their hospitality. Could the same chronicler return this week, he would find these people unchanged in all their major attributes and in many of their minor ones.

Possibly without realizing it he struck also a note upon the Kentuckian's most outstanding characteristic; he makes it plain that away back yonder in the early eighteen-thirties a Kentuckian, in referring to his country, conjured up an image, not of the whole country, but of his own State. "He invokes the genius of his country in trouble, danger and solitude"—this is Flint's line. It might have been written to-day.

When a man from Nebraska, say, or Michigan, speaks of his country the chances are that he is thinking of the Union. Nine times out of ten a Kentuckian, using the same language, will have in his brain a picture of that particular part of Kentucky wherein he was born. Not that the Kentuckian is less patriotic than the Michigan man or less nationally minded than the Nebraskan. It's just the way he's built, that's all. It's just the way he always has been built. He's different and he's glad of it.

The State is shaped like a camel lying down. The straw that broke the camel's back was the first time the state went Republican. That was in the nineties, and to the community at large the shock was so profound that several gentlemen of the old school for a time thought seriously of taking their letters out of the church. Since then the same thing has happened so frequently that the sight of a Kentucky Republican holding a state office no longer shakes a conservative's belief in the existence of an All-Wise Power; and the camel's back is getting used to the sensation of being broken. It underwent a severe strain no longer ago than November of 1924.

The eastern end of the state is the mountainous or perpendicular end. Here, from the beginning of things until comparatively recently, resided the congenital feudist and the incurable moonshinist. The latter still exercises his hereditary calling in a cave on a creek

up a cove, with a measure of corn to feed his still and a mossy place under a tree for the customer to lie down on afterward; but the gentle bushwhacker has almost entirely quit whacking. Either he is taking a post-graduate course in chair bottoms at the Frankfort Penitentiary or he has been fatally forty-foured and now sleeps in the family burying ground on the slant of the Cumberland hills, with his booted toes sticking up at the lower end of the mound to save cost of foot stones. In his place, that happy child of optimism, the Eastern capitalist, is boring for oil and delving for coal and hacking for hardwood, and meanwhile dreams sweet dreams of eighty per cent dividends.

Somewhat nor' by nor'-east of the geographical center of the commonwealth, about where the camel would wear his fourth stomach, is the Blue Grass country. While in the company of Kentuckians, you may have heard the Blue Grass country mentioned. The native son has a little way of speaking of it casually in conversation. You gather that he is not exactly ashamed of having hailed from that particular locality. He may refer to it as God's country. Undeniably it is. Its conformation is Heaven-sent; its politics come from the Other Place. From time to time this district produces a man who would rather be right than President. See published lives of Henry Clay and John C. Breckinridge.

Moving along farther westward, you come to

the Beargrass, where Louisville, the metropolis of the State, proudly stands with a halo of soft coal smoke wreathing her brow and millions of dropped lower case r's piled about her high-arched insteps; then, in turn, to the Barrens, to the Pennyrile, and finally to the Purchase, laving its toes in the Father of Waters, and once in a while, when Father gets rampageous, climbing up on stilts to avoid having its Adam's apple laved, too.

In the southern portion of the state is to be found Mammoth Cave. Every year thousands of Easterners, who have never found time to look at Niagara Falls, go to Kentucky to see the Mammoth Cave, passing on their way many Kentuckians who haven't inspected the cave yet but feel their education can never be complete until they have gazed upon the beauties of Niagara. This is a double tribute to the compelling eloquence of railroad passenger agents.

It has been alleged, and not without some color of plausibility, that Kentuckians are beligerent by nature. We do not deny it. The crest of the state shows two gentlemen in swallow-fork coats, holding each other firmly by the right hand. The intent of the picture is plain. So long as they hold hands, neither can reach for his hardware. The motto which goes with this device is "United We Stand, Divided We Fall To." By an oversight the designers left the word "To" off the end of the phrase. It has been deemed advisable to add it here.

Down our way we can never forgive Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe for writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," not so much because she painted Southern slavery in such black colors but because she has Eliza crossing the Ohio River to get out of Kentucky. To this day, we hold that Eliza made the mistake of her life.

Along its entire northern line the State lies up against so-called Northern States, but only in certain communities close to the boundary are there discernible any characteristics borrowed from those Northern neighbors; and even then, in the processes of adoption and adaptation, these traits have been modified to match more nearly the prevalent local color. Never could a Kentuckian be confused with a Middle Westerner, notwithstanding that merely the width of the Ohio River separates him from Ohio and Indiana and Illinois. There is absolutely nothing of the Northerner in him. If there were, he'd put sugar in his corn bread.

He certainly is not an Easterner in port or in manner of thought and action although almost invariably his ancestors came from the eastern tier of States. In his mode of speech and mode of life, in his customs and his diet, his sentiments and his affections and his prejudices, the average Kentuckian is plainly of the type found in the Border States as counter-distinguished from the slightly differing type most common in the Cotton States farther

South. Yet I should hesitate to call him a typical Southerner.

Of all the peoples of all the States, the peoples in Kentucky and Tennessee are most alike. For this there are reasons. To begin with, these two States originally were reclaimed from the wilderness by men of a uniform stock — emigrants from Virginia and North Carolina, with slenderer streams of settlers from Pennsylvania and Maryland and South Carolina. Geographically, topographically and climatically, they practically are identical; each, by reason of natural conditions, falls into three main interior divisions and in these divisions the inhabitants have taken on the hues of their environment and have sucked up the essences of the soil.

The Kentuckian of the mountains is much like his brethren of the eastern or mountainous end of Tennessee. Before the Confederate War these folks owned comparatively few slaves. During the war they were strong Unionists and since that war they mainly have been Republicans. I can show you hill counties in either of these two States where at a national election the voters will record as heavy a Republican plurality as you would expect in rural Vermont.

Also, both in Kentucky and in Tennessee, I can point you to isolated districts whose natives speak an Elizabethan idiom — Chaucerian, almost — that is vastly different from the speech

of the Lowlanders. Central Kentucky, the Blue Grass region, is in aspect and tradition and habit very closely akin to Middle Tennessee, which also lies in the limestone belt and also is a land of gently rolling blue grass pastures.

West Tennessee, sloping down to the Mississippi River, is like Western Kentucky; like it in physical conformation and very like it politically and socially; which is another way of saying that here, generally, and without regard to the imaginary dividing line, you come upon the more broadened forms of Southern speech and observe a semi-benignant, semi-autocratic treatment of the black population which suggests the Far South.

Yet as between Kentuckians and Tennesseans, there is a subtle distinction and one which clearly is defined although perhaps not exactly definable in actual terms of speech. Making my own diagnosis, I would say the difference largely lies in this: the Tennessean is more a Southerner than he is a Tennessean, the Kentuckian is more a Kentuckian than he is a Southerner — more a Kentuckian, indeed, than he is anything else whatsoever. From center to circumference, from crupper to hame, from pit to dome, he's all Kentuckian.

He always has been. What happened in 1861 proved that; also what happened in '65 and '66. While the Secession movement gained headway, Kentucky, alone of all the States, sought to follow the curious and abnormal pol-

icy of "Armed Neutrality," a thing which may have been impracticable — and was — but which showed that in the crisis, when love for the Union pulled one way and sympathy for the South hauled another, the Kentuckian still strove to demonstrate his over-mastering devotion for, and his unconquerable belief in, the peculiar sovereignty of his own commonwealth and its institutions. By virtue of a legislative enactment he practically announced that, if needs be, Kentucky, single-handed, would war against both sides to save her soil from invasion out of either quarter.

On the other hand, there was the possibility that if the Unionists and the Secessionists respected this regulation — which, of course, they didn't — the entrenched Kentuckians would be right in the middle of the fighting and yet not doing any of it. To the Kentucky soul the prospect was intolerable. Armed Neutrality collapsed in a night — the neutrality part of it, anyhow. Once the division had been made there probably was no State where communities, neighborhoods, families even, split quite so widely as in Kentucky.

There were counties in the mountains which almost unanimously were for the Union; there were wide areas in the western end where Southern sentiment flamed as hot and high as it did in South Carolina or Mississippi. One town here, the largest west of Louisville, gained and wore, for obvious reasons, the name of Little

Charleston. In the middle strip lay the Blue Grass country and here, as largely elsewhere, brothers in hundreds of instances fought against brothers, and fathers against sons.

It has been claimed — and not authoritatively denied — that, taking the cleavage in the male population for a crossline, Kentucky, in respect to what percentage of her people favored the Union, gave proportionately more recruits to the Union armies than did Ohio, and, on the same basis, furnished from her Southern Rights contingents more volunteers — not conscripts, mind you, or drafted men or bounty-grabbers — but more men enlisting of their own free will for service in the Confederacy, than did Florida. The result was that when the Surrender came four years later, a greater number of native-born sons of Kentucky had borne arms for one cause or the other than there were accredited voters in the whole State at the outbreak of hostilities — a record which rarely has been equaled among English-speaking peoples anywhere.

But when the war was ended, Kentucky immediately resumed the traditional pose of aloofness and individuality which temporarily had been upset. All over the State the leaders among the Unionists at once coalesced with the leading ex-Confederates to save the commonwealth from that fate which by the Radicals in Congress was designed for the sections lying below Mason and Dixon's Line.

Largely on the initiative of the generous Unionists, the disabilities of former Confederates promptly were lifted and men who lately had gunned for one another with a whole-souled enthusiasm now combined to restore the State to an independent and an entirely self-governing status, free from federal domination or federal interference. The consequences were that the Freedmen's Bureau speedily vanished; the carpetbagging element petered out swiftly and Reconstruction never got started. In the final analysis, Kentuckians were Kentuckians rather than Union Nationalists or Southern Irreconcilables. They had split on the main issue; they were promptly reunited on this one, which was of their own affectionate devising, standing for Kentucky first, last and all the time. Naturally, though, they reserved the right of fighting among themselves, that also being characteristic.

Abraham Lincoln, who saved the Union, and Jefferson Davis, who headed the Confederate government, and became scapegoat for it after its collapse, were born, one year between them, in the same section of West Kentucky and of the same pioneering stock. One, as a child, moved north of the slavery line; the other, also in his early youth, went southward into the heart of the slave country. Thereafter their lives ran by contrasting instead of by parallel lines. But any Kentuckian will tell you that in temperament and in sentiment both remained

forever Kentuckians at heart and showed true to the lessons of their early environment and to the instincts of the blood that was in the two of them.

No true Kentuckian would have it any other way than this. His native virtues he exalts, his native faults he construes as virtues masquerading. He doesn't deny that he takes his politics seriously. He brags of it. Following at least one campaign that I remember — the famous Goebel campaign — Kentucky was for months practically in a state of civil war. No, I'll have to qualify that statement; it may have been war; a lot of people called it war and a good many practised warfare of a sort. But I, who was present, will take my everlasting oath it wasn't civil.

What he has the stranger may share; he's vain of that trait of his, too. To nourish the tradition he is perfectly willing to carry the tenets of hospitality to what outsiders might regard as extremes. I'm reasonably sure no genuine Kentuckian would feel ashamed if the doctor told him he had a tapeworm.

We have a good many proud breeds in what the silver-tongues call Our Imperial Galaxy. The South Carolinian has developed to a high degree that thing known as state pride. So has the Virginian and so likewise the Marylander and the Louisianian and the Californian and the Hoosier, to cite a few especially conspicuous instances. Scions of the old Knicker-

bocker stock in New York City, like the hereditary princes and princesses of the original Rittenhouse Square set in Philadelphia, exhibit a slightly different and more circumscribed aspect of the same tendency.

A well-born Bostonian, and notably one who, besides being a Bostonian, is a Harvard graduate, ever bears himself as a being conscious of his innate superiority above the run of humanity. When you come in contact with a properly bred Bostonian who has been through Harvard, it is very much as though you met an egg which enjoyed the unique distinction of having been laid twice and both times successfully. But the pride of one of these seems almost faint, indeed, sometimes almost puny, when you measure it against the pride of a Kentuckian of whatsoever estate.

For you, the alien, he has only pity that your parents should have been so ill-advised as to choose for your birthplace another part of the country when possibly, if they had hurried, they might have got to Kentucky in time for you to be born there. In his sympathy for you he condones their negligence; yet, without the use of words, he somehow impresses upon you the consciousness of your inferiority and at the same time tries to make you understand how sorry he is for you. To him, his State is the one which is without fault or shortcomings. Privately, and in the bosom of his family so to speak, he may possibly admit that she falls a

trifle short once in a while, but no outsider ever will hear from his lips such an admission. He is a pattern to advance agents everywhere.

Direct his attention to the fact that by the figures of recent censuses her population, in comparison with certain States, has grown but little, and he'll tell you that it is better to be born an anonymous orphan in Kentucky than to come into the world as duly authenticated twins in Kansas. Tell him that in the item of illiteracy Kentucky still rates with the more backward sisters, and his answer is that in the World War she had as few known or suspect slackers, draft-dodgers and professional pacifists as any of them, and fewer than most.

Ask him what Kentuckian to-day leads in statecraft — presuming that statecraft is not altogether a lost art among us? His response is prompt. He rests the case for Kentucky — the word being spoken lingeringly and lovingly, thus: *Kintucky* — on her past glories, on her Clays and Crittendens, her Breckinridges and Carlisles. Inevitably, thought of these great names will remind him of others — of Boone and Kenton among the pathfinders; of Zachary Taylor and Albert Sidney Johnson and Morgan and Buell among the soldiers; of Hart among the sculptors, O'Hara and Stanton among the poets, Menifee among the painters, McDowell among the surgeons, Watterson among the journalists, Allen and Fox among the novelists.

Did you speak of literature? Why, every

Kentuckian is a poet. Not all of them write poetry, but all of them think it. Fewer country schoolhouses thereabouts than in some parts? Maybe so, but just consider how thick the smoke-houses are and how well-filled. And have you ever tasted a three-year-old hickory-cured Kentucky ham? No? — then who, pray, are you to be claiming to have an interest in education?

Intimate to him that Kentucky seems, to the outsider, a wee bit insular, not to say provincial. What of it? Hasn't she as pure a commingling of the Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic strains as is to be found in any spot of like area on this continent? Would you blame a race, blessed by such an ancestry, for keeping alive the idioms, the legends and the customs of their English and Irish and Scotch forbears or for clinging so tenaciously to their inheritances that visiting Britishers almost feel that they are at home and not in a foreign land at all?

Hint that so far as the casual eye can observe, Kentucky seems to lag behind sundry neighboring States in the matter of a definite good road program. Again his reply is ready: why, when once he has halted anywhere at all in Kentucky, should a man crave facilities for traveling farther? Isn't the spot where he has stopped a sufficient earthly paradise for any normal man's desires?

Aren't you won over yet? No? — Well, then, he still has a final argument in his locker.

He invites you to come to Louisville in May — any May of any year, will do — for the running of the Kentucky Derby. If Derby Day doesn't convert you to an absolute and unwavering belief in the superlative attractions of the State you are past human help and there is no need that further time should be wasted upon a case so unutterably hopeless as yours is.

Naturally I may be prejudiced, being myself a native son — I'd be a poor sort of native son if I were not — but I risk the assertion that nowhere is there produced so colorable a picture of what the Old South must have been as Derby Day is. It is customary for the sport-writers to refer to the Derby as a classic; no self-respecting sport-writer, in describing the race, would fail to do this. He uses the word in the sporting sense, to describe the annual renewal of a long-established racing event. But by another meaning it surely is a classic, too, for it recreates and revives, on one day of the year, a simulation of a phase of life which elsewhere practically has vanished already or else is very fast vanishing.

Ghosts walk Churchill Downs on Derby Day. To the old-timer the whole place — paddock, field and track — is crowded with memories. Spirits are there of old dead and gone brigadiers to whom the thoroughbred was the noblest thing that went on four legs; spirits of old trainers, old judges, old owners, old gamesters of the South; spirits, too, of bygone Derby winners

forgotten now by the present generations, and remembered only where a dainty racing shoe tarnishes above the sagging mantelpiece of some grizzled veteran's best room, or a name is printed in fading letters over the door of a stall in a tumbledown stable somewhere in the Blue Grass.

All of present-day Kentucky that can get there likewise is there. Louisville, playing the host, turns out in her smartest holiday clothes. Out of every corner of the State the visitors pour in. From small shabby towns on the branch line; from citified communities; from the back districts where folks ride yet in side-bar buggies and chewing tobacco still is the regular salad course; from up in the mountains; from the "Asparagus Bed," where fine old brick houses with white porticoes stand on gentle eminences among the black walnuts and the white locusts; from the hemp fields and the tobacco patches and the corn lands of the river bottoms, the Kentuckians come.

They bring their pretty daughters with them, and the pretty daughters bring their prettiest frocks, so that on the big afternoon the grandstand turns to a wide hanging garden of May-time flowers. Until she has seen a Derby run off, a Kentucky girl feels that she has not been properly launched on her social career. For the current year's débutantes, Derby Day is a sort of universal, free-for-all, coming-out party.

Unless he's sick a-bed, the governor is present

along with a former governor or so, both the senators, most of the congressmen, the politicians and the sub-politicians, and colonels, majors, captains, judges, 'squires and other honorables past counting. It has been this way now for more than fifty years — since 1875, when the first Derby winner won the first Derby.

Neighboring states — Tennessee, Indiana, Ohio, Virginia and West Virginia — send sizable delegations. The strictly sporting groups, headed by those oil kings who of late years have turned horse-fanciers, being the same groups which one sees at the Eastern tracks in the summer and at the far Southern tracks in the winter — are on hand, of course, bringing with them the atmosphere of Belmont track and Saratoga. But it is the sporting side of the proposition which largely draws these last. The haunting romance of the thing, the poetry of it, and the physical loveliness of the settings, mean little or nothing at all to the majority of these aliens.

For most of the assembled natives, though, there is more to this particular day and date than merely an opportunity to win a prize as an owner, or, as a bettor, to win or lose money on the result. The Kentuckian may have his wager down — he's almost certain to have his wager down — but a higher sentiment than the gambling chance is pulling at his heart. Perhaps he has not the words to express it, but down

in his soul he is paying homage to his two surviving earthly ideals. Before Prohibition his loudest brag was that Kentucky led the world in the production of three things, namely: good-looking women, fine whisky, and fast horses. One cause for his boasting has by law been abolished. The distilleries are closed or devoted to other uses, and in some populous districts the Eighteenth Amendment so strictly is enforced that a thirsty stranger may have to walk all of half a block to find a place where he can get a drink. But on Derby Day, of all days, a Kentuckian still may worship at the shrine of his two remaining deities — feminine beauty and The Hoss.

And when, in a scroll of dust and a thunder of hoofs, the winner comes down the stretch and the crowd in the stand goes mad, and the black brother in his place goes madder, and the band, according to ritual, plays "My Old Kentucky Home," the observing onlooker who can sense the feeling which permeates the mass, is made to realize that here, at least, is one spot on the map where for one day, anyhow, the spirit of commercialism runs second to the spirit of an Olden Time. For the moment, he catches the savors and the flavors of intangible essences — the whiffs of Bourbon toddies that were drunk long ago, the smell of prime old burley lingering yet in ancient tobacco barns, the gurgle of the corn juice running out of the jug, the bubble and spit of hot grease as

the young spring chicken stirs in the frying pan.

Looking back over what has been written, I am struck with a conviction that in seeking to paint a likeness of Kentucky I have perhaps devoted too much space and time to the background, with the result that the front of the picture has been scrimped. I might have drawn more firmly the outline of the Kentucky of to-day, with her moonlight schools in the mountains for the unlettered dwellers of deep coves, with her praying football team of little Centre College, with the recent development of her natural resources in oil and gas and coal and the rest of it.

But let it go as it is.

CHAPTER V

NEW YORK

You'd Hardly Know the Old Place

THERE are several ways to begin this section of our modest guide-book to some of the States of the Union. For instance, I might begin by saying that New York State originally was inhabited by the Six Nations but now, since all the others have moved in, you wouldn't know the old place any more.

Or, speaking with direct reference to her metropolis, I could point out that the early Christians were martyred in Rome and the modern ones are having the same thing done to them in New York. This, at the outset, would give us a sort of comparative historical background.

Then again, if I cared to imbue the introductory paragraphs with a personal feeling, I should go into details to explain why, after spending several years and practically all the available funds in an effort to turn an abandoned hillside into a country-place, I have now brought

the family back to a snug form-fitting apartment on Park Avenue. In this connection I made an important discovery. I do not know how the thing goes in other parts of the country, but as regards the districts contiguous to New York City I would say the trouble with trying to be a gentleman farmer is that you quit being a gentleman and you never become a farmer.

You do not enrich yourself or the land. You merely enrich your vocabulary on the profanity side. When I glance back on some of our experiences I use language which formerly even when I was alone I did not permit myself to think of. Take the matter of the drainage of our sunken garden now. I had to coin a word expressly to denote my feelings for that sunken garden. It is a word that has fourteen rattles and a button.

Or take the swimming pool. We meant to keep ornamental goldfish in it. What we did keep in it, all one summer, was plumbers. We could go out any fine morning after eight o'clock and enjoy the sight of a brace of plumbers — one full-grown specimen and one fingerling — showing their rich iridescent colors as they circled around and around our swimming pool looking for tools. I figured afterwards that we paid the younger plumber about ninety dollars to look for a tool which couldn't have cost more than a dollar and a half to begin with. By helping him hunt we could have saved consid-

erable money. But we weren't permitted. It would have been against the union rules. And in the plumbers' union the rules are most rigid. Alongside of them the laws of the Medes and Persians would be as limber as a strip of fresh tripe.

But I digress. I always do when I get to thinking about our countryside development work. Sometimes when I am so engaged you can stand two hundred yards away and hear me digressing.

Still holding to the personal, I might hark back to the time more than twenty years ago when I landed in New York with intent to improve daily journalism there by the addition of some of the more characteristic Paducah touches. I could point to conditions as they existed then and to the remarkable changes that have occurred since. In 1904 the two names most conspicuous on the billboards were those of the Parker boys — Alton B. and Painless. The former was running against Col. Roosevelt, or anyhow we Democrats thought so until the returns began to come in; and on both sides of East River the latter was advertising himself as the builder of the original Brooklyn bridge.

At nearly every uptown corner then there was to be found the customary life-saving station with swinging doors to it and inside a gallant coast guard in a white jacket and a white apron, on duty to ascertain what it was going to be, gents? I often think now that a man

who had started in to save up brewery chromos in those times would by now have something that'll be worth a lot of money to antique collectors one of these days.

William Travers Jerome was the district attorney then, and Harry Thaw hadn't got around to killing Stanford White yet. The Flatiron Building was a world's wonder and no set of souvenir post-cards for the folks back home was complete without two views of it, one full-face and one profile; and on windy days young men-about-town gathered in the neighborhood and were, as the saying goes, all eyes. For except in the musical comedies and on the burlesque stage the female leg had not been discovered, and attracted comment when accidentally revealed. It makes one feel middle-aged to think there was, in one's own recollection, such an old-fashioned period.

Broadway hadn't begun to die standing up; and the Polo Grounds still was the Farthest Point North unless you were a hardy adventurer and took dog-sledges on across into the trackless wilds of the upper Bronx. Automobiles were comparatively new; all except the one which I purchased on the instalment plan in the following year. Afterwards I refused two hundred dollars for that car from an antiquarian. It had more than two hundred dollars' worth of things the matter with it.

About the time of my arrival the Union League Club took a revolutionary step by

electing a man who was only seventy-six years old to the Board of Governors. Then, as now, it had among its walking cases or out-patients a few members of no greater age than that and some who were a trifle younger; but this was the first governor who couldn't remember when the boys came marching home from Mexico.

The airplane hadn't come in yet, but everybody was tremendously interested in the dirigible balloon and the submarine. There were mechanical defects about both which served to keep them in the public eye and the public prints. Either a balloon went up and never came down or else it would be a submarine that went down and never came up. There was no such thing as a traffic-block barring the times when old Pete Dailey strolled down the street, three abreast, on his way to Weber and Field's. Outside of musical acts in vaudeville the jazz-note had no following. Yet where would our civilization be to-day without our jazz? Even the ukulele was practically unknown, and young people in dancing together still danced from and not to, as at present.

In theatricals the town clung to many of the earlier traditions. Plays in which the cast spoke a language that the audience could understand were being offered. There wasn't a Russian actor around the place, or if there was one he wasn't working at his trade. From time to time Mantell revived Shakespeare, or at least partially; and right on Broadway for

a period of weeks Eliza each night crossed on the ice pursued, as I recall, by Jake and Lee. Or maybe it was by Klaw & Erlanger. I won't be sure, after this lapse of time.

Al Woods was just coming up out of the East Side, with a bedroom set, to mount his first passion play. In dramatics what was risqué likewise was risky — the police would get you if you didn't watch out. There was not so much talk of censorship for the stage and not so much of sensualship either. Moving pictures were in the swaddling clothes of babyhood. Not until years later did they leap out of their first childhood into their second, becoming almost over-night, an industry which for scope and importance and the number of hands employed is outranked only by bootlegging, our single greatest business at the present time.

Ah, those were the days! Or were they? Anyhow, all has altered since then, or nearly all. Of the standard fixtures and the customary institutions that existed then, of the familiar names that shimmered in the electric signs back in 1904, but few remain. It was with a distinct shock of pleasure just the other day that I ran into Smith Brothers. I hadn't seen them on a billboard for years; their pictures brought back a flood of happy memories. I was glad to see how little, if any, the passing years had aged this estimable pair. Indeed, they hadn't changed a bit — looked just exactly as they

used to. And they hadn't shaved, either, and I was glad of that, too. Mr. Trade Smith, the one on the left, still had the Doric whiskers which so endeared him to Americans of a former generation, while Mr. Mark Smith, his brother, wore his, as of yore, done up in the classic Etruscan or scroll design. Long may they wave, said I to myself.

They claim this is a livelier age and a more hectic. But I don't know. Sometimes I get to thinking that maybe it's the sort of stuff they're slipping in these days that seems to give our New York that dizzy aspect as of a thing which spins constantly on its axis; maybe it's the hooch that makes the world go 'round — and 'round and 'round!

As I said a while ago, if I were addicted to harking back I might go on indefinitely, contrasting the New York of two decades ago with the New York that we know now. But what's the use of digging up sad and harrowing recollections of those ancient times before the Volstead Act began making America safe for hypocrisy; when for seventy-five cents you really could get a table d'hôte dinner that was more or less edible, with wine that substantially was drinkable; and when the business man's lunch with cold cuts and pickled beets and everything, was to be found somewhere on every block. After all, the main purpose of this series of surveys of various of the states is to deal with them rather in their present aspects.

New York, though, has so many present aspects that it's hard guessing where to start. Besides that, her present aspects are forever slipping into the past tense with the utmost rapidity. To-day's aspects differ from yesterday's, and to-morrow's, the chances are, will be exceedingly unlike to-day's. Every week or two a new litter of ideas comes forth, a fresh yield of sensations and novelties is spawned. There's a strong strain of the Belgian hare in this big town.

Of course I could deal in generalizations broad enough to cover the whole thing. Summing up, I might state that the New York crowd is the best-natured crowd of any on earth and has the worst manners. But specialists in mass-psychology discovered that fact some time ago. It is the most restless population the world ever has known. The unfailing sign by which you may know a typical New Yorker — when all the other signs have failed — is that he either has just moved into a new neighborhood or just is getting ready to move out of the old one. So far as I know, General U. S. Grant is the only permanent resident of the Upper West Side.

Finally, there is this to be said for New York City: it is the one densely inhabited locality — with the possible exception of Hell — that has absolutely not a trace of local pride. Hell has a right to be vain over some of its prominent citizens — and probably is — but in New York

the achievements of home talent, the outstanding performances of somebody or some specialized group of somebodies, mean nothing whatsoever to the community as a whole. Slander Chicago in the presence of a Chicagoan and you'll have a fight on your hands. Scandalize New York before an audience of New Yorkers and either they'll ignore you or agree with you.

Indeed, on Manhattan Island the thing works the other way around. A proper example of this distinguishment is found in the common attitude of the coterie known as the Younger Intellectuals. Once I considered the advisability of trying to break into the ranks of the Younger Intellectuals, figuring it might give me prestige to live among the elect. But I couldn't make the grade. In the first place, I wasn't old enough — the average age of a Younger Intellectual being, I should say, about fifty-five — and in the second place, I labored under the fatal disability of liking so much of the stuff that is written by Americans and so many of the folks who are writing it.

You cannot enroll with the Younger Intellectuals if you look with an eye of favor upon the domestic literary output. You cannot expect to be even so much as an image-bearer in their lodge; you already are blackballed before you apply. If a book or a poem or a play is popular it cannot be art because true art always is over the head of the mob — that is the first verse in their litany — and anyhow, if it was

done by one of the mere successful among the native-born, it just naturally has to be bad.

The true Younger Intellectuals always are suffering from hardening of the artistries. Their favorite author is one — a foreigner for choice — who writes stuff which no ordinary person can understand. If the said author, in addition to being a foreigner, is one who comparatively is unknown and who generally is unappreciated, so much the better. Their chosen prophet is one of the English novelists who has come over — and they all do come over sooner or later — to lecture to us on the subject of our national shortcomings. The original Pan-America League was composed, you know, of British men of letters; Charles Dickens was its first president. But the Younger Intellectuals are doing very well as a branch organization of the parent body in London, considering that, for the most part, they themselves labor under the distressing handicap of having been born in this vulgar and altogether inferior land. Their class song is: “For He’s a Jolly Good Fellow *BUT* —— !”

Glancing back over what I have written I note that I, who should know better, inasmuch as I have had the advantage of being right here on the ground for a good long while, am falling into the same error, as regards New York State, which so many landlocked Americans entertain: When they think they are thinking of New York State what they really think of is

this greedy, spraddling monster, this noisy Thunder Lizard of a town. They forget the great commonwealth, honestly American in its aims and aspirations and instincts, which stretches northward and westward from where the panting dinosaurian sprawls over the Manhattan schist. When they fall under the spell of the city a strange hypnotism makes them confuse the one with the other; which is wrong, for in its temperamental essentials New York City is not in the least degree what New York State is.

There's the city, a foreign domain, really, peopled by an alien and an alienated swarm whose world ends where the subway does and whose westward-looking horizon is bounded by the Jersey Heights. For every great hotel, every theater, every apartment building which bears an American name — either one of our beautiful sonorous Indian names or else a name given it to perpetuate the memory of a great citizen or a great event — there are ten more wearing meaningless and utterly inappropriate titles borrowed from European or Asiatic sources.

For every city dweller — and this includes those who moved in last month or last year from the interior — interested in the policies and the politics of the country at large, there is at least one other who is more deeply concerned over Lady Astor's latest speech or what George Bernard Shaw is saying to-day in refutation of

what he said yesterday, or the cut of the Prince of Wales's new riding panties or some other paramount overseas issue. Not that it isn't a good thing and a broadening to keep track of things abroad. But Mr. Manhattanite so often denies his attention to what goes on at home as being of no consequence in the cosmic scheme when compared with Old World affairs or with affairs peculiar and local to his own five boroughs.

Here a curious paradox obtrudes: Having no civic pride, in the sense that men in other populous communities have it, nor yet any enthusiasm for the achievements of his individual fellow-townsmen, he nevertheless holds to the belief that anything worth while must originate, must develop, must come to pass in New York or Great Britain or Italy or Germany or Russia; otherwise it might as well not have happened at all, for it doesn't count. It was a perfect type of the Broadwayite who first said: "When you leave New York, boys, you're camping out!" There's New York City for you.

Now, New York proper, the State that's upstate, is a very different matter. That is to say, it is different once you have journeyed into it beyond the metropolitan influence. This means, though, quite a bit of travel back from the tide-marks. If the city is a great glittering pinchbeck stud set in the shirt front of the State, then it equally is true that the verdigris,

spreading from the shanks of that most bogus jewel, has stained the bosom for many miles in all directions with its own brassy hues.

Those separate smaller municipalities which lie within the umbra of Manhattan, forming her inner environs and her outer ones, are in spirit imitators of the greater thing. They may wear the suburban look but they long ago borrowed the city manner and in the transition lost the personalities they might have had. They have the same false measures in money values and social values which characterize their huge overshadowing neighbor; her political vices and her extravagances they have copied on a smaller scale; and, in numerous instances, have achieved a reproduction of her trick of jumbling together a swollen arrogant wealth with a lean and haggard poverty — the cheeks of the palace rubbing up against the jowl of the tenement-house.

Far on past the commuting zone the big town has flung the aura of her personality. The Catskill country once must have been a perfection of wilderness. Now, in the vacation season these mountains are as populous as the outskirts of Yonkers. Touring the main Catskill highways any time between July Fourth and Labor Day it is a reasonably safe bet that every other person you'll see either is a summer boarder or a summer boarder. I have been told by naturalists that in the Catskills the surviving wild life has been affected by the

prevalent contagion of the human example. They say the woodchucks have learned to sit up on their hind legs and pose for a snapshot and the birds think of themselves as *boids* and many of the squirrels chatter now with a Yiddish accent. These statements may be slight exaggerations. But I know it for a fact that the woodpecker digs two holes — and rears his family at one hole and takes in summer boarders at the other.

Re-cross the Hudson and fare farther on up-state until you have come to Saratoga and, in the racing time, it presents itself to you as a miniature of the City — with cleaner air to breathe perhaps, but the same moral atmosphere that the town has. People no longer flock to Saratoga to drink the waters of her famous springs. The waters still flow but in the season there is an abundance of something stronger to be drunk.

In and around Saratoga is where a good share of New York's more drastic legislation has been whelped. They may design the sumptuary laws there but they enforce them on others for only eleven months of the year. The twelfth month is the open season on certain of the statutes; almost anybody enjoying the proper protection can gun for 'em then.

While the horses run, I dare say that, for its size, Saratoga is the most wide-open spot — or widely-open spot, if we want to be fussy about the grammar of it — on this hemisphere. By

night, open gambling is carried on at open gambling houses; there is open book-making at the track every afternoon, and for twenty-four hours a day practically, open purveying of wines, ales and hard liquors goes on — these things, as you may recall, being all, by the letter of the criminal code, prohibited. But the godly burghers who live off the sporting element and directly or indirectly fatten upon the spoils, sit on their porches in the starlit August evening and by imitating the admirable Chinese gods that hear no evil, see no evil, and speak no evil, manage to keep the civic conscience clean. They obey the laws themselves; they derive profit by letting strangers disobey them, so the ledger stands balanced.

Mind you, I am not quarreling with the thrifty Saratogans for their peculiar ethical standards — the campaign to legislate human nature out of human beings has not been altogether a success elsewhere. I merely am trying to show how far inland the metropolitan contagion has spread.

Even the more remote Adirondacks have been invaded. You must quit the beaten paths and find the trails to the forest reserves or the private hunting reserves or the more secluded heights to escape the metropolitan taint. On a Sunday, the main-traveled roads roar to automobile traffic; all along the chief routes of the tourist you might think, were it not for the mountains which rear their heads

so high above this ignoble clamor at their feet, that you were in New Rochelle or Mount Vernon or the far side of Brooklyn. The wilderness has been beaten back; the combined forces of the joyrider, the service station, the resort hotel, the health sanitarium and the week-ender have been too much for it.

In the deep timber there yet are deer in plenty and porcupines and a semi-occasional bear, but along the popular tracks probably the wildest-looking thing you'll see will be a fur-bearing East Sider taking his vacation. And unless a hay-fever victim should jump out from behind a tree and try to sneeze you to death, you are safe from all the perils of the wild.

For the defense it should be stated, though, that not even New York City can spoil New York State. Remember this — were the city cut off from her she still would be one of the most populous states of the Union and still a leader in the variety and quantity of her manufactured products, her agricultural products, her natural resources — yes, and her natural beauties, too.

We are accustomed to think of California and Colorado and Arizona and Washington as offering the widest range of scenic wonders but I contend there is no state which presents a finer diversity or a more generous array of real beauty spots than New York. At her doorway the Atlantic Ocean, at her back gates the

Great Lakes; Niagara Falls up yonder at that corner, and New York Harbor down here at this; the St. Lawrence with its Thousand Islands at that side of her, the Hudson with its Palisades at another; in the interior the glories of the Mohawk Valley and the scarcely less exquisite Genesee; a breast that is gemmed with incomparable lakes and having Champlain and George as the chief jewels of the cluster; the Laurentians throwing their coils down from above the northern boundaries to make her chief range of mountains; the Appalachians thrusting their tips up to form the clumped Catskills — what state of equal size or anywhere near equal size can show more? And what state, regardless of its size, has beauties which are so accessible? I can think of none and I have crossed and recrossed every part of this Union on the quest of the picturesque.

I have in mind a certain place. It is on Long Island, that natural playground which a generous Creator provided to lie at the doors of our biggest town. As the crow might fly, it is less than forty miles from Forty-second Street and Broadway, and by turnpike is not more than a two-hours' motor run. To reach it you pass among the homes and the workshops of sundry hiving millions but once there you might be in the heart of the Maine woods or the Canadian. It is just as the red Montauks left it — unshorn, undevastated, undefiled. This is what saved it: It is girdled about by a gravelly

sandy belt of scrub-land that is fitted neither for golf links nor for real-estate developments. It offers no settings for rich men's country places nor yet any sites for the truck patches of more simple folks. To its location it owes its escape.

On a lake here — a little lake which completely is walled in by virgin woodland — I have seen loon and osprey and bald eagle. I've startled up a speckled doe as she fed along its shores and once I scared away a fox that tried to stalk a family of young black duck dabbling under a laureled bank. The clear water of the lake is thick with bass. The singing stream which leads out of it harbors fine, fat and lusty trout; and along this stream in the spring the cock grouse drums, and on beyond, at the edges of abandoned clearings, the bob-whites are whistling their mating call.

On a clear cold January night, from our camping place I have seen the *Aurora Borealis* — that marvel and mystery of the northern heavens which science never has fathomed. For my part, I wonder how the scientists ever succeeded in finding out what its right name was, let alone solving the causes for it. I have stood and watched it flickering back and forth across the sky in waves and bands of gorgeous shifting color, putting to shame the puny man-made imitation of the Great White Way, so near at hand and yet, to all intents, so tremendously far away.

I go down there often, and when I do my faith in things is renewed and I'm made glad all over by the thought that it will take a lot more of spoiling — years and years of it, maybe centuries of it — before New York City entirely succeeds in spoiling New York State.

CHAPTER VI

W Y O M I N G

The Battle Hen of the Republic

THE works of the ornithological authorities are replete with information touching upon the subject of which I mean largely to treat in this chapter. It is set forth that the creature under discussion is known as the sage grouse — also as the sage chicken — also as the cock of the plains; and that, next to the wild turkey, it is the largest game bird in North America, the male occasionally attaining to a weight of eight pounds, or even more, depending, I suppose, on whether or not the audience is in fit frame of mind to credit the statements of the favored hunter.

Yet another distinction possessed by this interesting bird is that it has no gizzard. Absolutely it has not a vestige of gizzard to its name. This serves to make it unique. Except dogs afflicted with fleas, sage grouse are the only members of the gallinaceous or scratching tribe that are gizzardless. In the case of the dog, he usually is so busy that he has no time in

which to worry over not having any gizzard; and, as regards the sage grouse, its place is taken by a soft membranous bag something like a goiter, but worn inside, where it will not attract so much adverse comment.

The official or Latin name of this bird is *Centrocercus urophasianus*. The spelling is guaranteed by the writer, but the reader must do his own pronouncing at his own risk. Its habitat is the sage region of the Rocky Mountain plateau, but it has been found as far east as Nebraska and as far west as the Sierra Nevada and the Cascade ranges. In the pairing season the cock bird is much addicted to distending its neck enormously by means of air sacs covered with naked and livid skin. This is supposed to have a fascinating effect upon the female of the species, but otherwise nothing is said anywhere about her being of a morbid disposition.

The prevalent color is black and white for both sexes, and in both there is a pronounced tendency toward a prominent development of the bust. The sage grouse has feathers on its legs, but not so many as to interfere with comfort in walking about from place to place; and, altogether, it is one of our noblest birds.

However, there is one detail that the ornithologists, in treating of the sage grouse, have altogether overlooked. This seems singular, because it is important in a way. The omitted item is the cost of the sage grouse. The cost for a specimen in Wyoming is exactly ninety-

seven dollars and sixty-five cents. This figure has been arrived at by actual demonstration and, moreover, is based on a careful system of bookkeeping.

Perhaps I should state that this estimate applies to the tourist from the East who goes West for the purpose of garnering a sage grouse upon its native heath. To the resident hunter of the State of Wyoming, the state where the sage grouse most plentifully abounds, the attendant expense is much less — very much less. Indeed, on occasion, the Wyoming native has been known to shoot the bird from his doorway. And there may have been times when the Easterner secured his sage grouse at a lesser outlay a head than the amount stated by me in the preceding paragraph. In such a case I can but fall back upon my own figures and my own experience.

I repeat it firmly. Earnestly do I reaffirm it — one sage grouse costs ninety-seven dollars and sixty-five cents, exclusive of icing, crating and expressage charges back home. And it is worth the money. When one takes into consideration the change of climate, the scenery, the trip and all, it is worth more than that.

It was to Wyoming, in search of the sage grouse, that we journeyed — the southern part of Wyoming, not far north of the Colorado line, where the spinal column of this continent humps itself high against the sunset skies and the sagebrush grows the rankest. There were

four of us. Two went from the Atlantic Seaboard and two came from the Pacific Coast, to meet at an appointed spot and fare into the game country in company. We who represented the East carried with us enough paraphernalia to stock up the Roosevelt boys for another tour after the Pola Negri.

For one thing, we took with us an express rifle. A friend who has done considerable big-game shooting in his time lent it to us. He said it would stop an elephant. I do not know whether it would entirely stop an elephant, but of this much I am certain — it would tire an elephant to the point of total exhaustion to have to tote it round for any length of time. And, of course, it would kill a man — kill him, I should say, in half a day or less. Getting it from its owner's house to my house and from my house to the station almost killed me. The cartridge to be fired by it was about the size and general aspect of one of those chemical fire extinguishers such as are carried by careful motorists, and the shell, or case, had a large soft-nose bullet protruding daintily from the apex, or snout, of its metal casing.

We designed to use this weapon upon bears, the theory being that if one shot a bear with it the bullet would spread out into a sort of cup-custard design and so disarrange his interior arrangements that he would pause in an effort to readjust himself to the altered conditions, and while so engaged would abruptly

pass from life. As for an elk or a black-tailed deer, I gathered that this rifle not only killed the game but dressed it — and, I think, partly cooked it.

The man who lent us the gun was very explicit regarding its use. He said he had carried it with him on all his hunting trips for years. I could well believe this — one of his shoulders was much higher than the other and his legs had a sprung look. He said:

“If you run across a black bear one shot from this should be ample. One blast ought to detain him permanently. But if a grizzly shows up you want to be careful to plug him in a vital spot the very first crack, because if you don’t he’ll start right for you and keep on coming until you do drop him.”

I said:

“One moment, if you please: In the first place, if I should meet up with a grizzly — which heaven forbid — I shall not waste any valuable time locating his vital spots. From what I have heard about them, almost any grizzly would be apt to resent such conduct on my part as an uncalled-for impertinence. Besides, who is going to hold the grizzly while I am finding his vital spots? — if any such there be.

“No, I shall try for general results. And if, following that, he should just even look as though he harbored the notion of starting for me, I shall not be there in that immediate vicinity very long after that.

"Mine is a very fertile mind, and I have no doubt of my ability to think of any number of places where I would rather be; and I shall depart for one of them right away. Upon his arrival at the spot where I was last seen that bear will be astonished to observe that he is alone in the midst of a vast, depressing solitude."

Nevertheless, this man pressed his trusty express rifle upon me and I took it in my arms and staggered away with it; but during the entire trip we had it out of the case only twice. Once was when we hauled it out to show it to a station agent in a little town out West, and it fell over on its side and mashed up a boy. The other time was away up in the high hills, when we tried it at a mark on the trunk of a tree. Observing the result, we understood why this kind of rifle is called an express. It makes no local stops. The bullet ripped the pine tree wide open and, passing on through, tore up the landscape considerably at a point about a mile and a half farther on.

I have been told that a charge from such a rifle will penetrate six inches of solid green hickory, and has even been known to dent the skull of a man who thinks you can find out who is going to be elected President of the United States by taking a straw vote on a railroad train — which is the ultimate test for any high-powered projectile.

As a matter of fact, we did not encounter a

single bear. Once, high up on the side of a mountain, we found the tracks of one in a marshy place, and these tracks were of sufficient size to satisfy us. They looked as though they had been freshly made too. So we called it a day and returned to camp, though when we started out we had intended to be gone much longer. In this part of Wyoming there are still some black bear, and once upon a time there was a considerable number of cinnamon bear; but, owing to the constant demand for cinnamon, they have grown very rare and are sighted only at long intervals. Just one grizzly has been seen in Southern Wyoming in recent years. That was two seasons ago when Ringling Brothers' Circus came through. It attracted almost as much attention as the blood-sweating behemoth.

For a variety of reasons the natives do not go in very largely for big-game shooting, anyway. Antelope and sheepherders abound in certain localities. There is a permanent closed season on the antelope, though, and under the state game laws sheepherders enjoy much better protection than they did in the good old days of Tom Horn, who, before they hanged him up at Cheyenne, did a good deal to discourage the infant sheep industry on the Northern ranges, mostly using a repeating rifle. Elk have been brought down from the Jackson's Hole country and turned loose; but, because so many lodge members crave their jawteeth to

wear as watch charms, the elk are rather coy about showing themselves in the open.

Though the black-tailed deer are fairly numerous, it is considered *de trop* both by the game warden and by the black-tail himself to shoot him out of season. Occasionally a coyote crosses one's path; but there is not much sport in gunning for Brer Coyote, because under the most favorable circumstances he is such a forlorn, low-spirited, miserable creature that being killed is a much greater pleasure to him than it is to the hunter. In the evenings, while waiting to be killed, it is his delight to sit on a bare rock and serenade the camp when you are trying to go to sleep. His song is plaintive, but wears upon the hearer along toward midnight.

However, we were not to learn all this until later. We loaded ourselves with enough equipment to fill a steam-car drawing-room to the Plimsolls and overflow into the baggage coach. We promised all our friends bearskin robes for their entry halls, and heads suitable for mounting for their dining rooms; and then we climbed aboard the train and started gayly away. In the evening of the second day out we whizzed through a corner of Colorado, and not very long after that we had invaded Wyoming.

Lacking other information, it was still easy for the inexperienced traveler to tell when he had crossed the boundary, for this was before we had the Volstead Act. If you approached a small town and you observed from a distance

two kinds of mills looming up — one wind and one gin — you knew that now you were in Wyoming. Colorado, on the other hand, was in the grips of Prohibition. Even so, a certain broad latitude sometimes governed the application and enforcement of the antiliquor law. Every now and then, in the cool of the day, you saw a small group of the native yeomanry going home, stepping high upon the heaving and tossing sidewalk, and pausing occasionally, with arms intertwined and heads inclined toward a common center, to give three rousing hiccups for the resident constabulary. It was the close of a perf-hic day.

Along here we traversed a district that once belonged to the Utes. When it came to choosing places of permanent residence the Utes were certainly careless little pickers. In white, scrofulous-looking patches the alkali spots the earth with scabs. The stunted sagebrush stretches away mile upon mile to where the mountains rise bluish and bleak. Upon the crest of the rise lies the cadaver of a long-dead beef critter. Its bones are bleached by the sun and scrimshawed with fine-carved lines by the wind, and the breeze of the evening croons mournfully through its naked ribs. Of flowers there are none and of birds there are few. Only the prairie dog and the jack rabbit provide a touch of animate life — the prairie dog sitting up on his haunches to watch the train whiz by, and the jack rabbit racking away into the dis-

tance. You behold this panorama, and you picture the original proprietor, standing in the vast and dismal midriff of it, communing with himself thus:

“The paleface has done me much dirt. With his rifle he has destroyed the buffalo and thinned out the antelope, so that I go hungry and my ribs show through my hide. He has introduced his fancy white-man’s diseases into my midst. He has given me the thirst for rum and now he refuses to furnish me the rum with which to gratify the thirst. His brogan shoes pinch my once wild, free feet. His debasing blue flannel shirt hides my erstwhile proud bosom, and my legs, which formerly were bared to the climate, are now hampered by his blue cotton overalls, so that I cannot even scratch myself with the old-time satisfaction. He has carved wooden effigies of me to advertise his accursed five-cent cigars, and he has permitted J. Fenimore Cooper and others to write fairy stories about me. In short, he has made a perfect sucker of me — dog-gone him again and again, and forevermore! But now my opportunity for revenge has come. I shall get even. I shall unload these, my tribal lands, upon him!”

So he did it; and it was a low-down, mean thing to do. But there are other spots hard by where man has extended to Nature a helpful hand, and Nature has repaid the kindness a millionfold — spots where the cottonwoods and the willows line the bottoms of the draws; where

fat herds browse on the aromatic wild hay along the river's marge, and beyond the nestling ranchhouses the alfalfa grows purplish and rank, springing up again in the track of the clashing blades as fast as the mowing machines shear it down; where the clear, cold little mountain creeks come hurrying down to the river, talking to the aspens as they come, and far beyond the pitchpines and the jackpines stand up like green spires upon the sides of the peak whose pow — like John Anderson, my Jo-John's — is white with the everlasting snows. And the air that blows down from those heights brings with it the smell of the blossoming sage and is as a balm to the nostrils and a cordial to the lungs.

This is the real, the typical West of to-day — here is where Harold Bell Wright and the man who compiles the mail-order catalogue are favorite authors at every fireside, and a homestead mortgage is so rare a thing that people will drive in from miles round just to see one. And some of these days, when they get their irrigation projects and their reclamation schemes fully worked out — as, for instance, they have down in the Imperial Valley of California — all this land, instead of just parts of it, will blossom in a way to make the Garden of Eden look in comparison like a Jersey real-estate development in its early stages.

It was in one of these Eden spots that we landed when the journey was done. A mixed

train of a little jerkwater road, which we boarded at its junction with the main line, carried us and our regalia southward to a plank-built town on the North Platte. And oh, the cozy little hotel in that town! And oh, for the fried rainbow trout they had for dinner at that hotel! And oh — double-oh — for the old-fashioned, American-plan, deep-dish, cross-kivered pies that they served for dessert!

We were right in the heart of the sage-grouse belt. So they bade us put away our bear guns and our dreams of black-tailed deer and big-horn sheep, and get out our twelve bores and go after the chickens. The season had opened the day before our arrival and birds, they said, were being shot in the edge of the town.

So after chickens we went — in a jitneybile. The jitney has taken a firm grip upon the Great West. It is to be found wheresoever one may turn. Even the ranchman uses it. His little motor car will take him almost anywhere that the old-time cow-pony would take him, and do it faster. To the eyes of the Easterner it is a highly disillusionizing spectacle — the first time or so — to see a ranch-owner put on his leather wristlets and his big hat, and tie a handkerchief round his neck and give his broad riding belt a hoist over his hips, and then climb aboard a little single-lunger and go curving off over the range to ascertain the whereabouts of a strayed herd of white-faces or to round up a bunch of horses playing hookey in the high hills. Gaso-

line has certainly become our national perfumery.

Personally I cannot imagine what I should do for transportation if I were a rancher. When it comes to going anywhere on horseback I am not what you would call a fancy rider. I am no Cossack in the saddle. If it came to a pinch I could ride like Mazeppa, but only for the reason that Mazeppa rode. Mazeppa, you will recall, was tied on. As for driving a car about single-handed, in a section far remote from garages and repair shops, I feel that here, too, I should not excel. Wheels and cogs and ratchets and cams, and such things, are to me unfathomable mysteries.

If the engine ever broke down — which it would — I could only sit there and shriek for help to the unresponsive wilds. I do not know anything about machinery and, try as I will, I cannot learn anything about it. No reasonably careful person would trust me with a nut-pick. I suppose, if I were a rancher, I should have to build a tram line over my domain, with spur lines radiating to all the far corners, and hire a regular motorman; and that, undoubtedly, would cut in on the profits. To garner our first bag of sage grouse we fared forth under the able leadership of the Honorable Baldy Sisson, who looks like Bill Nye and shoots like Bill Cody, and enjoys other local distinctions too numerous to mention. The Honorable Baldy is the unofficial but recognized

guardian of all the sage chicks in the lower part of Carson County, Wyoming. There is a law in the sage-grouse country that only the young birds, birds of the present season's hatching, may be killed. The old ones must be left intact to breed and replenish the land with future generations. It is an unwritten law, but Baldy attends to its enforcement. He can tell the approximate age of a bird by one swift glance at its vanishing tail feathers a hundred yards away — and does.

With Baldy at the wheel of his car, we laid a course across the flats and up the slopes. We took no bird dogs along. Unless he has been trained to hunt sage grouse, the best quail dog is a total loss in these parts. And besides, the native experts, such as Baldy, do not follow the traditions of bird shooting as laid down by the sharps who write for the Eastern sport periodicals. They need no notes to guide them. They hunt by ear.

We ran through a prairie-dog village, and then through a gopher colony, and then through a place where a troupe of jack rabbits were giving a leg show, until we came to Loco Bottoms, high up on the sloping withers of the Great Divide. We had scaled the eaves and were right under the gable of the hip-roof of this hemisphere. We slowed down here, progressing by jerks and bumps, until presently we saw a procession of large darkish fowls strolling leisurely through the sagebrush with their heads

up and their hands in their pockets. They were bigger than Leghorn hens — some of them almost as big as tom turkeys; high-shouldered, full-breasted and very dignified. The Honorable Baldy stopped his car within its own length.

"There they are," he said as we piled out; "plenty of 'em. Now go to it!"

As we advanced four abreast, with Baldy as outflanker on the right wing and Johnny White, our regular guide, bringing up the rear, a miracle came to pass. When we were almost on top of that line of solemnly promenading bipeds they suddenly broke up their Indian-file formation and scattered out and squatted down; and in that same instant all of them vanished utterly. We knew they must be right there, not thirty feet from us; but they faded right into that background of gray sage and bare mottled earth, and disappeared as completely as though they had never been. The scientist who first discovered protective coloration conferred a great boon upon the sage grouse.

With our hearts beating faster and our guns held forward at an angle, we took a cautious step forward — one step and then another. Right from under our feet, up got a great whizzing shape of a bird, making a target like an outspread Sunday supplement, and started in haste for the state of Idaho. But, even as four gunstocks rose to four shoulders, the voice of the Honorable Baldy was uplifted in quick warning.

"She's an old one!" he yelled. "Let 'er go!"

Accordingly we let her go, which made it unanimous, because anybody with half an eye could see that she herself was organized for going regardless of what opinion might be entertained by others.

On the right of us another bird rose, curving away in a considerable hurry with a creak of wing joints and a cackling outcry. As one man, we four whirled to blast the horizon with number sixes; but Johnny White's quick voice stayed the powers of destruction.

"Let 'im go!" clarioned Johnny. "He's an old one!"

Accordingly we let him go, but reluctantly, because he loomed against the sky line like a yearling calf. He sped over the brim of the draw and was gone out of our lives forevermore.

As the third bird flushed, our two mentors spoke together loudly. The Honorable Baldy stated in unequivocal terms that she was an old one and to let her go; and in the same breath Johnny White announced that he was an old one and to let him go. Being thus doubly warned, we curbed ourselves, sparing the ambisextrous phenomenon.

Unscathed, Aunt Emily Sage Hen, if you accepted Baldy's diagnosis — or Uncle John Henry Sage Cock, if you preferred to trust in Johnny White's marvelous powers of eyesight — went diminishing into the vast unknown. Later we were to find out that to Baldy every sage grouse was of the gentler sex, while Johnny

White classified all of them as males, which saved trouble and argument.

The novices of the party began to get a little peevish by now. We two from the East had not traveled two-thirds of the way across these United States to study the flight of a sewing circle of octogenarian sage chickens. The other two, from the Pacific Coast, had not fared thus far merely to intrude upon the privacy of an old ladies' home. We had all the respect in the world for age; we had been reared to venerate antiquity and to cherish the time-hallowed institutions of our country; but if there were any sage grouse in this vicinity that did not harbor personal recollections of the first Free Silver campaign we craved to be led to them.

Before we could voice these desires though — in fact, before any of us could put his ambitions into words — yet another sage chicken suddenly remembered where he — or she — had left his umbrella and got up briskly to go after it. As this one rose above the protecting shrubbery, it might be discerned by the most inexperienced gunner that it was not quite so dark of color and not quite so broad of beam as were the presiding elders that already had departed from among us.

Even as Baldy roared out "She's a young one, boys — bust loose!" our guns spoke in booming accents, right barrels first, left barrels last. And as the reverberations of the volley died away into the shattered welkin, that speeding

bird uttered the derisive cry of its kind — one long, deep cackle, followed by three short, sharp cacks — and passed on across the line into the next county without a feather disturbed.

Simultaneously it dawned upon us that, for all their impressiveness of size, these creatures had a swift and confusing flight, and were not so easy to hit as might have been assumed by one who had not tried it yet.

Baldy smiled a sad and pensive smile in the direction of Johnny, and Johnny winked back at Baldy; and we reloaded and advanced our lines to the point where the next bird cowered in the sagebrush wondering what this new variety of thundershower, occurring in clear weather, might portend.

Here the former performance was repeated — except that after two of us had missed the black-and-white missile Baldy let it get forty or fifty yards away, and then he up with his old pump gun and cut loose, and pulled it down right out of the air. In mid-flight it turned to a disheveled clump of feathers, complicated with *rigor mortis*, and hit the hard earth — kerblim!

After that we strolled over the ridge and down into the next draw and found another covey; and after considerable practice we learned the knack of bowling the elusive sage grouse over — that is to say, we learned it to a limited degree. At eventide honors stood practically even. We had burned more shells than Baldy had, but Baldy had killed more birds than any

two of us. Johnny White hadn't bagged any, but that was because he hadn't tried. His specialty, as we learned, was to go forth alone and kill the legal limit with a twenty-two rifle. On this occasion he just went along to keep score and carry the dead.

That night at supper we were introduced to the adolescent sage grouse in a new aspect — to wit, cooked. A sage grouse in its native haunts is a noble thing, but cooked it is even nobler. Served on a plate in a broiled state it strikingly reminds one of a queen of burlesque, but is tenderer.

Next morning, betimes, we loaded our camp outfit on a train of pack jitneys and went cruising up into the headwaters of French Creek, under the granite shoulders of the Medicine Bow Range, where the altitude is anywhere from eight thousand to ten thousand feet, and a tenderfoot, accustomed to lower and less rarefied levels of atmosphere, puffs like a switch engine when he bends forward to tie his shoelaces. Here we made camp and angled for the rainbow trout and his cousin, the speckled trout. At least some of our party did. The present writer found it more restful and more congenial to be merely a spectator.

As for me, I say, give me sea fishing. You cruise along in the stern of a comfortable, commodious motor boat, seated upon a cushion and surrounded by bottled goods and picnic lunches, and after a while, when the boatman has

cast anchor, you bait with the torso of a shedder crab and catch the succulent flounder. I esteem the succulent flounder — nay, more, I esteem him highly. He is built flat on one side, practically ready to be served. Having hooked himself with little or no assistance from you, he comes cheerfully up out of the salty depths, making no unseemly resistance about it; and then all you have to do is to eliminate a few of his superfluous details with a sharp knife and crown his low, retreating forehead with parsley and slap him into a pan.

Nor am I averse to lake fishing as it is prosecuted in the East, where you tie your skiff to a stump in a cool, shady spot and hook a green frog through his more tender sensibilities, and lower him over the side of the boat; then light your pipe and sit back and wait for the large-mouth black bass to come along and do some shopping with you.

This fishing for rainbow trout in the Rocky Mountains is a different proposition — very. You put on a pair of wading boots and over your shoulder you drape a wicker contrivance named for George Creel; then you take a limber fly-casting rod in your hand and you shove out thigh-deep into a cold and brawling stream that is full of rapids and pitfalls and deep holes, and bedded with loose round stones, all coated with slick moss. Having arrived at a suitable spot, you balance yourself on a couple of teetering boulders and proceed to whip the stream.

Eventually, if you do not backlash or over-run or snarl up the line on the reel or snap the tip of the rod off short or do any of a dozen other things that you are morally certain to do; and if you can avoid tangling the leader in the adjacent scenery or catching the slack of your line on the bottom or snagging the hook in the trees overhead or embedding it in remote but sensitive portions of your own person; and if you can overcome a tendency to sit down up to your neck in ice water — the chances are that, sooner or later, you may attract the attention of a rainbow trout. He snatches at the lure in a very rude and abrupt manner; and then, conceding that he is hooked fast and that the leader doesn't break, he rushes about all over the shop until he has fought himself out.

Then you reel him in, with his back all roached up and his mouth wide open, and French Creek gurgling pleasantly through him. And you nurse him up on the bank, stretch him out there and lie down alongside him, both of you being in an exhausted state, and mingle your pants together. He makes a fine show then — a much finer show than you do — what with his fierce round eye and his vivid coloring, and the iridescent streakings of prismatic tints, from which he derives his name, running down his sides. But if you are lucky enough to have for your cook one Dave Wilcox, Esquire, the same being as good a camp cook as I ever saw, and if Dave fries your trophy for you in deep

fat over an open fire, the last state of that rainbow trout is more blessed by far than the first.

Very soon I discovered that temperamentally and otherwise I was not gaited for fly-casting in French Creek. When I cast I require a larger body of water than that in which to operate. Lake Erie might do; though, if the choice were left entirely to me, I think I should prefer Superior, as being roomier.

So, on the second day, I took my shotgun and strolled down half a mile or so to a thicket where the quivering aspens grew, and there by chance I happened upon a sage grouse that had strayed up from the sagebrush flats a thousand feet or so below. She was in the edge of the trees when I surprised her. In this connection I use the pronoun "she" advisedly. The Honorable Baldy was not along, it is true, and I lacked the expert advice of Johnny White; but I knew instantly this one was a she.

She rose with a great flutter and I let go at her with my right. She turned a somersault, and when she flopped back against the ground she was no more. She was large, unwontedly large, and very rich of plumage. I gathered her up by her long, slender legs and proudly I carried her back to camp.

Dave Wilcox gave deceased a dubious look as I handed her over to him, but he said nothing. Such suspicions as he had he kept to himself. I suppose he figured that his job was cooking and not suspecting. He went to work

on her, and with her he did his best; I give him credit for that.

He skinned her and opened her up and flattened her out, spread-eagle fashion. With a firm hand he massaged from her neck the wrinkles of care. He kneaded her rheumatic joints with vinegar and anointed her varicose veins with baking soda. With lardings of salt pork he appealed to the best that was in her. And then he cooked her — he cooked her copiously and extensively. He parboiled her and he stewed her for hours, and he smothered her in a Dutch oven with live coals on the lid. Then he baked her a while and, I think, grilled her; and finally he fried her and we had her for supper.

We had her for supper; and if so minded we might have had her for breakfast the next morning and for dinner that day, and for supper again, and for all the subsequent meals of which we partook up there on French Creek. We nibbled round her outer edges, but we never really got into her.

As, beaten, breathless and wearied by the struggle, I rose from that supper I knew and, with a sense of shame, realized what Dave Wilcox had known and had realized hours before, but, through consideration for my feelings, had refrained from telling me. By the laws of Baldy Sisson I had committed the unpardonable crime. I was in the same class with him who slew the albatross. *The Ancient Mariner*

had nothing on me. I had killed the original parent of all the sage chickens in Wyoming. I had slain the Battle Hen of the Republic!

She lies there now, away up in the Medicine Bows, resisting time and the teeth of the coyote and the ravages of the elements. Thus will she lie for aye, defying the rains and the suns and the snows, and the wearing grind of the years, an immutable and everlasting reminder of my grave transgression. So be it!

Late that night, when the cool winds swept down from the peaks above us and the full yellow moon hung poised like a great cask of honey in the deep blue vault of the skies, I lay with my abashed head hidden in my blankets; and when the pangs of remorse were somewhat assuaged I figured up the cost of a sage grouse to an Eastern sportsman.

Lumping grandma into the total equation, the sum total for a bird was found to be as elsewhere stated, ninety-seven dollars and sixty-five cents.

And worth the money too!

CHAPTER VII

T E X A S

It's 150 Miles to the Front Gate

THEY have a saying in Texas about a certain ranch. This ranch is owned by a lady and this lady so frequently has been spoken of in this connection that, in a way, she has become traditional, not to say fabulous. However, she is an authentic person and is, I am reliably informed, a very charming one. If she is like most of the Texas women I have met she must be charming. When spoken by a native the utterance with which her name is coupled commonly takes some such form as this:

“Say, listen, you know of course that this is the biggest state in the Union. Well, I just want to tell you that’s not all — we do things down here on a big scale. F’rinstance, we’ve got one cattle ranch — it belongs to a woman, too — that’s so big that it’s a hundred and fifty miles from her front door to her front gate.”

The first time you hear this, which is as soon as you enter the State, or as soon as you fall

into conversation with a Texan on his travels, it startles you. When you have recovered, it sets you to speculating. If it is a hundred and fifty miles from the front doorstep to the front gate, you begin calculating on the distance from the kitchen steps to the back line of the property — probably, you say to yourself, about as far as from Denver to Salt Lake. And if the ranch is approximately square and a frog were to try to hop around it and he hopped three feet forward every day and slid back two feet every night, the same as the other frog did in the trick problem of our childhood, only that frog was down at the bottom of a well and must have worn all the skin off his stomach before he got out, how long would it take this determined Texas frog to hop all the way around the outside boundaries and get back again to the starting point?

Or suppose you were staying on that ranch and along about Monday morning got lonely and took a notion to stroll down to the main road and lean over the fence and pass the time of day with the neighbors going by. What day of what week would it be that you passed the time of? Figuring this out will provide a pleasant way of spending the long winter evenings. As the French put it, it gives one to think.

After a while, though, the remark becomes commonplace, you hear it so often. Conversations open and close with it. There are repeated references to it in the papers. It is

in the stock repertoire of every Rotary Club orator. You get so you know the symptoms before it breaks out. So, when some warm-hearted but statistical Texan backs you into a corner and fixes his magnetic eye on you and gets as far as: "Say, did anybody else ever happen to mention the King Ranch to you? Why, it's a hundred and fifty ——" you break in on him right there.

"Yes," you say, "I know — one hundred and fifty miles from the front door to the front gate. Well, what of it? Except that it must be quite a job for the lady to shoo the chickens out of her front yard, what of it?"

Or in sheer self-defense you start matching his brag with brags of impressive homesteads in your own neck of the woods. I used to tell them about a thing I saw once upon a time just off Fifth Avenue. Very early in a summer morning I was walking up Fifth Avenue. It was so early in the morning it still was late in the evening for a good many of my fellow citizens. It was about half past five o'clock. Lest some one be led to believe that my habits are irregular I will state that I hadn't been up all night; I was en route across town to join a party of friends for a fishing trip to Croton Lake. I remember the sun was just rising. A sunrise in the city does not thrill me. In the city I rarely get up to greet the rising sun. What's the use, when you can get practically the same results by standing on your head and looking

at a sunset? I had that all-gone feeling a fellow has when he's up and wide awake and it is still two hours and a half until his regular breakfast time.

But as I flanked out of the Avenue into a side street in the upper Fifties, I saw something which tuned me up inside and made me proud I lived in New York. On the corner where I turned stood the town house of one of our wealthiest rulers. I forget now whether he was a sugar king or a railroad king or a carpet king or a yeast-cake king; but anyhow, he was one of our commodity kings. His establishment was proof that he was of the royal strain. It stood well back from the pavement line, being surrounded by a deep sunken court like a dry moat — in fact it was a dry moat — and the prevalent architecture of the lofty pile was copied from a Norman castle or an Etruscan temple or a Gothic penitentiary or something equally important. From this sketchy description you may recall the place. It is there yet, being now occupied by a caretaker, just as most of our surviving Fifth Avenue palaces are.

But at the time I speak of, the reigning families still made a point of living in their own houses part of the time. I passed the side or tradesman's entrance. It was sufficiently sizable for all purposes. You could have driven a coach-and-four over the causeway which spanned the moat and in under the stone archway. Just as I came abreast of it there was a

heavy metallic clashing, as of great bars being drawn and heavy chains being dropped. A pair of huge steel doors swung ajar and out through the opening came the second assistant deputy butler with his collar off, and he crossed the bridge and unbolted the ponderous outer gates and took in the milk.

Since then, when in Texas, I have been much comforted by the thought that I hailed from a place where we could match their miles with our dollars; and while they might be long on distances and lavish on dimensions we were not so short on grandeur our own selves. Then I would tell them about this house where they have to lower away the escutcheon and unlatch the portcullis before they can let the cat out of a morning. If that failed to check them I would bring up the reserves. I would say:

“That is not all. Right there in New York at this present time we’ve got an Order of Colonial Lords of Manors in America — yes, sir, we actually have — with officers and by-laws and everything, and the members hold regular meetings and pass resolutions and let new Lords in and boot old Lords out and everything. If you don’t believe me you can find pieces about it in the New York papers; they print ’em seriously, too. Nobody laughs. Just top that, you Texans, and take the pot.”

It was a very agreeable sensation to me when, at that, I saw how they checked up and blinked and swallowed hard before they proceeded to

the next number on the regular program — the one to the effect that El Paso County is larger than the entire state of Connecticut.

But on my third visit back to Texas I made a valuable discovery. I saw that in this shibboleth of these people there was a symbolism of which even they were unaware. When they boasted about the size of a given institution as illustrative of the scale upon which Texas carries on her affairs, they really were expressing themselves. So now I know it is not so tremendous a fact that there should be one enclosed inner field of fifty thousand acres on the King estate as that the viewpoint of the average Texan should be so gallantly broad and wide. There are limits to the King ranch; there are none to his horizon; the scope of his aspirations runs to the sky-line. Why, with every thorough-going Texan it's always a hundred and fifty miles from his front door to his front gate.

Sometimes I think it is even farther than that; as, for example, when I consider Galveston rising out of her own ruins and rebuilding herself and throwing up her Great Wall for bit and bridle to the puissant sea — an immovable object facing an irresistible force and winning the issue; or Houston, turning Buffalo Bayou into a deep-water ship canal and so becoming one of America's greatest gulf ports, and she sixty-odd miles from the coast.

The Texan is one who dreams incredibly big dreams and then makes of them accomplished

actuality, whether it be curbing the restless tides or bringing the ocean commerce to an inland city or wresting with the factors of space and waste and natural obstacles to make the far corners of his domain populous and prosperous.

In terms of square miles it is hard to comprehend Texas; she is too vast for tabulation or totalings in mere figures. To get the proper estimates one must turn to similes. In size she more than equals the British Isles and the late German Empire combined. To bring the comparison nearer home and give it concreteness, her area exceeds the total areas of all New England, plus New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia and North Carolina, with Delaware thrown in for good measure; or, in other words, she has within her boundaries almost as much territory as was included in the original Thirteen States. A straight line slanting downward from the northwest corner of the state to the mouth of the Rio Grande in the extreme southeast makes a greater distance than the distance between New York and Chicago. A traveler starts from the southwestern border, on a reasonably true course, bound for Chicago. When he gets to Texarkana he has covered a little more than half of his journey to the destination and he is still in Texas and he has been in Texas all the while.

Stand Texas on her northern edge and flap her over like a pancake and St. Paul would be

well inside her line and Winnipeg would lie just across the border, with Brownsville for its nearest sizable neighbor. Flap her eastward, and El Paso would splash out into the Atlantic Ocean slightly beyond Jacksonville. She has a timbered tract as large as Massachusetts, a cotton patch, in the Black Waxey country, as big as all of Ohio, a grazing belt up in the Panhandle as large as Pennsylvania, more wheat lands than either of the Dakotas, more corn lands than there are in Illinois; and if Arizona should ever run short of desert, Texas out of her Staked Plains could furnish Arizona with all the desert Arizona needed and never miss what she gave away.

She produces one-third of the cotton grown in this country, or did before the boll-weevil got so pestiferous, and yet the agricultural sharps say that less than one-tenth of the soil suitable for raising cotton is under cultivation to that crop. Were she as densely peopled as Holland she would contain just about as many inhabitants as, by the census of 1920, there were in the United States proper and still not be so closely crowded as some of the New England states are. She has mountains ten thousand feet high and countless thousands of acres of the flattest flats you ever saw.

In the same hour bananas are ripening in one part of Texas and blizzards in another. This makes it very convenient for those who like fresh blizzards and also for those who like home-

grown bananas. A man dodging sunstroke may hop aboard a through train, scoot diagonally across the state and twenty-four hours later be in danger of freezing to death in a below-zero temperature, traversing en route as wide a gamut of climates as is to be encountered in midwinter between Southern Florida and the lower counties of Vermont. Also, he'll be seeing in abundance every variety of growth common to the semi-tropics and the temperate zone except Republicans. There is one county into which you could smuggle two Delawares, and another which would hold Maryland very comfortably and only slop over a bit around the edges.

And in a Presidential election the size of Texas's plurality for the Democratic ticket makes some of these foregoing statements seem sort of puny, not to say downright trifling.

She also is a state of acute contrasts as regards population. She has counties where there are no negroes to speak of, and counties where negroes are as thick as in mid-Alabama; counties without any Mexicans in them whatsoever and counties where nearly everybody is Mexican born or of Mexican descent; she has at least two cities — Houston and Dallas — which one of these days, and no very far away day, judging by their present growth, will be larger than any cities lying south of St. Louis, east of or west of the Mississippi. And she has wide stretches wherein you couldn't drum up

enough English-speaking residents to make a coroner's jury, although the need for coroner's juries is frequent.

The foregoing recital of facts is calculated, I take it, to astonish a good many otherwise reasonably well-informed Americans. But it is all of it familiar patter in the ears of the Texas school child. For in Texas, starting with the primary classes, they teach their children the story of their own State — an example some of the other states might with profit follow — teach them not only the tally of its physical marvels but its history, which is really the important thing.

Mere bulk may or may not be a desirable attribute. We admire sizableness in a pearl but deplore it in a gall-stone. And a historic setting for a land is a thing gained with sterner tools than the surveyor's rod. Now, in this matter of a personal history, Texas most signally is favored. There is no state in all of the forty-eight that has a background more glamorous with thrills and glory, with heroism and sufferings than Texas has. I came very near saying there is no state which had so splendid a story of romance and valor to its credit in its formulative period as Texas has had in hers. And perhaps I should not be exaggerating the case did I make so bold.

This much is sure: Within a little more than a century as a white man's country, she has piled up a finer store of traditional achievement

than any one of the older states, possibly excluding Virginia and Massachusetts, accumulated from the time of their first settlements three hundred years ago, more or less, on through their Colonial days down to this present time. Greedy hands possessed her soil, each in turn to relinquish the prize into the grasp of more capable or more determined conquerors. She was a French possession, a Spanish province, an unruly and rebellious holding of Mexico. For a spell she was an independent republic, recognized by great powers abroad, having her own treaty relations with foreign countries and her own national debt and her own congress, which, by all accounts, was just about as trifling and incompetent as the average congress elsewhere is.

It was on her own dictated terms that she relinquished her sovereign status to join the Union — a unique distinction this, for Texas alone of all the trans-Mississippi additions to the sisterhood never was a territorial dependent; she came in on her own motive power and by her own free will. A few decades later she became the western buttress of the Confederate arch, then, after Reconstruction, was readmitted to the ancient membership.

But this is a summary which takes no reckoning of border uprisings against that old arch-murderer, Santa Ana; of massacres and skirmishes and pitched battles; of wars against Comanches and Apaches, of Homeric affrays on

the frontier; of the long-drawn struggle for self-government, wherein Anglo-Saxon valor on the one side more than balanced off weight of guns and odds of men on the other; of ranger wars and cattle wars and regulators' wars and wars against lawlessness; of the epic narrative of the Chisholm trail or any of the overlapping steps by which finally a secure and orderly empire was carved out of what had been barbarism and ramping wilderness.

From this welter of struggle and conflict that is red-lined, every word of it, with the spilt blood of pioneers and patriots and adventurers, there loom up certain imperishable episodes which Americans generally should know in order the better to understand the spirit and the temper of our fathers. I say that in all our language there is no nobler phrase than this one: "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat; but the Alamo had none!" Yet how many of us, outside of Texas, ever heard it and how many of us know its meaning? And how many of us through the country at large — or perhaps I should say how few — have more than a cursory acquaintance with the story of the immortal defense of the little mud-walled fortress about which the modern city of San Antonio has grown up or the outcome of that siege when Caucasian dauntlessness on this hemisphere veritably reached its apogee?

For national significance the Alamo ranks with Bunker Hill and Appomatox and the

Argonne, but it takes a Texan to appreciate the fact. We know what Patrick Henry said once upon a crucial time, and what the defiant John Paul Jones shouted from a riddled ship sinking under his feet, and what report Perry made on the shores of Lake Erie. Millions of us can quote extracts from Lincoln's Gettysburg Address — it is to our shame that all of us do not know all of it by heart — and some have memory of the nobility that breathed from the simple phrases of Robert E. Lee's farewell to the Army of Northern Virginia. But who, except a scattered and inconsequential handful, ever read that last message which the beleaguered Travis sent out to the race for whose sake he and his command, to the last mother's son of them, were about to lay down their lives?

Can we blame Texans, with such a heritage in their stock, for being just a bit high-headed and toploftical? And can we blame them for feeling irritated that the average school history takes so great an account of the Eastern seaboard and pays so little attention to what happened in Texas?

Gold lured the Forty-niners to California, and primarily it was the craving to possess the virgin land that set the wagon trains rolling along the Oregon Trace, once Lewis and Clark had shown the way. But it was a higher call than the call of gold, a more theatric appeal than the homesteading instinct that drew the first comers to the far Southwest. It was the

sheer love of adventuring, blazing up in the hearts of hardy stalwarts who just naturally loved a fight and so went where the fighting was constant and at its best.

It is a common assumption, even in Texas, that these forefathers almost altogether came out of the older Southern states — and notably out of Tennessee and Kentucky and Georgia and Mississippi. Well, mainly they were Southerners, but included among the leaders was at least one Connecticut Yankee, and one was Pennsylvanian of Quaker breed, and a third was a youngster of New Jersey. And there was another who was an expatriated German nobleman, and yet another, and he one of the most splendid figures of all, who was a native born of Old Mexico and a clean-strain Latin who might have boasted — and probably did — that the blood of Spanish grandes ran in his veins.

Away back yonder there was La Salle, the explorer, and a long time after him, as men measure time, there was Lafitte, the pirate, and from the reddest, most brilliant pages of Texas's history Titanic shapes stand forth: Austin and Fannin and Travis and Houston; Bowie the Knife-fighter and Davy Crockett the B'ar-Hunter; and Deaf Smith — his Christian name was Erasmus, but Erasmus was no proper front name for a leader of forlorn hopes — and Big-Foot Wallace and the rest.

There was a typical early-time Texan for you — this same Big-Foot Wallace. The legend

runs that the Mexicans murdered a kinsman of his, and when the news came to him where he lived a thousand miles back east, he set out for the Texas country to spend his life killing Mexicans. It was a one-sided career to which he dedicated himself, but he worked at it very thoroughly in all seasons no matter how bad the weather might be or what the temptation might be to lay off and go fishing, and was a great success. In fact, they do say he never had a failure, and it got so that Mexicans made a point of not visiting in his vicinity even though it meant going a considerable distance farther. If he had been a pest-house they could not have been any more careful than they were about traveling around him.

Still, I think of all those giants, Sam Houston was my favorite. Here, beyond dispute, was the most picturesque personage American public life ever has produced. From the day when, as the newly wedded and the newly elected governor of Tennessee, he ran away by night from his bride and his honors — giving no reason for either desertion — to wear face paint and feathers in his hair as an adopted member of an Indian tribe, until that time long afterward when, as governor of Texas, having already been her president in the first years of her independence, he strove, against the popular will, to hold Texas in the Union and, being ousted from his office, crept away into obscurity, a broken old man, to die of a broken heart, every chapter

of Sam Houston's life was packed with dramatic contrasts.

One gathers also from reading about him that he rather liked to dress up. To the chronicle of a forgotten but painstaking eye-witness we are indebted for this description of the costume he wore for his inaugural as governor of Tennessee:

"A tall bell-crowned, medium-brimmed, shining black beaver hat, shining black patent leather military stock or cravat incased by a standing collar, ruffled shirt, black satin vest, shining black silk pants gathered to the waistband with legs full, same size from seat to ankle, and a gorgeous red-ground, many-colored gown or Indian hunting shirt, fastened at the waist by a hugered sash covered with fancy bead work, with an immense silver buckle, embroidered silk stockings, and pumps with large silver buckles."

That, though, was when he was quite a young man and just beginning his sartorial experiments. Later on he probably achieved some really striking effects—effects calculated to catch and hold the eye.

The spirit of spectacular, flamboyant old Sam Houston still flourishes in the congenial Texas air. The flame endures; only the wick has been trimmed to match these modern times. Not even the regimentating influences of booming, bustling, oil-enriched cities has dulled the personalities of their native-born dwellers. On the streets of Houston or of Fort Worth you will

encounter a man who looks as though Frederick Remington drew him, as though Emerson Hough wrote him. He may be dressed as you and I, but beneath the masking garments you can tell that his loins are slim and his paunch is indented and he walks these crowded concrete pavements with the rolling, bow-legged gait of one who properly belongs in a saddle, and his lids have that wrinkly squint which comes of peering across wide stretches of windy, heat-blistered land.

He is not the lone survivor of an almost extinct species, either. In the course of an hour's walk you will see him repeated half a dozen times. He may be a banker now, or a cotton factor or the head of a shipping firm, but he still has got Out-Doors written all over him, and he is as expressive of the persisting individualism of his State as though he wore a sign to advertise the fact.

This individualism has other ways of denoting itself. Take the names of some of the counties — not their pet names but their regular honest-to-goodness names: Jeff Davis County, Deaf Smith County, Tom Greene County, Jim Hogg County, Jim Wells County. Texas would have you know that it is not any Davis or any Greene whose memory legally and legislatively she would thus perpetuate; but a particular Davis and a specified Greene, a Jeff Davis and a Tom Greene, mind you, and no Jefferson or Thomas.

And in the common speech of the citizens the ancient idioms abound, and the ripe sharp wit of a distinctive breed sauces their everyday conversation. Hearing it and lacking all other proofs, you nevertheless would know that you were in Texas and nowhere else but Texas. And with a sudden jolt it comes to you that in the midst of these skyscrapers and these whizzing suburban trains, you are among men who considerably less than a generation ago were squinting down the long blued-steel barrels of six-guns and curing professional bad men of what mostly seemed to ail them by an infusion of old Doctor Colt's favorite prescription, serial number forty-four.

Some years ago I dropped into San Antonio on a day when the Texas Stockmen's Association was beginning its annual convention. The town was overflowing with members and their wives. Maybe it was because I lately had come from New York, where one gets used to folks wearing that bleached-out, pithy look peculiar to city-raised humans and vegetables grown in a cellar, that the contrast seemed so great; but if I said it once to myself that day I said it a hundred times, that never in all my life had I seen collected in one spot so many hawky noses, so many keen clear eyes, so many sun-burnished necks, so many flat-hipped, broad-shouldered, six-foot twoers.

That night there was a ball in an open court behind one of the principal hotels and after I

had emitted an ostensible lecture at the theater I went there to stand on the side-lines and look on. The sight was not one to be duplicated, I'm sure, anywhere except in these parts, and not then excepting in such a gathering as this.

There were men who had come in correct evening garb — the agate-ware shirt, the swallow-forked coat, the black patent leather pumps and all — and men who had come in the boots and the broad white hats of the cow country, and the flaunting neckerchiefs which, with such other necessities as trousers and soft shirts, constitute full dress on the range. There were women there in the smartest of evening gowns and at least three other women wearing the fringed buckskin boleros and the short leathern skirts and the vivid silk blouses made familiar to Eastern patrons of Wild West shows. Once in a while above the jazzing croon of the orchestra I heard the shrill, wolfish cry of the bronco-buster as some gaunt old-timer let off steam.

Watching the spectacle I said another thing to myself and in saying it found personal comfort and satisfaction. I said:

“There is hope for the republic when so sizable a corner of it goes on breeding up such men as these cow-men are, and such men as their children after them must be. Not even the college or the finishing school can entirely spoil the sons and the daughters of such a stock. Let the pauperized aliens of Europe keep on

pouring in. [This was before Congress put up the immigration bars.] So long as this strain recreates itself there's hope for the old-fashioned American ideal in government. Why, dag-gone it, if the foreigners should swamp this country until there were left in Texas only two adult males of this stock, one of 'em would be governor and the other would be chief of the rangers."

And inwardly I gave three vociferous silent cheers.

Now here obtrudes a curious contradiction, and yet not so curious a contradiction, either. For elsewhere in the Union the same condition frequently occurs and at intervals recurs. Texas, with a sweep of horizon almost half as wide as the continent is, and with millions to pick and choose from, sends pygmies to the United States Senate to rattle in the seat which Roger D. Mills once filled; Texas, the ancestral stronghold of those old heroes who risked their lives and very often gave them, to plant the seeds of liberality on a Mexicanized soil, is to-day ignobly renowned for producing as low an order of legislators, as stupid an average run of public servants, as prime a collection of doctrinal bigots — theological, social and political — as hidebound a coterie of sectarian intolerants as you'd run across anywhere, North or South; Texas, with a piled up inheritance of tolerance and manliness in her saddle-bags, recently permitted the Klan to rule at least one

of her main cities and, time being, to dominate half and more than half of her sweeping counties; Texas, which is so generous and far-visioned and hospitable in so many of her physical and temperamental regards and is so confidently suspicious and dull-sighted in certain others.

You can understand why and how a passing wave of stupid prejudice may have engulfed some sections, temporarily throttling free speech and stifling the honest expression of honest opinion. But why should the Texas of Reagan and Culbertson and Hogg, the Texas that is so broad in nearly all her ways, be in some ways so narrow? It's a riddle for posterity to answer.

The Texan is given to telling you that Texas has been under six flags. He fails to mention the seventh in whose shadow she lately was — the dirty-white bed-sheet banner of the K. K. K. I, for one, knew she'd not stay there very long. I knew the real Texans, the men and the women whose fathers before them began the work which they have carried on, would not be content to permit windy nincompoops and blind zealots to dictate how they should walk and what they should say and what votes they should cast.

Because, you see, as I said before, it's in Texas that it's a hundred and fifty miles to the front gate.

CHAPTER VIII

WISCONSIN

Abounding in Fish and Politics

WHEN I was a small boy I remember that I pictured different countries as being separated by heavy black lines. In my fancy, these dividing lines did not take the form of walls with forts set in them here and there nor did I figure them as being deep ditches. They were just lines; that was the way I saw them. And the country on this side of the line was one color and the country on that side was another. I reckon I accepted the maps in my primary geography too literally.

It is curious how firmly some of our adolescent impressions stay on with us into middle life. I know now that the demarcations between peoples more often are made by differences in language and in habits and in dress and in schemes of government than by visible topographies, but even so I cannot rid my imagination of the belief that the soil of Brazil has a pronounced chrome yellow tint while

Peru is pea-green and Bolivia is pale blue. Probably that's because I have never been to South America. I shall have to go before I am cured of my chromatic delusions.

It may be that among the readers of this chapter are some who yet labor under similar misapprehensions, for all that their judgment tells them they are wrong. Assuming such to be the case, I would direct attention to the boundary between two countries. This boundary is unique in that you find no heavy guns aimed across it in either direction, no regiments of soldiers standing guard or marching on patrol along it. So far as I know, there is not so much as a trespass sign to mark it; you could hop over it anywhere without having a bayonet jabbed into your giblets. It is not necessary to add that this boundary is not in Europe or anywhere else in the Old World. It stretches for the breadth of our continent like a badge of mutual amity and mutual confidence across the breast of the land.

All the same, if an uninitiated traveler were set down astraddle of it there would be signals and portents by which he might know whereon his right foot rested and whereon his left. On one side, somewhere near at hand, should be a town or a city containing a hotel named for a member of the reigning house of Great Britain. Hard by, the Queen's Own Loyal and Royal Pants Pressing Club flaunts a sign-board featuring a heraldic emblem on which a lion and a

unicorn appear prominently. Just down the main street is the Prince of Wales quick lunch emporium. In rare instances the pressery and the beanery may be lacking but I absolutely guarantee the hotel with the regal title. The residents here may not be so addicted to enacting new laws on slight provocation as their neighbors on the south are, but they are rather more fussy about obeying and enforcing those laws which they already have. They also are inclined to value their personal liberty more than some I might mention, if it were not for fear of getting personal. But if all the common signs fail there yet is one infallible evidence by which the straddler may know that he has one leg in the Dominion of Canada. Against yon awning post slants a bored individual of the leisure class who has about him the unmistakable air of being recently arrived, and under his breath, in the accent of the mother-land he is cursing the busy energetic persons about him as a lot of ruddy Colonials. It is easy for him to curse under his breath because it is such a strong breath and projects out for quite a distance in front of him. The presence of the remittance man with no visible means of support except a quarterly check and something to lean up against is the absolute proof. It's Canada.

But should you turn the observing eye the other way and it encountered something named Great Northern — a Great Northern pike or a Great Northern railway station or a Great

Northern ice-cream parlor or a candidate for the Great Northern Fish Liars' championship; and if, in addition, there were a not unpleasing sort of transplanted Scandinavian flavor to life — a solidity and an earnestness about things; and if the bobbed hair epidemic were raging with terrific virulence; and if, finally, the majority among the adult populace were convinced that there never was any political leader to equal La Follette, why then it would be quite equally plain that there must lie the United States of America and specifically the State of Minnesota.

However, on the occasion of a recent visit I did not enter Minnesota from above and beyond the international border. I have studied those outstanding contrasts in racial customs on previous occasions. This time I entered from the south, along a southeasterly approach, coming out of the sister state of Wisconsin. The latest time before this when I visited Minnesota was in the winter time; in the middle of the winter time. I entered St. Paul on a night when no prudent man would leave a brass monkey outdoors; and in Rochester, which was the next stop, a wind right out of the Arctic regions was blowing so hard that if you opened your mouth to speak while facing it you had to turn around before you could get it closed.

But now it was summer and it was hot; it undeniably was exceedingly hot. One falls into the habit of misjudging the prevalent weather

along our North Central edges. A lot of us think of the climate in those parts as being always exceedingly chilly in winter and constantly coolish, not to say downright chilly, in summer. Scandals have been put in circulation and have obtained vogue among the unthinking masses. There was the humorist who said the toughest winter he ever spent was one summer in Duluth, and there was the wag who, addressing a native of the upper Peninsula of Michigan, said: "Let's see now, I believe your summer usually falls on the second Tuesday in August, doesn't it?"

Such remarks come under the head of criminal libel and I am here to refute them. In the main, the summer climate thereabouts is all that a person subject to attacks of prickly heat could ask for. There are years when, from June to September you will not encounter a single nettle rash anywhere. By night you want blankets, and the days are balmy and crisp and the breezes that never tire are laden with the balsams of the pine and the spruce. Then again, once in a while there comes a day apparently devised by the weather bureau to remind the tourist that down yonder in the sultry interior of the country the folks are stewing *au jus* in their own gravy.

It was on such a day that we struck inward by motor, heading toward the sources of the Mississippi River. Maybe I was inclined to be unduly fussy about things, for on the train

the night before my rest had been badly broken. We had an ethnological snoring tournament in our sleeper. It went on all night. Tossing about in my space, I played the game of picking out, sight unseen, the various nationalities of the principal contestants. There was a Swiss directly across the aisle; in his sleep he yodeled. The entry in the berth above him was a Scot. There was no mistaking him; the Scotch burr was so pronounced that several times it threatened to strangle him to death while he slept. On beyond, toward the head of the car, reposed an Englishman. He must have been a lover of poetry. He seemed to be engaged in calling the cattle home across the Sands of Dee. In fact I am sure that was what he was doing. First he would call the cattle home, or rather he would snort for them to come on home. And then immediately you would hear the cattle lowing and puffing and bellowing and hear them yanking their feet out of the mud. It was a long hard pull for them across the Sands of Dee; it took them till after daylight to make the grade. But then, they had to get across his adenoids first. One of the calves got stuck in the mire and was choked. It bleated plaintively until after six o'clock and then gave a series of despairing gurgles and was swallowed up.

Thank God, though, the championship remained in America! It was one of our own group who carried off the international honors.

Awake, this gentleman is one of the most companionable persons alive; a fine citizen, a loving father and husband, a thorough sportsman and a heaven-sent fly-caster. But only let him drift off while resting on his back and he becomes a creature to be shunned. About the only place I can think of offhand where he might spend the night and rise in the morning with his popularity unimpaired would be a deaf-mute asylum.

I cannot claim to be altogether blameless in these regards. I have been told that I sleep with considerable gusto myself. In the wash-room of the Pullman next morning I have before now heard one red-eyed traveler inquiring of another whether he heard the educated sea-lion in Lower Ten performing all night, and have turned away to hide a guilty countenance. But unless I get off in the lead of the field I am licked before I begin. Starting at scratch I grow nervous and fretful as some swift rival speeds away to a flying jump with the muffler cut out, and from then on I do not participate. I lie awake and keep the score.

After ten long hours of score-keeping behind those green curtains I was ready to find fault with the Minnesota humidity. Still, there was no denying that it had laid itself open to complaint. Sulphurous clouds came banking up out of the west, rolling and spreading until they filled the heavens and pressed the muggy heat down upon us until we felt as though we were

breathing through folds of cotton wool. We whirled across a sweltering terrain and the warm dust filled our nostrils and we wondered why the equator had taken a notion to start sliding north and how long it would be before the blamed thing overtook us. In twenty miles of travel, the only thing I saw even remotely suggestive of relief was a signboard advertising somebody's agricultural implements that was nailed over the door of a cross-roads general store — it mentioned Chilled Plows. I wanted to stop and go in and ask the proprietor to let me sit on one a while. A companion dissuaded me. He said it was a cinch none of them would be chilled unless the storekeeper had his stock packed in cracked ice and besides it seemed probable that if he had any cracked ice on hand he would be using it for himself.

A little farther along came relief. The heavens opened and the clouds emptied in sheets, and Mr. Robert Hobart Davis, of our party, reached for that justly celebrated yellow slicker of his which, when he is wearing it, makes him look as though he were getting ready to play the title rôle in *The Covered Wagon*. But the rest of us, hardy adventurers that we were, took the drenching, bareheaded, and were grateful as the water soaked through our garments and ran down our legs and flooded our shoes. We rode on, sopping but soothed, and all at once the downpour was ended as suddenly as it had begun, and the temperature had dropped

many degrees and the wind was carding the storm wrack to shreds. Through the rifts we saw the blue Minnesota sky which, when it sets out to be good and blue, can do so to an extent which reminds you of the Arizona sky, which is the bluest sky in all the world. Past thickets wet and refreshed, and vocal with tanagers and wood-thrushes, and past lakes dimpling and burnished under the late sunshine, we rolled on deep into the woods, and by now the feel of the air would have done credit to September at its best. From that time on the air continued to be like September at its best, and that, as we learned, was characteristic of the Minnesota air during most of the summer.

Anon — as the fancy writers say — we slid down dale into a fairy glade where every raindrop trembling on every birch leaf was a flawless diamond, and rolled into camp. The official pathfinder of the expedition, who had invaded the forest in advance to prepare a way for us, came forth to extend a greeting. He was scratching himself here and there in an absent-minded but painstaking manner. Shortly we would fathom the meaning of this.

“How’s the fishing?” we asked in chorus.

“Best in the world,” he said. “More muskallonge, more big-mouth black bass, more small-mouth black bass and bigger and hungrier and gamer than you ever saw in your life. Wait and see.”

We didn’t wait long but we shortly saw.

He had not exaggerated. It is very difficult to exaggerate the extent of Minnesota's fishing resources. Still, it has been done. It was his turn to ask a question.

"You fellows bring any city papers in with you?"

Contritely we shook our heads. The Madison Square Democratic National Convention of 1924 was just getting under way. He would be interested in hearing what his party — and mine — was doing. Expressing regret at the oversight, one of us intimated as much.

"Convention be derved," he answered, still scratching with thoroughness. "Up here nobody cares a whoop about that convention. The Democratic organization in this country has gone to pieces anyhow. His wife quit him and went back to her folks in Iowa. In this neck of the woods it's all La Follette. I'm getting that way myself."

"Well, what do you want with a paper, then?"

"I want to see how Ignatz and Krazy Kat are coming along."

He now warned us about the reception committee.

"Mind how you brush against those bushes, getting out," he said.

"We can't get any wetter than we are."

"Nobody said you could. It's the ticks I'm thinking about. There's a new kind of tick up in these woods. They're even thicker than the fish are."

There was and they were. We had timed our visit so as to miss the black fly who frequents the wilderness in the early part of the summer. This was an error. If I had it to do over again I'd come sooner and give my trade to the black flies.

The Great Northern tick — but we called him Magnus Johnson, for short, because he's a born dirt farmer — is a quaint little chap creature, in color a rich chocolate brown and in shape oval, with the humped shoulders of a scholar. His specialty is the study of human nature. He lies in ambush on the fronds of the wayside greenery and chooses his subjects from among the passing proletariat. Having made a selection he goes aboard, and from this point on the proceedings are fraught with interest for both parties. But he won't patronize just anybody who happens along; that's one of his outstanding peculiarities. Certain ones he ignores altogether. I did not fall into this class. From first to last, upwards of a hundred different ticks let me have their patronage. I will state that being a Happy Hunting Ground is not what it is cracked up to be. I learned to scratch with the Australian crawl stroke and with the Spencerian free hand movement simultaneously. When my grandchildren ask me what I did in the Great War I shall tell them I was in the entomologist corps. Which is true. Many a hard battle did I fight in the trenches against that foe which the doughboy

called the galloping dandruff. But little Magnus showed me things I never learned as a correspondent with the A. E. F.

What between the fishing and my earnest little friends from the insect kingdom, I failed to gratify a lifelong ambition of mine. We were within a few miles of the headwaters of the Mississippi. As a boy I knew the Great River down in the South as a roily yellow monster. And in flood-time I had seen her burst her man-made barriers and spread over the lowlands until she was in places forty miles wide, and steamboats blundering off their courses became permanent features of the landscape at inland points when the water subsided. Often, in later years, I had skirted her upper reaches, only there she is a clear, cold blue spring, rocky of bottom and hedged in by noble cliffs. And here I was now within two hours' jaunt of the place of her actual beginnings as a river — of a spot where, as I had been reliably informed, you could skip through her bed from boulder to boulder and not get your feet wet unless you slipped. Or, if a bear was after you and you were in a hurry you might even span her at a single jump. I had always craved to be able to go back to the Arkansas bottoms and brag about having tripped across the Mississippi River without getting my feet wet.

But I delayed and dallied and the chance was lost. There was yet a further divertisement

other than those just named to hold me fast. Around meal times when I had finished eating I could use up a pleasant half hour or so by going out to the kitchen to watch one of our guides eat. By the terms of the agreement he had hired on for five dollars a day and found. The phrase was incomplete. He meant five a day and foundered. It was a joy to watch him store away a school of fried fish and then top off with a ham, starting in at the shank and finishing off at the butt. He explained, though, that his appetite was unusually peckish. He had just finished a fortnight of service with a visiting sportsman who was a vegetarian and took nothing but processed fodders and ensilages into the woods, and so our guide was just catching up. I could sympathize with him. Once, years ago, I went camping in a party of four, including a cook, and after we had reached the heart of the wildwood fifty miles from civilization and a smoke-house we discovered that our supply of meat had mysteriously vanished, and so for a week we lived on the canned products of field and garden. The only time in that whole week when we so much as caught the appetizing smell of something frying was when our cook inadvertently sat down on the stove. So I had a fellow-feeling for this Minnesota sufferer and was moved to suggest to the chef that he break out a side of bacon so that the famished one might have a bit of dessert to wind up on after he had disposed of the ham.

Elsewhere in Minnesota we encountered another species of guide. This party kept union hours. He was a true disciple of the Progressive Farmer-Labor Cause. He started in at eight and he quit at four sharp on the tick of the watch. Not even the prospect of double pay for overtime allured him. With him it wasn't the money so much as it was the principle of the thing; he said so. The trouble was, though, that the bass had not been organized. None of them, so far as we could learn, carried a card, and they persisted in doing their biting early and late, either before our guide had reported for duty or after he had quit; and in between times they just laid off and gave us the merry laugh. You have to respect a man's principles but, even so, this guide got on our nerves at times. Like so many in these parts, his name ended in "son" but we took a vote and we decided that this was the way it should begin. But this was done privately, among ourselves. So strong a believer in the closed shop is apt to be touchy. I only hope he doesn't turn walking delegate and go over the state rounding up all the scab guides and teaching them the error of their present slack ways. It would be just like him — the big son-of-a-gun!

From the Mantrap Chain of Lakes, which is in the west central part of the State, we traveled eastward to the rapids of the St. Croix, on the boundary between Minnesota and Wisconsin. Our strategy proved defective. We left behind

the ticks, all but a few dozen especially devoted specimens that decided at the last minute to move with us, but we ran right into the mosquito flight at its height. The word that we had arrived got noised around and mosquitoes came hurrying from far points and held, as the saying is, high carnival. On an especially favorable day, late in the afternoon, there were eight thousand four hundred and seventy-five mosquitoes waiting on one tent fly for the sunset gun to usher in the evening's revelry. This is not mere guess work. I counted up to seventy-five hundred myself and after I got tired one of the others finished the count.

But to a sure-enough bass fisherman such matters only are technical details. The tick belt is comparatively narrow and the tick season is short. As for the mosquitoes, they are not at all pestiferous by day if you have been so well-advised as to pitch your camp in an open space where the wind has a clear sweep, which, by the way, was a precaution our pioneer corps overlooked. At night you can use a net and be practically immune from assault.

Anyhow, the compensations to a sportsman of natural glories, more especially to a regular fishing fool, immensely outweigh the small drawbacks. For the lake country of Minnesota — and most of Minnesota is lake country — I have thought up a perfect description, one comprised within a single short and graphic phrase. I shall hereafter refer to it as a Sports-

man's Paradise. On second thought, I shall not claim that this is strictly original with me. I now seem to remember that I heard it used somewhere else once. It fits, though. A true fisherman's idea of Heaven would be Central Minnesota without the ticks.

They have an association up there to promote travel inward and to educate the outlander as to the delights of the promised land. It is called the Ten Thousand Lakes Association. To be exact, there are more than ten thousand lakes in the State; there are upwards of eleven thousand. The census has been taken and it is reliable. Herein one observes a splendid instance of the working out of the natural law of compensation. Minnesota has approximately eleven thousand fishable lakes and just enough natural-born fish liars to go 'round. Thus each and every liar is enabled to have his own favorite lake and to lie about the fish that are in it — that is to say, each seasoned dependable liar is so favored. If you are a beginner and an amateur and have not yet learned to lie about your day's catch with the proper facility, they allot you to one of the smaller ponds and let you practice there until you are qualified for a lake to yourself.

I did not meet the original promoter of the Ten Thousand Lakes Association. He was in a sanitarium taking the rest cure. He was a born organizer, they said. He organized first one thing and then another, including the Ten

Thousand Lakes Association, but finally then he overextended himself and broke himself down trying to get up a Don't Worry Club. But I met most of the officers and many of the members and found each to be a fine fellow and a capable, willing fish liar, which naturally endeared them, one and all, to our little coterie.

Even so, and as in the case of the snoring contest, one of the group took first prize here. Coming among these people as a stranger and unused as he was to the local track rules and handicaps, he nevertheless carried off the honors. It was purely on merit that he won. He said that on a mentioned date of a given month in a stated year — your real fisherman always lies specifically as well as scientifically — he made three casts in a certain designated pond, really a puddle, it was, and at each cast hooked a large-mouth bass and landed him, and those three bass weighed exactly nine pounds apiece, no more and no less. He said he had enough fish then for one day and he went home. We were sorry he had not made just one more cast because we felt sure he would have hooked a plush-lined case to carry his catch home in.

In Minnesota it is not all of life to fish, although the reader may have gathered some such impression from the foregoing remarks. Politics is the other chief diversion of the sturdy yeomanry. To paraphrase a proverb about Finland and apply it to this State, in the summer they have fishing and politics and in the

winter there is no fishing. Personally I would rather seek the company of the average black bass than that of the average politician; the height of forehead is but little lower, the mouth no wider, and I would put more confidence in the bass' sincerity, every pop. But no brochure on Minnesota or any state within the scope of the influence of the Wisconsin idea would be complete without at least a passing reference to the prevalent political complex.

Gosh, how seriously they do take their politics up yonder! One who sojourned, as we did, in their midst just when the campaign fever of 1924 was beginning to burn at 104 degrees might well wonder why these worthy folk ever found time for anything else except politics. But the record proves that they have. They've made their state a leader in flour milling, in iron mining and copper mining, in lumber, in grain-stuffs; in the development of water power; in conservation of natural resources; in progressive legislation; in popular education; in regulation of public service utilities; in intelligent administration of local governmental affairs, and still have had enough superfluous energy left over for working up a fine strong jealousy between the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. That is what everybody in Minnesota always calls them — the Twin Cities. As soon as you arrive in St. Paul a standard joke is retailed to you. You are told that there is a project afoot to consolidate these neighboring corporations

into one municipality under the joint name of Minnehaha — the “Minne-” part in honor of Minneapolis and the “-haha” for St. Paul. But the wheeze is not favored among the St. Paulists nor laughed at by them, either. Town pride is a serious matter in our country.

Because of the heavy admixture of Scandinavian and Teutonic stocks — at least, that is the most plausible and the most generally accepted explanation — the agrarian population of Minnesota is somewhat strongly marked on the phlegmatic side. It is an orderly, slow-moving people not noticeably addicted to vain excitements or loud alarums. It is only in the matter of politics that the mass is fervidly inclined — and maybe that very fact makes the contrast all the stronger. There was a veritable touch of pathos in the attitude, as we sensed it, of the average agriculturist, the average small-town artisan or mechanic or storekeeper. Touching on his faith in the validity of the La Follettian ideals, he was adamant. He gave his undivided allegiance to Senator La Follette as a religious bigot gives his to a dogma. He didn't know just what the La Follette movement meant — who did? — nor what reforms it would bring about if successful at the polls that fall, nor what relief for the agrarian group and the workers' group it would bring to pass. And he didn't care.

A man who should know, if anyone does, the temper of the majority said this to me:

"You've got to remember that Minnesotans are very largely of the fused Nordic breeds, with the Swedish and the Norwegian strains predominating. That means they are inclined to be clannish and to hang together along racial lines. They are fair-minded; they are slow to get angry, but when they do take a grudge they are apt to nurse it stubbornly.

"And they have a grudge. It goes back, this discontent of theirs, to first causes. When this was even more of a grain-growing country than it is to-day, the farmers had reason to suspect that they were the victims of unfair trading methods and unfair combinations. Somewhere between the producer and the ultimate consumer was, as they believed, a conspiracy against both. It might be discriminatory railroad rates or manipulation of prices in the wheat pits or commercial skullduggery among the market operators. Lay it on whomsoever you please, the answer was that they felt they were denied a fair deal for the price of their sweated labor in the fields.

"They began to hate Wall Street and what they thought Wall Street stood for. They still hate Wall Street. And now lately they have thought they saw in the strengthening of the La Follette movement an eventual prospect for spanking the offending class by the strong right hand of the Federal government and, incidentally, better times under normal conditions for the worker at large. And they

have gone into that movement, hook, line and sinker.

“By that I don’t mean that they want to tear down the government. They aren’t Bolsheviks or anarchists. The I. W. W. boys, the flannel-mouthed foreign-born agitators of the big cities, the Slavonic malcontents, the amateur Lenins and the half-baked Trotskys, who would scrap the whole institution and rebuild the social structure according to their own sweet, mad imaginings, are a million miles removed from the so-called extremists of this section. These people want to rebuild from the inside by orderly processes. And they are out of sympathy with both of the old parties. For the Republican machine they have distrust and for the Democratic outfit disgust.

“I believe that in Minnesota and Wisconsin already have sprouted the kernel for the future great radical party — that is to say, radical as opposed to stand-pattism — which before so very long is to contend against the amalgamated, self-termed conservative elements of Old Line Republicanism and Bourbon Democracy for political control of the nation. This thing isn’t a rush-light flickering under a bushel. It’s a prairie fire, or I miss my little guess.”

In his fashion of life, the rural Minnesotan — or is it Minnesotian? — sets a mighty fine pattern for the rest of the country to follow after. His honesty of purpose, his straightforward-

ness, his rugged determination to get somewhere and amount to something — these qualities reveal themselves in the very aspect of his dooryard, the tended trimness of his truck patch, the straight furrows in his plowed land. His grain fields are so well cared for and so fruitful-looking, his dairy herds so sleek and plump. And his barn bulks like a wooden fortress and his silos make you think of Norman watch-towers. Off the main line of travel, the roads mainly are dirt roads or else of dirt and gravel mixed, and apparently the work of keeping them in order is done by neighborhood recruits and not by professional road crews. Yet it is amazingly well done. Before a rain is over the boys are out with the drags and scrapers, making the way of the motorist smooth and passable.

Down in my country, in the old days, the voters in the country paid their poll taxes, if they cared to do so, by giving so many hours of labor per annum to the country roads. In some counties I believe the arrangement was that every citizen either must work on public road improvements for so many days in each year or he might, out of his pocket, hire a substitute. There was a certain lack of concerted system — a certain sketchiness to the whole transaction. If a man didn't like his neighbor he would tackle the road leading to the other fellow's property and improve that road the way Sherman's Army improved Georgia. If,

then, following the next heavy rain the neighbor craved to come to town he had his choice either of using a skiff or screaming for help. The Minnesota plan seemed, on the whole, preferable.

The typical Minnesota agriculturist has been credited with being a careful spender. There is more than a trace of truth in this statement. I used to think that, excepting the opossum and the kangaroo, the only mammal born with a pocket was the Aberdeen Scotchman. I ask leave to add the Minnesota ruralist to this restricted company. But if proverbially he is frugal, he is not stingy. Being no extortionist himself he has mighty little use for the profiteer. But his thrift does not stand between him and his worthy desires. If he be foreign-born he proceeds to Americanize himself as rapidly as may be. He may not have quite that passion for giving his children college educations which possesses the back-country New Englander, but he sees to it that there are good schools in his vicinity and at any cost he sends his young ones thither.

As for himself, he goes attired in a simple garb. The week-day summer time uniform of the male adult on a Minnesota farm is a set of blue overalls. (See any published photograph of Senator Magnus Johnson milking the family cow in a statesmanlike manner, with overalls on.) And always, upon the rear breadth of the overalls is featured the printed

and sewed-on guarantee of the maker. There are no recorded exceptions to this rule. The canny wearer is taking no chances on failing to get his forfeit money back in case of a rip, or a tear or buttons coming off.

But the women folk are just as up and coming in matters of style and dress as their sisters elsewhere. We invaded one far-flung village, so profoundly involved in the forests and so remote from lines of tourist travel that — believe it or not, but I pledge you my solemn word it's true — it had no roadhouse advertising itself as Ye Olde Exposed Plumbing or Ye Olde Something Else, no Gifte Shoppe, no tea-room, no hot doggerly. It did not even have a store selling Army and Navy goods; that's how deeply buried in the backwoods this village was. But in the principal barber shop the entire force of three hands were bobbing the youthful feminine populace in relays. I saw little girls going in who were, as the cant phrase runs, peaches; and when they came out they were all nectarines, and proud of it. And on the floor were literally windrows and hillocks of shorn blonde tresses. I didn't know there was so much female hair. The head barber told me that the wave was now at its crest among the younger social set. But he was expecting the rush to start among the wives and mothers next.

It may be recalled that it was in Minnesota that Sinclair Lewis pitched the setting for his

novel, Main Street, and painted the town of "Gopher Prairie" in colors that did not fade. But it also might be worth remembering that off of one of these Main Streets and out of one of these Gopher Prairies came the Mayo Brothers.

CHAPTER IX

OREGON

Otherwise Youbetcherland

YOUBETCHERLAND is a great and a growing part of our country which to date the sociological cartographers and geographers somehow have overlooked.

Its boundaries, roughly, run as follows: On the north the Canadian line, on the south the Mexican, on the east the foothills of the Rockies and on the west the Pacific Ocean. But its most typical area, its ethnological midriff is, I would say, in Central Oregon where the Cascades lift themselves five or six thousand feet in air, and then, having done that well, keep right on lifting a few thousand feet more. When a Cascade peak has nothing else to do in the long autumnal twilights it lifts and lifts until you, standing below on the plateau, are constrained to believe that its snowed pinnacle is aiming to qualify as a downy stepping-stone for the angels' feet. Here is the heart of Youbetcherland.

Youbetcherland, as perhaps the shrewd reader

already has divined, derives the name which has here been given it from a turn of speech tremendously much in vogue among those who populate it. Howsomever, this does not imply a claim that the idiomatic trick in question is by any means exclusively confined to any particular division or subdivision of vernacular North America. Those of us who prefer homely, slangy short cuts to the more roundabout linguistic meanderings of the truly cultured have for long been addicted to the use of the phrase "You bet you," as signifying acquiescence or approval or coöperation or enthusiastic concurrence. I believe that as far back as pre-Civil War days Mr. Charles Dickens observed with pain — and so many gaucheries in our land did pain Mr. Dickens — that we, as a people, generally were addicted to the emphatic utterance of such an exclamation when as a matter of fact nothing partaking of the nature of a wager had even remotely been suggested. To this good day the thing puzzles some of Mr. Dickens' fellow islanders. There is a sort of visiting Englishman who, on being asked whether this or that appears to him satisfactory, replies, "Not 'arf," meaning that it is wholly so; but for the life of him he cannot conceive why we, in our efforts to express the same thought, should resort to this Yankeeism. Yet perversely we do persist in it.

Elsewhere, then, the use of it is common, but in the domain I roughly have bounded, and

notably up in Oregon, it is distinctive and almost universal. From a sentence it has been condensed into one polysyllabic word. It is at once an affirmation and a confirmation, a threat and a promise, a slogan and a shibboleth, a war cry and a peace greeting. It bespeaks the confidence of a gallant people in their abilities to master a difficulty. It sums up the undimmed and undimnable optimism of the individual Western American. It falls trippingly from the tongue of a breed who have neither doubt touching on the destinies of themselves and of their race, nor yet misgivings regarding the ultimate outcome of whatsoever proposition they may undertake, from taming the wilderness to enforcing Prohibition. You hear it a dozen times a day; a hundred times a day, some days.

You ask the homesteader if he can put you up for the night in his one-room shack on the desert, and without a moment's hesitation he replies, "Youbetcher!" Over the wire you inquire of the young lady at the long-distance desk whether there is any prospect of getting that connection with Portland or Chicago pretty soon, and she snaps back, "Youbetcher!"—just like that. With the ticket agent at the railroad station it is a favorite response, and the lunch-stand girl says it so often she almost has forgotten the word "yes." And when it comes to tackling a civic or a communal or a state-wide improvement which would give a

similar body of Easterners pause — pause, say, for about thirty years — these Oregonians rally round the polls and vote through the bond issue with loud shouts of “Youbetcher!”

It was up there in Central Oregon that we went on our quest for the lava bear. We had heard, two of us, that he was to be found in those parts, and when we inquired of the most competent native son, who was going to chap-eron us, whether there was any prospect, however faint, of killing a lava bear during our month in the wilds he promptly and naturally answered, “Youbetcher!” And meant it. Out there they have a way of saying what they mean and of meaning what they say.

The lava bear has almost as many aliases as, in the old bunco-steering days, Paper Collar Joe used to have. In one part of his Oregon habitat he is the lava bear; in another he is the sand-lapper, which would appear to be more or less of a fanciful title, inasmuch as there is no authentic record of his having been detected in the act of lapping any sand. Over across the Idaho line in the Seven Devils Range he is known as the dwarf grizzly. Personally I prefer to entertain the theory that he is the North American sun bear, so called, which some of our faunal naturalists insist is an extinct breed. But he isn't extinct, and he can prove it.

The North American sun bear was never exactly numerous, and according to some of the best authorities he vanished entirely a good

many years ago, even before the buffalo went, and the passenger pigeon and the celluloid cuff. But if the present writer is correct in his amateurish and totally unscientific deductions, the sun bear did not totally disappear; he merely withdrew from society as civilization became more complex, and went far back into the lava beds where he might enjoy the privacy he craved. Nor do I believe he belongs to the grizzly family, although on a microscopic scale he seems to have some of the temperamental characteristics which have tended to make the grizzly unpopular in certain quarters. A man who knows a good deal at first-hand about the mammals of this continent told me he felt sure the lava bear was a distinct species rather than a sub-species, and for the life of him, he said, he could not understand why the cunning little scamp had escaped being officially card-indexed. Several years ago a wealthy sheepman down near Klamath Falls in Oregon got hold of a lava bear which had been killed by one of his herders, and he skinned the animal and had the pelt stuffed and sent it up to The Dalles, where for some time it was on exhibition in a local collection. I have been told that somewhere in Washington the United States Biological Survey has another mounted specimen tucked away; yet seemingly none of our naturalists has taken pains accurately to classify this, perhaps the rarest of existing large quadrupeds on this continent.

As it turned out, our quest for the lava bear or the sand-lapper or the dwarf grizzly or the sun bear, or whatever he is, was complicated with a lot of other things — with the scenery, for one, and with the fishing and the deer hunting and the jack-rabbit shooting and the shade hound. The scenery was already there, patiently waiting for us to come and admire it; but the shade hound, if I may say so, was our own idea. Always, in Oregon, the scenery is there or thereabouts. If the stranger fails to notice it, any native will take pleasure in directing his attention to it. Nothing so greatly delights a resident Oregonian as to have a tourist give the scenery an unsolicited testimonial. On the eastern side of the Cascades the home folks take as much personal pride in their scenery as their neighbors across the divide, down on the other slope, take in their climate, and that is saying a good deal. In fact it is saying about all there is to say.

I remember, the first time I went to the Pacific Coast, how deeply I was impressed by an attitude of mind exhibited daily and hourly by those who lived there. It had to do with local pride. When the directory man's figures seemed to show that Los Angeles was about to go ahead of San Francisco in the matter of population, and would certainly go ahead of it just as soon as the next popular excursion train came in from Iowa and Nebraska points, all Los Angeles took a day off to celebrate. The

discovery that the average blood pressure was higher in San Diego than in some rival community gave great cheer to the hearts of all loyal and patriotic San Diegoans. And everywhere the climate beagles were baying both by day and by night.

"Surely," I said to myself, "surely local pride can go no farther than this."

And surely it cannot; at least it never has. But as a result of more recent explorations extending a thousand miles or so northward from San Francisco I am constrained to concede that it goes just as far and is just as fervent and just as sincere and just as honest in Oregon and Washington as it is in the southern part of California.

On the eastern side of the Cascades the local booster — and there every person capable of speaking the English language is a local booster — advertises to the world the incomparable beauties of the scenery. To him scenery is what climate is to his fellow across the mountains. Even so, he is not discounting his own particular variety of climate. He has not a harsh word to say for it, but with him scenery runs first and climate second in the recital of the natural advantages.

Any human being who is equipped even with the most rudimentary beginnings of a soul can enjoy scenery, but only one who has more confidence in his own powers of expression than good judgment will, with premeditation, under-

take to set down on paper an accurate picture of it. Someone is forever trying to describe in print how the Grand Cañon looks at sunset or how Naples smells on a hot day; but up until this time the percentage of those who have succeeded at these jobs is still quite small. So I shall not try to scratch out with my pen a word etching of that scenic wonderland which is called Central Oregon. I know that to my dying day I shall carry in my mind priceless recollections of the high desert and of the higher plateaus and the buttes and the cañons and the gorges and the forests and the mountains and the sky and all the rest of the glorious ensemble of it. But owing to the limitations of a deficient vocabulary I am debarred from sharing my treasured memories with others. They must go and see it for themselves, which, after all, is the only satisfactory way of enjoying scenery. But in passing I do crave to speak a line or so for that crown jewel of the Lower Cascades, Crater Lake.

For its size, I am quite sure that Crater Lake is the most wonderful thing in this world. So far as I know, it is the only perfect example of the phenomenon which ensues when something crawls into a hole and pulls the hole in after it. In this instance the thing which crawled into the hole was a mighty mountain, and that which ensued, after the hole had been pulled in, was Crater Lake.

Not so very long ago, as geologists chattily

measure time, say eight or nine eons ago, perhaps the loftiest mountain in what subsequently became the United States stood here. It is estimated that its peak rose well above the sixteen-thousand-foot level. It was a volcanic mountain, as nearly all the important mountains in Oregon were and are, and that same volcanic force which formed it eventually destroyed it — as a mountain. Its cone collapsed and vanished into the caldron of a hotter fire than human hands ever kindled, leaving behind a circular orifice which through the centuries filled with melted snow. The result, as we view it to-day, is Crater Lake. It has the greatest depth of any body of fresh water in America, and without fear of successful contradiction I dare affirm that it is the most gorgeously beautiful lake on this planet. About its shores, in places where the rock shelves come close to the surface, it is the greenest green that ever was, on land or sea; but where the bottom drops away with incredible abruptness to incredible depths it becomes a marvelous and indescribable blue — a purer, richer, more radiant blue than any other blue ever was. One has the feeling that a cup of it, dipped up, would reveal these tints — blue or green, depending on where one did one's dipping. And from personal observation I am willing to state that on being splashed with a canoe paddle its spraying drops are not like water, but like jewels; like flawless emeralds and perfect sapphires.

You stand on the rim, looking downward a thousand feet or so to where Crater Lake lies, an incomparable gem cupped in the hand of the Creator, and it seems to you that here natural beauty has attained its superlative expression. But when, following this, you descend the trail which zigzags down the face of the guardian cliffs and come at length to the shores, you discern a gorgeousness which even exceeds the splendor of the spectacle as viewed from above. For now your vision includes details which before escaped you — the rock sides sheering up as steeply almost as perpendicular walls; the effect of the sky against the brim and the effect of the reflected sky in the water itself; curious formations, banking in a long perspective of spires and pinnacles. These last really are the nipples of dead volcanic flues, and because of their fancied resemblances to fabulous monsters and human figures and architectural forms they here have been given various names to distinguish them. But this was a great mistake, because these objects do not look like anything else on earth. They look only like themselves. When the eye encounters an idiosyncrasy of Nature which overtops and surpasses the scope of man's imagining, why, then the puny human intellect should be content to let well enough alone.

Distances are most deceiving at Crater Lake. Indeed, all through the Far Western country distance is deceiving. From your perch on the

brink you guess that to the water is perhaps a straight drop of two hundred feet. It is nearer a thousand. From the same point you look downward and across to an island which juts up out of the lake and you hazard the statement that on an airline the distance to the nearermost tip of the island is possibly three hundred yards. As a matter of fact, the spot at which you are looking is between two and three miles from you. Eventually the visitor begins to hedge on all his offhand reckonings of space. He knows that if he states his honest belief he will fall so far short of the actual figures as to make the calculations sound ridiculous. So, leaping to the other extreme, he multiplies what he thinks by two or three or four in an effort to reconcile his visual concept with the actual statistics. This, when persisted in, causes optical confusion and mental lapses. You see a human form seemingly near at hand, but for the life of you you cannot make up your mind whether it is a little boy two hundred feet away or an elderly gentleman in knickerbockers a couple of miles off. You must draw nearer and scan him for whiskers before you can make sure.

One of these days hundreds of thousands of Americans will visit Crater Lake every summer. This day will come when a railroad worms its way in through the gorges, or, better still, when there is an adequate automobile highway penetrating into Crater Lake National Park from Medford to the southwest, or from Bend to the

northeast, or from Klamath Falls to the southeast. When I was there the roads, except within the park itself, were very bad. In the months between June and October — which constituted the season for automobiling — they were ankle deep in white dust, and under the dust lay deep and jolty ruts which shredded away your tires and loosened your springs and made travel at almost any gait a veritable endurance test for the traveler. But poor going did not deter the native. He was used to it. What the rural Oregonian regarded as a fair road would be cursed as a bad road almost anywhere east of the Mississippi. When the gorgeous Oregon summer comes those who live in the little towns and on the homesteads and on the ranches start out to see their own country. Mainly they move in family groups. The outfit may not be fancy looking, but it is adequate.

Into the automobile are loaded the bed rolls and the camp dunnage. The old man drives, wearing the oldest garments he owns. Ma, who sits with him in the front seat, wears one-piece overalls, which are not especially beautiful but exceedingly commodious. The girls, who perch upon the quilts and the skillets behind, go in for costumes conforming patriotism with comfort, as it were. They mate the khaki breeches and the spiral puttees of a doughboy with a broad-collared sailor's blouse, thereby doing honor to the Army and not forgetting the Navy either.

Thus accoutered, off the members of the household roll for an outing of a week or a fortnight or a month. Incredibly bad roads do not daunt them, for as often as not incredibly bad roads are what they are best acquainted with. Dust thicker than any dust the Easterner can conceive of disturbs them not a whit. It is mostly powdered pumice anyway, and it wipes right off, leaving the skin white and clean. In a land where rain never falls from the time summer sets in until midautumn has come our campers need take no heed of the weather. They eat in the open and they sleep under the stars. No matter how scorching hot the sun may be in the daytime, the air will chill the moment the sun goes down. And in those altitudes it's always deliciously cool in the shade at any time.

In the course of a month's coursing back and forth through Oregon I think I must have seen five hundred such parties. As the license tags attested, they came from a dozen Western and Northwestern states, but mostly we met Oregon folk. Those who composed each separate group appeared to be having a perfectly gorgeous time, and it might safely be figured that the entire cost of the outing for a whole automobile load of such sight-seers would be less than is required to board a Pomeranian pup in a fashionable New York kennel while its owner is off for the summer. Kindlier or friendlier human beings never lived than these vacation-

ers were. Every now and then we had to ask the aid of some passing party in finding the shade hound, and never did we get a churlish reply.

The shade hound took a lot of tending. He was a loan-collection dog. One of the members of our party borrowed him from a neighbor who recommended him highly for general purposes, but was reticent — purposely reticent, we decided afterward — about going into details touching on the exact metes and bounds of his sphere of usefulness. To look at, he was not a particularly handsome animal. He was a mixed breed, being part Airedale and part, I think, lamp-chimney cleaner. He had the general shape and color of an Airedale, but the fluffy, woolly aspect which one associates with a lamp-chimney cleaner. Immediately after acquiring him we discovered that he suffered from the affliction of palsy of the hind quarters, so that when he wagged his tail a general quivering motion was imparted to his after sections. Going away from one, he suggested a fashionable dancer; but approaching head-on, he more resembled something to be run through the flues in order to remove the soot. He was also quite deaf; but, as the saying goes, his heart was in the right place. He had a wonderful disposition. A kind word from a complete stranger — if he heard it — was sufficient to start him shimmying behind.

Now we intended, if opportunity served, to

hunt a variety of game — lava bear, black bear, wild fowl, deer and possibly cougar. That one of our party who had borrowed him, being an optimist, figured that the dog might qualify to hunt something or other that was on our tentative list. Events proved that the trust was misfounded. We tried him first on black bear. By request, he smelled at the fresh bear tracks which were presented for his consideration. He was polite enough about it, and very obliging, but anyone with half an eye could see that he lacked the enthusiasm which ever marks your true bear-trailing dog. He sniffed as a smoker might test with his nose a bad nickel cigar selling for a quarter. Then, evidently feeling that he had done his full duty in the premises, he excused himself from the company and went back to camp and ate a ham which someone had left hanging on a low tree limb. It was plain, so his sponsor confessed that night, that this dog was not temperamentally organized to hunt black bear. Perhaps — so he hopefully suggested — perhaps his forte was chasing deer.

So we waited a few days until the bear hunt was over, and then we loaded him on the running board of the car and took him across country to where the runs of the black-tailed deer made narrow paths in a vast thicket of lodge-pole pines. We unloaded him there, and by word and gesture encouraged him to show us a little something along sporting lines. It was

at once made manifest that of all the subjects in this wide world the subject of deer was of the least possible interest to him. I never saw a dog display more unmistakable signs of boredom. As plain as print, his manner told us what his feelings were.

We were persistent, though; or rather the man who had borrowed him was. We carried him out of the forest and into the Great Desert and introduced him to some fresh coyote signs. Once more the result was disappointing. The dog's demeanor unmistakably indicated that if ever in his life there had been a period when he entertained any antipathy for coyotes he long before had decided, so far as the coyote was concerned, to let bygones be bygones. Live and let live — such evidently he had made his motto. Finally we tried him at jack rabbit coursing. But instead of pursuing the smoke-gray bunnies he made unsuccessful efforts to put himself on terms of amicable understanding with this or that strange jack rabbit crossing his path.

These experiments, I should explain, extended over a period of upward of a fortnight, and long before they were concluded we had discovered what he really was. I think it was stubbornness more than anything else which toward the last kept us experimenting. For by now we knew the true nature of his calling in life. He was a shade hound by profession. Whenever he was left to his own devices he dedicated his

being to finding a patch of shade; and having found it, with slight shimmying motions betokening satisfaction, he would lie down in it and stay there as long as the shade did. Then he would rise up reluctantly to go and find some more shade.

I am inclined to think that I was the first of our party to observe this peculiarity. I noticed it after we had left the timber to sojourn a while in the sagebrush. There was not much shade out on the desert. There rarely is, in the daytime, out there. The patches of shadow under the stunted greasewood and sagebrush bushes were hardly large enough to shelter field mice, and from an hour after sunrise until just before sunset the heat on clear days was unabated and intense. It came to my attention that our dog was favoring me with his company. Offhand, I decided this must be an evidence of growing friendliness on his part; but closer scrutiny of his actions revealed the fact that he was not entirely actuated by affectionate impulses. In what he did there was a trace, at least, of self-interest. I cast more shadow than any other person present did; he was trying to stay in my shade.

Times when we were motoring he would quietly drop off the running board and go to look for shade. He would strike off the road and tangent away for miles possibly before he found enough shade to suit him. Meanwhile we would bowl merrily along usually for, say, half an hour

before any of the remaining occupants of the car discovered that one of our number no longer was with us. If he had belonged to us we might have abandoned him, but he was borrowed property, and we were under pledge to return him in good order to his master. So we would turn around and back-track, looking for him. In a sparsely settled country this frequently meant much added travel. It might be that we would run for an hour on the rearward trail before we met another car or until we had come to some lone homesteader's cabin or shepherd's camp. There we would be reasonably sure to find the shade hound tucked away somewhere on the shady side of the shack.

Questing about to ascertain the whereabouts of the shade hound gave us a better opportunity than otherwise we might have had to study the desert homesteader and admire the grit which inspires him to tackle dry-farming where frequently dry-farming is one of the most uncertain and hazardous of agrarian pursuits. His claim nearly always lies out on the alkali flats, which are not always flat, but which generally do carry a high percentage of alkali. The more fertile lands along the water courses were preempted long ago, and the marketable timber is either privately owned or lies within the state reserves and the national parks. So he sets up his cabin on the desert, and there, season in and season out, he wages a war against unfriendly elements and a Nature which begrudges

its scanty gifts. He contends with bitter weather in the winter, with wind and dust in the spring, with dust and heat in the summer.

Always there is the possibility of a scant rainfall in the wet season, which means disaster for the grain he has planted; and there is a certainty of assaults on his growing crops — if his crops grow — by the jack rabbits and the gophers and the ground squirrels. It may be that he has to haul his water for miles; not only the water he drinks, but the water he washes in and the water he gives his stock. Often he must travel a considerable distance to chop the stunted juniper which serves him as firewood. He and his brood endure loneliness and alkali and sagebrush and sandstorms and snowstorms. No flowers grow about his bare doorstep. No fruit trees blossom and bear in his dooryard. Of course here I am citing a typical extreme case, but there are a great many of these typical extreme cases.

To the average Easterner the greatest wonder, next only to the amazing circumstance that the desert homesteader ever settled where he did settle in the first place, is the almost equally amazing fact that he hangs on so persistently.

Sometimes he quits. Deserted shanties give proof that here or there some poor devil finally gave up and, acknowledging that the desert had licked him, moved on, leaving the place he had called home to become the abiding place of pack rats and owls. But for every one who

surrenders there is another who sticks, inspired, I think, more by the craving of the native American to own a piece of this footstool for his own than by any hope of ultimate victory over natural disadvantages. He is the true pioneer of this generation; the present pathfinder in the waste places.

He stands fast, buoyed perhaps by the faint prospect that some day irrigation may solve the problem for him by turning the sagebrush into lush green gardens or that a railroad may come through, and then perhaps if he has luck his fenced-in section of rock and sand and leprous alkali will become part of a town site. And through it all he keeps his courage and his patience and his sense of independence. He lives, somehow or other, on a trifle of rather less than nothing a year, and he grins in the face of adversity. His hospitality is as boundless as the view from his window. Whatever he has is yours for the asking or without it.

All about the edges of the particular area whither we went to kill our lava bear were the steadings of struggling dry-farmers. We knew in advance just where we should go to hunt the lava bear, although with no prior guaranty and indeed with no very good prospect that we should find him where we hunted. From the hunter's standpoint, one of the outstanding attractions of Oregon is that in certain fairly well-defined areas he is reasonably sure to find the haunts and feeding grounds of certain huntable

creatures. There are areas where the mule-tailed deer lives, but rarely or never does the black-tailed deer abide there, and vice versa. There is at least one range where the white-tailed deer of the East or a deer very much resembling him may be looked for with more or less success. But old Oregonians told me that in this particular neighborhood there was small likelihood for one to see a stray black-tail or mule-tail. It is as though all the animals had sent delegates to a congress where each variety, having selected its own abiding place, agreed to stay off the private preserves of all the rest.

This is particularly true, seemingly, of the deer; but it is true in a measure, also, of some of the flesh eaters. Black bear are fairly numerous on this or that mountain, while the cougar is rarely found there. Fifty miles away the cougar ranges, but the bear, except in exceptional circumstances, does not. This arrangement simplifies things for both the hunter and the hunted. The hunter knows approximately that the game he seeks is common to a given locality, which, however, may be the size of the state of Massachusetts or larger. Oregon is one of the roomiest states we have, and localities as defined by the Oregonians are likely to be sizable. At any rate, having decided on what he wishes to hunt, the hunter decides upon the district in which he will hunt and goes there.

Presumably the animal knows that on or

about a certain date the hunter will be along looking for him, and so during the hunting season he takes a vacation and slips away into the more inaccessible parts of his domain. At least such was our experience. There are lots of deer in Oregon — oodles and scads and shoals and herds of deer. But we found remarkably few of them at home when we called at their best-known places of residence.

What applies to the habitats of the mammals in Oregon applies, in a way of speaking, to the fishing likewise. I am not speaking now of the salmon fishing, which these times is more or less of a commercial pursuit, but rather of the trout fishing. In one stream the rainbow trout live and breed. In another the transplanted Eastern brook trout are numerous, while the rainbow may be scarce. In yet another the Dolly Varden trout or the steelhead or what-not abound. We fished in one lake, and not such a very large lake either, where on a certain shoal one was reasonably sure of snaring a mess of Dolly Vardens. A mile away, around a point, the fish one caught would probably be rainbows almost exclusively, and just across the lake, near the opposite bank, the speckled trout seemed to hold a monopoly on the feeding grounds. I do not know why this should be so, but so it was.

Somewhere on this continent there may be better trout fishing than is to be found in Central Oregon, but personally I do not know

where it is. Take, for example, East Lake, which for all-around fishing purposes is conceded to be about as dependable a lake as there is in Oregon. Twenty years ago there were no game fish in this lake. It fills the crater of an old volcano, and it lies several thousand feet above sea level. No stream runs into it. It is fed largely by rain and melted snow and by hot springs, which last are strongly impregnated with sulphur and iron and various other minerals. When the state game commission decided to stock it, doubts were expressed as to whether under such conditions as these fish would live in East Lake, and grow and multiply.

Did they grow and multiply? On both counts I'll say they did! It has been less than two decades since the first batches of fry and fingerlings were brought in small tanks on pack trains over the mountains from the hatchery and turned loose in East Lake. Ichthyologists are divided as to whether it was the quality of the water or the abundance of the feed or the presence of hot springs along the shore and in the lake bed or a combination of all three of these which produced a piscatorial miracle. But be the cause what it may, the fact remains that it is now no uncommon thing for a twenty-pound rainbow trout or an eight-pound brook trout to be taken out of East Lake. Indeed there is authentic record that a rainbow weighing thirty-six pounds was caught there, and an approved tradition has to do with a rainbow

which is said to have weighed upward of sixty pounds twenty-four hours after he was landed. But, of course, when a fish attains to any such size as this he isn't a fish any more, but a fiction, and all persons are warned against believing him, even though they behold him with their own eyes. He's an optical delusion when you look upon him, and a plain fish lie when you tell about him afterward.

I was shown a trolling tackle which has been used in the catching of some of the biggest of the East Lake trout. It consisted of two enamelware dinner plates riveted back to back with a doorknob affixed to the upper surface of the upper plate for a handle and with an iron rod passing through the bottom plate and so devised as to be made fast in a hole in the rear seat of a rowboat. Between the plates a line as heavy almost as sashcord was reeled. But of course such a rig as this isn't possible either. It overtaxes the powers of human credulity to believe that such a thing is actually used for catching trout, and I do not expect the reader to credit me when I say that I saw it.

Three of us went trolling for part of an afternoon in East Lake. Using a five-ounce rod and a light silk line, one of my companions, after a ten-minute battle, conquered a rainbow which scaled ten pounds. With a somewhat heavier rig I took a brook trout which weighed one ounce less than five pounds — a hump-shouldered, broad-beamed monster with the

head of a speckled trout and with the markings of one, but with a body which might have belonged to a big-mouthed black bass. Between us, the two of us who fished — for the third man rowed and gave advice — caught within two hours twenty rainbow and speckled trout of an average weight of about three pounds. In the eyes of greenhorns from the East the least of our catch seemed a whale, but when we landed and saw a string of twenty-one rainbow aggregating in weight nearly a hundred pounds which had been taken by two men in less than eight hours we curled up and quit.

The scenery and the series of experiments with the shade hound and the fishing and the deer hunting and one side trip to Crater Lake for sight-seeing purposes and another to the headwaters of the Metolius River in the Deschutes National Forest, which is one of the most exquisitely beautiful spots that lie outdoors, and the mountain climbing and the pack-train trips and a lot of other things, including the death of a black bear, which event is to be treated in another chapter as befitting the spectacular and unique merits of the case — as I say, all these things so retarded the beginning of the actual hunt for the lava bear that nearly three weeks elapsed between the time we started out by motor from the town of Bend and the time we struck into the lava beds east by northeast of Fort Rock.

On the way, by appointment, we met and

took along with us a young man who is supposed to know more about the habits of the lava bear than probably any other person in Oregon. Undoubtedly he does. His name is Andrews, and he is a trapper of predatory animals in the Federal employ — perhaps the most successful trapper on Uncle Sam's pay roll in the Northwest. He specializes in trapping coyotes. His annual bag is an astonishingly large one. He has the knack of being able to outguess Br'er Coyote at his own game. This gift is not common among human beings; indeed it is exceedingly rare, because of all created beings the coyote is one of the wisest and the wariest.

He is smart, but he has no friends. Every man's hand is against him. He is Ishmael going on four legs; Judas Iscariot in a gaberdine of mangy gray. His personal appearance is prejudicial to his own interests; his personal habits are unspeakable. The stockman dislikes him on general principles, and also because he murders the young calves. The sheep herder abhors him for that he is a constant menace to straying baa-baas. He is chronically addicted to raiding hen roosts, hence the dry-farmer views him with aversion. He preys upon sage grouse and prairie chicken, so the man who loves wing shooting carries a couple of shells loaded with buckshot for his especial unbenefit. The fur dealer pays a good price for his hide, and nation and state offer bounties on his scalp, wherefore the professional trapper spreads

snares for his feet and sows poisoned titbits in his pathway, and runs him down with wolf-hounds. And everybody looks upon him with the jaundiced eye of disfavor, because he is sneaky and furtive and sly and unwholesome of aspect, but most of all because he hates mankind and shows it. By day he slinks through the sagebrush, a living disfigurement to the landscape. Comes the nighttime, and he stations himself upon some convenient elevation just out of gunshot of the spot where you have pitched your camp, but within earshot of it, and there, hunkered back on his gaunt haunches, with his nose uplifted to the unsympathetic stars, he pours out the concentrated venom of his soul for hour after hour. For his sins he cannot sleep; for his vocal activities you can't either.

By his very mode of life he seems to express his contempt for the forces arrayed against him and for all his enemies. Mainly he ranges on the open plain. He digs his den wherein his dam rears his pups, right out on the desert, making no attempt to hide its entrance hole and its exit from sight. When occasion suits him he forages in the broad daylight, for always he is hungry, and nearly always he is famished. By rights, with all creation arrayed against him, he should have vanished long ago. But he absolutely refuses thus to oblige the implacable foe. Some of our biologists maintain he is more plentiful since the white man's civilization

invaded his original domain than he was when he had to contend only with bow-and-arrow Indians. Certainly he is constantly extending the limits of his hunting grounds.

With one exception, he is the only wild thing in America which probably is more numerous now than it was fifty years ago. The other exception is his fellow inhabitant of the dry plains, the jack rabbit. In his way the jack rabbit is a greater pest to the agriculturist than the coyote is to the ranchman; for the jack rabbit is likewise a perambulating famine with an appetite which cannot be satisfied, and having a preference in his diet for young grasses and tender grain stuffs. In every Far Western state campaigns of extermination are waged against the jack rabbit. Individuals war on him for the protection of their own crops and for the bounties paid by state or county. Many a struggling homesteader has weathered through a lean year on jack rabbit bounties. Communities organize drives and kill tens of thousands of the long-eared nuisances in a single day. Government employees go about the country showing the husbandman the latest and most approved scientific methods of slaughtering him. I may be wrong in this, but I think there are courses in intensive jack rabbit poisoning in some of the state agricultural schools beyond the Rockies.

He is an easy target for the gunner and an easy mark for the poisoner. He bobs up be-

fore you as you ride through the sagebrush, lopes along for a few yards, then squats in plain view as though determined to allow himself to be slain. Stricken with one tiny leaden pellet he lays him down and dies. He attains Nirvana after nibbling a morsel of strychnine-treated grain which would merely give a ground squirrel a good appetite. No more arsenic than would clear a gopher's complexion kills him on the spot. At intervals mysterious maladies decimate his breed. Measured as we measure things by mortal standards, he, too, should have long since disappeared; but he abounds. How he does abound! In one month in Oregon I myself saw more than nine million jack rabbits.

The coyote, which is so devilishly wise — so canny about pitfalls and so sapient about lures and snares — endures because he is so wise. The jack rabbit endures for another reason — his devotion to family ties. When it comes to multiplying he is the champion lightning calculator of the entire animal kingdom. Compared with him, Belgian hares are amateurs and guinea pigs are confirmed advocates of the theory of race suicide.

In pursuance of his trapping of coyotes and other predatory beasties, this young man, Andrews, has spent a dozen years more or less in and about the area where by all accounts the lava bear was most frequently encountered. Yet in all that time, so he told us, he had seen but four specimens and had killed one and cap-

tured another alive. The one he killed had been a full-grown male, yet it measured, he said, a trifle less than three feet from the tip of its nose to the tip of its tail, with a height at the shoulder of about twenty inches. He described its shape as having been squatty and all bunched up. I gathered that the creature was hunched in at its fore quarters, with the flanks sloping away sharply in its after sections. He had saved its skull, and he gave it to me. It was little larger than the skull of a fair-sized sheep dog would be, but with much heavier jaws. Adhering to the dried scalp were wisps of a curiously pale-red fur, which probably, before exposure bleached the hairs, had been a pronounced cinnamon color. Andrews told us there had been nothing about the appearance or the coat of the bear he killed to indicate kinship with the grizzly; rather it was its behavior when he came upon it which led him to believe it might be a diminutive cousin of Old Ephraim. A black bear or a brown bear, of whatsoever size, would promptly have fled from him unless it chanced to be a female with cubs; but the lava bear exhibited no fear. On the other hand, it had shown a ferocity infinitely greater than its bulk justified.

As I said just now, he had seen just four lava bears in his life. He knew of a veteran stockman who in thirty years on the range had glimpsed also four of the pygmies. So he warned us that our chances for finding a specimen, even

though we were bound for its favorite habitat, were exceedingly small. He mercifully refrained from telling the tenderfeet what the habitat itself would be like.

We found more optimism touching on the prospect in another quarter. We were replenishing our outfit in the general store of a tiny hamlet on the edge of the desert when a picturesque person rambled in. In this connection I use the word "rambled" advisedly. The gentleman in question evidently had been looking upon the lemon extract when it was yellow or the Jamaica ginger when it was red. But lemon extract is a mocker and Jamaica ginger is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. His breath was fragrant, even as a soda fountain, and his eye was rolling wide and free. As stated, he rambled in, tripping over crates of canned goods and getting himself entangled with agricultural implements, and he propped himself against a show case where we were gathered in the rear of the establishment and gave us opportunity to appraise the gorgeousness of his raiment. Just to look at him was a treat. He was attired in the most ornate and glorious gearings that a cowboy can select out of a mail-order catalogue. His boots were excessively high-heeled and carried vast silver spurs. The legs of his chaps had wide leather wings on them, and these wings were bossed with brass knobs and edged with broad leather fringes. His hat never cost a cent less than

thirty dollars. His double-breasted blue shirt was adorned with pearl buttons the size of butter plates. For a final touch he wore upon his breast, between the twin ranks of his marching buttons, a monogram embroidered in red, and the letters of this monogram were at least two inches long. Plainly it was no trouble for him to recognize himself. One glance adown his bosom at those blazing initials, and instantly he would know exactly who he was. This should be a great convenience to a lemon-extract fancier.

Without waiting for an invitation he joined in the conversation then going on between the members of our party and the storekeeper. Since we had come thus far to hunt lava bear, naturally lava bear was the subject under consideration at the moment.

Immediately he took over the burden of the talk. At inopportune moments, though, he involuntarily interpolated into his remarks symptomatic sounds indicative of some passing derangement of the digestive apparatus.

"Hic!" thus he began. "Why, say — hic — ain't no troub' find old lav' bearsch an'wheres out yonder." He waved his arm to include at least two points of the compass. "Yasshur, an'wheres out there find 'em li'l' ole lav' bearsch. Way to do is jes — hic — 'em to death." He paused, looking at us reproachfully as though silently blaming us for the labial miscue. Then he tried again. "Don' need take no gunsch

'long kill lav' bearsch. Jes lellum come at you an' w'en get closch jes haul off an' — hic — 'em to death. Thasch way I do — hic — 'em to death. Like thisch." Illustrating, he aimed a violent stroke with his right toe at space. "Thasch c'rect way! Youbetcher!"

At least two of our group were pleased to hear this. If a bear could be hicked to death the undertaking would simplify itself for persons whose marksmanship with a high-powered rifle was inclined to be erratic, especially in moments of excitement. We had never done any hicking, but we were willing to try. It seemed you did it with your foot.

Cheered by his words, we packed and went away. Twenty-odd miles farther along, when we had passed the last ranch and the most outlying homesteader's shack, we dipped down into a waste known as Squaw Flats, and made camp in the abandoned cabin of a sheep herder. Next morning early we set out, bumping in our car through the trackless desert to where, north of the flats, the lava bed reared its low parapets. Within a quarter of a mile of the lava wall, and just after we had quit the automobile, we found bear tracks — fresh ones, and smaller than any bear tracks which any of us, with the exception of Andrews, had ever seen. We had struck the trail of the lava bear right off the reel! The tracks led through the greasewood and the sagebrush and on into the lava bed. We followed, all exhilarated. We came speedily to the

boundary where, abruptly, the lava met the alkali. At the heels of the trapper we invaded that lava.

I fear me my typewriter and I have traveled a long and rambling way to reach a briefened and disappointing climax. We invaded that lava bed to a depth of perhaps a hundred yards, and there the invasion came to a halt.

Creation surely was acting up in a most reactionary manner when this part of the world was cooling off. Volcanoes spouted, mountains moved, the face of the earth was reft into deep cracks and clefts, the melted basalt flowed in rivers, the obsidian was heaved up into rounded hillocks of smooth, glistening black glass; altogether conditions were decidedly unsettled in those good old Archæozoic times. By and by, after a million years or so — but what's a million years among geologists? — the old-line or pre-Cambrian Republicans carried the country and confidence was restored and things quieted down again. The upthrown buttes put upon them garments of green verdure. The mountains took on pines and firs.

Some of the craters filled with water and were transformed into lake beds. Others, dead now as volcanoes, yet still functioning funnelwise, were left to yawn as the dead fireplaces of a dead age when the planet was in flux, but became garlanded about their rims with the laurel and the manzanita. Only the lava beds, as a real-estater would say, resisted the onward

march of improvement. As they were at the beginning of measurable time, so have they remained unchanged, and so always they will remain unchanged — the drearest, grimmest, dourest, most forbidding, most inhospitable things of Nature's contriving that ever were.

Imagine a sea that is crested with breakers and tempest-tossed into all manner of shapes — but it is not a sea of water. Imagine it as a sea of gray rock eternally congealed into the aspect it took on as it hardened after it poured forth out of the bowels of the earth — pocked with sink holes, furrowed with troughs, seamed with fissures, lifted into sharply serrated waves, then dropping away into caves and caverns so deep that in their lower chambers the whole year through ice may be found where the rainwater, dripping down through cracks from above, froze in a temperature which never changes. Imagine a stretch of this that is ten miles long, or twenty or thirty, and perhaps half as wide as it is long.

This space is treeless and grassless and almost shrubless. Nowhere does it rise to a height of more than fifty or seventy-five feet above the level of the flat upon which it rests, yet to traverse it is a harder task than your seasoned mountain climber would care, offhand, to undertake. The edged lava underfoot literally cuts the soles off your boots. The glassy surfaces tear your palms when you seek for hand-grips to climb upward over a ridge or to slide down-

ward into a depression. It takes hours of incredibly hard work for one to penetrate into a lava bed for a mile; and when you have penetrated that far the chances are that you will be completely and teetotally lost, because every square rod of it looks identically like every other square rod of it.

At least, so I am given to understand. Personally I did not test the thing out. Our guide was willing enough to keep on going indefinitely in the direction which he figured that lava bear had taken, and the two other Oregonians in our party seemed to regard lava-bedding as a pleasant recreation for a hot day, but inside of ten minutes from the time we invaded that hell's township the remaining pair of us had accumulated enough reminiscences of lava-bed exploring to last both of us through the balance of our lives. We felt that we had lost our ambition to cross the table. We were satisfied, and more than satisfied, when we rolled into one of the side pockets.

I think there must have been something about us — about our expressions, perhaps, or our manner, or in the words we let fall — which caused our companions to read in our faces that simultaneously we had reached a decision to reconsider. However, we made ourselves clear to them on one point: We had not abandoned the quest. We merely had postponed it.

We did not say for how long — we merely said we had postponed it, and let it go at that.

So then we crawled back down out of there and patched up our wounds and shot jack rabbits for the rest of the week. A jack rabbit is not particularly good to eat, and as a target he does not offer a great deal, but as a sporting proposition he had to us one great outstanding attraction — he didn't reside in any lava bed.

Some of these days, when opportunity suits, I mean to go back to Youbetcherland, for to my way of thinking it is as fine a place for vacation purposes as lies outdoors. But when I go I think I shall not invade the Oregon lava beds to find the Oregon lava bear.

To begin with, I now realize that I have not lost any lava bear. In the second place, the undertaking is one for a professional naturalist. A weak-minded naturalist who doesn't care what becomes of him would make the best possible candidate for the job.

I wish him luck. I hope he finds a perfect specimen and brings it out. And then in the days to come, when again I feel the craving to hunt lava bear stealing over me, I can get on a train and run down to Washington and go over to the Smithsonian Institution and hunt it there.

Youbetcher!

CHAPTER X

OREGON AGAIN

The Bear That Hunted Me

AS I indite these lines he lies at my feet steadfastly regarding me out of his glittering eyes. His ears are cocked straight up as though to catch the *clickety-clack* of my typewriter keys and his tongue shows as a curved pink scroll between the gaped jaws. His teeth are long and sharp; his coat is a uniform furry black and against the planking his paws gleam like dulled ebony. He is — or rather he was — a black bear who by processes of the arsenical art preservative has become a rug for the floor of my workroom. Hereafter he will reside with me instead of living a solitary life as formerly, among the dark green thickets behind Polena Peak. Seemingly he is satisfied with his new environment; certainly the expression he wears is friendly. I might even go so far as to say that it is winning. This, though, perhaps is due in some degree to a touch deftly imparted by the professional who tanned his hide and curried his

pelt and mounted his head for me. Taxidermists seem to favor implanting ingratiating looks upon the muzzles of the animals upon which they bestow their professional skill. Over the mantelpiece in our living-room we have a moose-head which is a characteristic example of this. On the day I killed him his aspect was not cheerful. But thanks be to the thoughtfulness of the expert in wreathing a nice red-painted smile about his lips, we now have the feeling when at meals, that one of the Major Prophets, who has just heard something very pleasant, is looking down upon us from above. My black bear presents an even more benignant countenance.

As black bears go, he is not an especially large specimen. I imagine veteran hunters of big game, on viewing his proportions, might sniff at him. But regarding this bear there is an outstanding biographical fact which gives him importance in my eyes. It has to do with the occasion of his taking-off. When I went hunting for him and got lost and quit he came and hunted me and kept on hunting me until he had found me, so that I might shoot him and make a rug of him. Experienced hunters have assured me that this circumstance alone should distinguish him above the run of his breed. They tell me that the same thing is not likely to happen again for a long time to come, if ever. They say bears are not commonly addicted to this practice.

After spending a fortnight pretty continuously in that part of the State of Oregon where the black bear is supposed to be most numerous, I was constrained to agree with these experts. All the signs, visible and invisible, all the portents and evidences, all the surroundings and physical conditions, tended to convince one that the black bear, in his natural state, does not care for human society and does not customarily go about seeking it, but on the other hand, rather avoids it. If he ventures into the immediate vicinity of a human habitation it is not because he is lonely. It is because he is hungry or because he has been misled by a passing whim into temporary deviation from the settled habits of a lifetime. For the nonce he is, so to speak, off his mental stride. I am not speaking now of those semi-domesticated bears who live in Yellowstone National Park under the protection of a government which may have been a trifle careless regarding war-time shipbuilding contracts but which of late years has been very fussy — and very properly so — about conserving the natural resources of the Federal preserves such as bears and geysers. Those Yellowstone Park bears have grown so indifferent to popular opinion that they are even willing to mingle with tourists of the sort who think scenic America can be seen in two weeks; their habits have been corrupted by contact with too much mixed company. The bears of which I speak are those bears

who have no loving Department of the Interior to guard and cherish them; bears who are outside the pale of the game laws and who enjoy no comparative immunity from slaughter during the closed seasons, seeing that they are held to be predatory animals, which in my humble opinion is a mistake. The first impulse which comes to one of these wild bears upon being disturbed by the approach of the hunter is to get up and go entirely away from there. And after he has done this his next impulse, upon which he also acts, is to stay away from there for quite a spell. This makes the phenomenon of my bear's behavior all the more remarkable. As the outcome proved, he was entirely too accommodating and too unselfish for his own good. Assuredly, in temperament he stood forth unique among his kind.

So Uncle Bill Vandever said; and if there is a man alive who should know practically all there is to know about bears, their modes, moods and quaint peculiarities, it is Uncle Bill. Permit me to introduce him formally: Reader, meet Mr. W. P. Vandever of Oregon at large, native son and bear-hunting son-of-a-gun. The backward stretching years of a long and reasonably strenuous life have not kinked his frame nor stiffened his joints nor noticeably grayed his mane of thick black hair. Time had not dimmed his shooting-eye nor taken the edge off his zest for the sports of he-men.

Hereditary influences may have had some-

thing to do with this last-named attribute. If he was not actually born out of doors at least he has spent most of his life in the open, which the same might be said for his forbears as well. He comes of the ancient pioneering stock; the same stock which in an earlier generation produced our Daniel Boones and our Kit Carsons and our Jim Bridgers and all the rest of that immortal breed who just had to know how the country must look on the yon side of the next hill to the west'ard. In the late forties Uncle Bill's father came out from Ohio, or maybe it was from Indiana, over the Oregon trail, as one of the forerunners of that great mid-century tide of emigration which in creaking ox-wains rolled into the far Northwestern country when the white man's civilization slowed up at the Missouri, and the Rocky Mountains were the jumping-off place for the white man's law. The bulk of this Vandeventer's wealth traveled with him under its own motive power; it consisting of two thoroughbred horses — Kentucky racing stock — and divers flop-eared, lean-flanked hound dogs with soft brown eyes and keen long noses, and voices like the brazen war-trumps of Israel. Having taken up a claim in a fertile valley behind the protecting flanks of one of the Cascades he presently returned East, an overland jaunt of two thousand miles or so, to convert some of his kinsmen and neighbors back home to the advantages of moving clear across the continent, and

to show them the way. A young girl named Clark, from Illinois, was a member of one of the parties which as a result of young Vandeventer's missionary work took the long transcontinental road in wagon-trains. She went with her mother and her younger brother and her uncle. In addition to having direct charge of his own people the uncle was the leader of the expedition. On the Snake River, in what now is Idaho, on a day when the train was within a month of its destination the uncle rode ahead to spy out a suitable camping ground for the night. Some two miles behind him came the other Clarks, mother, daughter and son, in a covered wagon. With them as an added passenger rode the lad's chum, a boy of about the same age, who was making the journey with his parents.

The remaining wagons, heavier than this one and hauled mainly by oxen, creaked along a mile or so in the rear of the Clarks. Where a small canyon opened upon the trail a war-party of Indians came out of hiding and rode down upon the lone wagon. The girl, who was driving the team, saw them first. She cried out to the two boys to drop down out of the wagon and run back to give the alarm and to bring help. One of them did as she bade him and got safely away. But the girl's brother, in the act of climbing over a rear wheel, paused to ask a question:

"What are you and Maw going to do?" he asked.

"She can't run and so I'm going to stay with her," said the girl.

"Then I stay, too. I ain't going to run away like a coward and leave my Maw and my Sis behind me."

With that he climbed up on the tongue of the wagon between the flanks of the horses and stood there. He was less than sixteen years old; his sister had just turned seventeen — children we would call them these days. No doubt they both were stricken with terror and were white and quivering. But they held fast, the girl with one arm about her mother and the boy forming with his own small frightened body a pitiaibly inadequate shield for his women-folk. America bred that sort.

The Indians came down on the undefended group, racing their ponies and whooping. They circled the wagon, shooting at and into it so that the wagon was like the hub of a flashing wheel of naked painted horsemen with spurts of red fire for the spokes. A bullet splashed out the boy's brains and he tumbled down under the hooves of the frightened span. A bullet passed through the girl's side, grazed the arm with which she held her mother encircled and struck the mother in the heart so that she, too, toppled over, dead. Then, and not until then, did the daughter drop the reins which she had been holding in her free hand. She leaped down from her perch and had run the length of the wagon and had gone some yards on

behind it before she fell, shot again and again and yet one time more. With wounds in her back, in her shoulders and her head, but still conscious, she had the wit to lie without motion on her face where she had fallen. This counterfeiting of death saved her — this and one other thing:

The uncle, riding on ahead, had heard the firing behind him. A shot or two might have meant only that some of the men with the train were killing fresh meat but in that place many shots could mean but one thing — Indians.

He turned about and went tearing at top-stretch over the back-trail and the hounds went with him. It is a hot and dusty land, is Idaho, in the summer time. The hounds, legging out ahead of the lone rider, threw up with their hurrying feet a long thick cloud of dust.

The hostiles, busy at their congenial job of looting the wagon, saw this oncoming dust-column and thought it betokened the approach of a number of rescuers. Staying only long enough to cut the horses out of the traces they fled with them into the mountains.

On the following day, when their forces had been augmented, the Indians attacked again, this time directing their operations against the whole train, and in the running fight which followed losses were heavy on the side of the whites, some twelve or fifteen of them being wiped out. Afterward certain of the survivors declared that with the Indians whooping them

on but staying well in the background during the fighting, they had seen two bearded white men. If this were true, the Clark massacre, as it came to be called, may have been inspired by the same malignant influence which devised and directed that greater massacre which took place at Mountain Meadow in Utah a few years later and for complicity in which John D. Lee, a leader among the Mormons, subsequently was tried by the United States government on the charge of murder and hanged by the neck until he was dead; and a very good job hanging him was, too, and by all accounts a good riddance.

Without proper medical attention and traveling in the bed of a springless wagon, the wounded girl reached the Oregon settlements alive. When she had somewhat recovered she and young Vandever made a marriage — they had become engaged before she started West — and they settled down in the wilderness and carved a home out of that wilderness and raised a family there, fearing God but nothing else. Uncle Bill, to whom the reader had just been introduced, was one among a brood of children born to them. He grew up in the woods, living with and loving horses and dogs and the outdoors. He still loves horses and dogs — but not all dogs. For bear-hunting purposes he has a fixed antipathy to Airedales, regarding them, when they invade this field, as parvenus, upstarts and pretenders. To him a bear is the

finest wild thing that travels on four legs; a creature deserving of high honors, and in his opinion most highly honored when hunted with clean-strain, pure-quill hound dogs. All the hounds he has owned in his life have been descendants, directly or collaterally, of those same hounds which seventy five years ago saved his mother's life. For the dogs of the Vandever pack there is another rule; in fact, two rules. They must be mannerly and they must have courage and always each one of them must wear a name beginning with the letter B, because the leader of the rescuing pack, back yonder in Idaho in the year eighteen-fifty-something, bore a name which began with B. So it has come to pass that in Oregon the Vandever hounds are more than mere hounds; they are institutional and famous as such; inheritors of a tradition and heralds to each oncoming generation of an historic and heroic passage in the early life of the land.

In his day, Uncle Bill has been a ranch foreman in Texas, herd boss in Arizona, a bridegroom in Kentucky, and for a short time a dweller in New York City. When, after his period of wanderings, he took his wife to Oregon he made himself a homestead not a very great distance from where he had been born. There he and Mrs. Vandever reared up to manhood as sturdy and as upstanding a collection of sons as are to be found in the State of Oregon to-day. It is Uncle Bill's boast that while he

himself lacked somewhat of the education that is got from school books he nevertheless has paid for seven college diplomas. He has another boast — by his affectionate accounts old Bounce, the patriarch of his pack, is just a little the best bear dog that was ever whelped forth into this imperfect world. In most things he is modest but he starts bragging when you mention Bounce.

You can find him now on the home ranch among green meadows on the banks of a creek twenty miles south from the town of Bend, dispensing the sort of hospitality which comes from the heart, filled with reminiscences of rough times in Southwest and Northwest and rendering into the spoken word the agreeable essences of a philosophy that is based on kindness and experience and a rare good sense. That is to say, you find him there except when there is a chance for him to put on an ancient pair of angora chaps and climb nimbly up on a horse, with a rifle on the pommel and a snack in the saddle-bags and call up Bouncer and perhaps Bet or Bell or Bugler or the infant prodigy of the pack, Babe Ruth, and go off somewhere bear-hunting.

Because he might be gone with us for a week or even longer, Uncle Bill added a bed-roll to this simple outfit when we stopped by his place to pick him up. It was a tolerably lonely district into which we struck. It is no trouble to find tolerably lonely districts in Central Ore-

gon; they abound freely there. A man who takes the back trail and keeps on going, presently may find himself a hundred miles or so away from a railroad and half as far away from a town big enough to be listed in the Postal Guide, and sometimes almost as far from any inhabited dwellings. During our cruising about we made a luncheon halt one day at a remote ranger station not far from where the Skyline Trail strikes off into deep timber. Here there was a cabin and a log corral set in a rough clearing in the pines. An elderly woman came out of the cabin and made us welcome. Her son, who was serving through the dry season as a fire-watcher, would be at his station twenty-five miles away on one of the peaks until the heavy autumnal rains came. She had been alone for weeks and would probably be alone for more weeks yet to come, seeing no one except a passing sheep herder or occasional hunting parties sliding by in automobiles on their way to the black-tailed deer country.

"It's mighty quiet here," she told us, "exceptin' when the hawks try to get at my chickens. But I don't even know as I'd want 'em shot. They haven't caught any of 'em yet — my chickens are pretty sharp about watchin' out for hawks — and anyway, when one of 'em comes sailin' 'round and a hen starts squawkin' and I run outdoors and yell at him and scare him away, it gives me something to do and sort of breaks in on the lonesomeness."

You are in a fairly lonely place when you must depend for company calls on hen-hawks, but in Oregon are places even lonelier. Out on the high desert a man may range for days if he goes afoot — which no one does who can get a horse or an automobile — and in all those days see nothing living except wild things. Bar the rusted tin cans scattered in the sage and he may find nothing to suggest that other men have ever been where he is. But up on the plateaus and among the mountains, no matter how deeply he ventures into the untracked wilderness, he will come upon evidence to prove that somebody has been there ahead of him to spy out every square mile of all those countless square miles of emptiness. Thousands of feet above him, on the very tip of the loftiest pinnacle in sight, he sights a tower-like structure of logs and he sees a languidly-drooping telephone wire swung from the trees and looping down over the ridges and across the cañons to disappear on beyond, seemingly coming from nowhere and bound for nowhere. Likewise in the most unexpected and the most inaccessible places he beholds printed placards tacked against tree-trunks. The rangers have been through here, years perhaps in advance of his coming, extending and strengthening their system of defense against the ever-present danger of forest fires.

You may think you have put all Caucasian civilization a day's travel or a week's travel

behind you. In your vanity you may even figure that yours are the first pair of booted feet that ever left tracks in the evergreen waste through which you have forced a path. But you are undeceived when, against the background of tangled shrub, your eye falls upon a red-lettered legend which warns you against carelessness in the detail of camp fires, and bidding you beware of dropping smouldering cigar butts or cigarette stubs. Or deep in the woods you may meet the ranger himself, a gallant figure in his greenish-drab uniform. Usually he is young; always he is competent; nearly always he is deeply in love with the work he is doing. In the closed season he protects the game. In the open season he keeps poachers out of the national parks and the state preserves. He enforces the law; in fact he sometimes is the law. He is woodsman and naturalist, road-builder and linesman, pathfinder and pioneer, all rolled into one; but the biggest part of his job is to war against the chief peril of the land, which is fire running wild through the timber.

Uncle Bill guided us into a district which few men except the ranger folk knew well enough to find their way about in; and on the way, winding in and out among the pines and firs, he told us tales of some of the good men and most of the bad ones who lived in the Southwest in the early days. He knew the Apache Kid and he knew that other equally picturesque young human scorpion, Billy the Kid, whose

favorite sport was dropping men in cold blood. And he knew Pat Garrett who extinguished the latter Kid's mortal light. Likewise he told us of the times when the cougars were almost as thick on the sides of certain mountains as fire warnings are to-day and when the grizzly had not altogether vanished out of Central Oregon. Later, when another famous bear-hunter, Matt Hansen, came down from his ranch on the Metolius and joined his pack to the Vandever pack, we were to learn something at first hand of the strict code of etiquette which rules among the bear hunters and bear hounds — how the hunters will sit up half the night discussing dogs which had done this and dogs which could not be cured of doing that, and dogs who spoiled promising careers for themselves because of the reprehensible habit of chasing deer or bobcats when bear was the object in view; and how, next day the senior hunter, the one first upon the ground, took precedence in the preliminary scout for the game and rode on ahead, the juniors, their hounds in leash, trailing after him until the trail had been struck. After that, though, it would be every man and every dog for himself.

That first night we made camp on the front side of Polina Peak where Polina Lake met Polina Creek just above Polina Falls. There is also a Greater Polina Falls. Polina was an Indian chief who figured in early Oregon history. It seems almost a pity they didn't

name something for him. Uncle Bill and the two other Oregonians of the party bedded themselves down in the open. There were two more who were Easterners and these two, another and myself, spread our blankets on the floor of a plank shack where a ranger kept his fire-fighting kit and his spare supplies. As it turned out, this was an error of judgment on our part for during the night a pack rat called on us. I think the pack rat is a first cousin to the trade rat whose acquaintance I first made down in the Grand Cañon in Arizona. The trade rat comes upon you in the nighttime, making more noise than any eight rats have a right to make and scuttles around until he finds something of yours which he fancies for his very own. This may be a side of meat or your last precious package of cigarettes or a leather puttee or a cake of soap. His tastes are broad and catholic. He is like some captains of finance — he'll take anything except a chance. Having found something to his liking he drags it away with him to his nest. But he doesn't steal it; he trades with you for it. In its stead he leaves behind something — a pine cone or a dried cactus stalk or a bit of bark. There is no record of a trade rat having got the worst of it in any one of all his trades. He is part Scotch, I think.

His Oregon relative, the pack rat, resembles him in that he is of augmented size, as rats go, and that he is of an inquiring and an acquisitive

turn of mind and that he had cold feet and very poor circulation of blood in his tail. You note the latter details when he patters across your face at night seeking for something which he hopes he possibly may be able to use in his business.

On the first night, when he really isn't well-acquainted with you yet, the pack rat shows restraint. To him you still are a comparative stranger, so he contents himself with confiscating a few of your private belongings such as socks and tobacco pouches and spectacle cases. We were told that on the second night he casts off all formality and, creeping upon you as you sleep, nibbles at the lobes of your ears or the tips of your toes, depending upon whether you have gone to sleep with your head or your feet out from beneath the covers. We always disappointed him, though. Every second night we moved camp. On this first night, however, our slumber was disturbed and broken. We figured he might get his dates mixed and be starting his nibbling operations twenty-four hours ahead of time. Once, in an effort to discourage him, I sat up in my blanket and threw a hunting-shoe at the spot where I judged him to be. He disappeared promptly but, as I found on arising, took the shoe with him, abandoning it in an open place down by the lake shore where the dew could soak it.

The morning which followed was one of those mornings. We saw it practically from its be-

ginning as a morning because Uncle Bill, who held by the theory that the proper time to start a bear hunt was before the bear had quit his nighttime ranging and when his tracks still were fresh, routed us out at an hour when darkness yet covered the face of the earth and only a few feeble-minded wild duck were quacking somewhere in the gloom along the creek. It was evident they must be feeble-minded; else they'd not have been awake at 4 A.M.

But on this occasion we felt more or less repaid for getting up in the chill of the dawn. As the first of the daylight brightened the east we saw high above the mists which covered lake and shores, the encompassing peaks showing pink and purple and blue in great crumpled folds as though Atlas, rising from his bed, had left the comforters all tossed and disordered. The fog lifted and lifted more, until at timber line the pines, symmetrical as Christmas trees, revealed themselves in green ranks and aisles and terraces. Then the sun chinned itself on a mountain-top and its beams made long golden lanes between the trees, and now jeweled kingfishers came darting by, following the creek-waters and sounding their rattling calls like watchmen going on duty. We breakfasted sketchily on hot bacon and coffee and hot "dough-gods" spread on the back of the chuck-wagon and by the time we had breakfasted the official horse-wrangler had our horses ready

for us. Uncle Bill, lithe as a panther for all his sixty-odd years, heaved himself up into the saddle and led the way for the rest of the caravan, with his hounds padding alongside him. Seemingly all three of them were utterly indifferent to the prospect before them. To judge by the expression on Bounce's ancient face, bear hunting was to him the least fascinating of all possible pursuits. He had the politely bored air of one going along because he had been asked, like a confirmed golfer accompanying his wife to service of a Sunday. Babe Ruth seemed slightly more animated, but then she — this Babe Ruth happened to be a lady — was very much younger than either Bounce or Bluebell and naturally had that optimism and that vivacity which marks youth wherever found.

For a mile or so we single-filed on through the pine flats and over burnt lands to where, around on the farther side of Polina Peak the terrain broke away into sharp ridges, with deep dense draws between. Of a sudden Uncle Bill pulled up his horse and stiffened like a bird-dog on a point. Traveling at a jog-trot he had read a message printed in the sandy soil underfoot which we would never have seen or, seeing it, would have failed to interpret it for what it meant. He made a soft little clucking sound. Instantly all three of the hounds were sniffing under the horse's hooves. They had lost their lackadaisical air. Their lean bodies twitched and twined, and down in their throats

they were making little eager whining noises. Then with a happy yelp Bluebell flung herself away, her nose at the ground and her tail up. Babe Ruth followed her; but venerable Bounce stayed where he was, circling and whining.

"Never mind those two," said Uncle Bill. "They're back-tracking. Keep your eye on Bounce. . . . Ah, that's the ticket!" The old dog had thrown up his head and with a bay which blared like a bugle-note he sped off in an opposite direction from the one the other two hounds had taken. Having discovered their error, Bluebell and Babe came racing back, belling the hunting call and vanished after him. There was a crashing in the pines which hedged us about and Uncle Bill was gone, too. He had busted right through the back-drop and we were alone, four of us, in a stage setting which might have been labeled "The forest primeval."

Another moment and there were only three of us in the picture; for the fourth man — I refer to Mr. Norman Jacobson, ex-forest supervisor and expert wood ranger — had charged off, too, and we heard the clatter he made as he tore into the scenery striving to catch up with the chase, now dimming away as the dogs and Uncle Bill on his horse rounded the shoulder of the next ridge.

We followed too — three men who were green at this sort of thing. There was music on ahead fit to lure any man with red blood in his veins. But we did not go at a gallop as Uncle

Bill and Jacobson had gone. There were reasons — reasons amply sufficient — to make our gait slow and our course tortuous. On the higher ground upon the slopes of the hill the tall timber grew. The trees there were spaced off like trees in a park and beneath them except for patches of stunted laurel and dwarf manzanita the soil was free of undergrowth. But here the difficulty was that ascending a slope you must climb almost straight up, and descending one your horse practically seemed to be standing on his head. Then, inevitably, when you reached the bottom of the draw you ran into fastnesses of lodgepole pines growing in thick order.

Now ours were Oregon horses bred up to going almost anywhere, over almost any sort of footing. Given their heads they somehow would find a way up the steepest cañon and down it again. They knew how to deal with jackpole pines, too. Moving at whatever speed, your horse would measure the distance between two of the slender trunks. If he could not pass between them he went around and found an easier passage. Mainly, though, he shoved between. So far as he was concerned he never miscalculated. He knew when by dropping his head he could wedge a way for himself under a low sweeping bough; when he could scrouge his barrel against trees slender enough to give way under the pressure or when he encountered trees too stocky to be bent

sidewise this way or that. But he did not take into consideration that he had somebody along with him — somebody astride of him whose legs stuck out beyond his sides; somebody who could not duck low enough to avoid the limbs under and through which he shoved. One instant you, the rider, would be throwing yourself forward until the pommel threatened to bore right through you, in an effort to avoid a downward-sweeping plume of pine leaves. In the next you would be jerking your feet out of the stirrups and sliding your legs backward along your mount's ribs, trying to avoid having your knee-joints smashed. When you were not being scraped bodily out of the saddle and vehemently spanked by a whanging bough as you sank head-downward, you were being whipped across the face with tough and springy switches. To properly negotiate a thicket of lodgepole pines a man should have as many arms as a Hindu god has, and both legs off at the thighs. Also he needs more eyes than a spider because in addition to fending off obstacles overhead and alongside, he also must watch out for dips and curves and angles in the earth, and for boulders and for the dead logs which everywhere cross and criss-cross one another like jack-straws.

Before we had crossed the second lodgepole pine thicket we were lost — and good and lost. The clamor of the chase was no longer in our ears. It had ended as abruptly as though a

muffler had been set down upon the land, stilling all sounds. We rode up on ridges and gazed through gaps in the mountain wall upon utterly strange valleys swimming in the Oregon sunshine. We skirted the bases of unfamiliar buttes. We could not make up our minds whether the formation which occasionally we glimpsed was the rim-rocked crown on the poll of Polina Peak or whether it appertained to some other peak. Every hill which we climbed seemed to us exactly like every other hill we had already climbed; every vista opening out before us on the upland was a twin to all its sister vistas behind us, and each thicket of lodge-poles was in our eyes a mate and a match for those thickets we had been traversing. We had no idea where the camp lay or what the general direction in which we had been moving was. Indeed that was the main trouble — it was such a general direction.

In the most aimless fashion imaginable we went on one tiring hour after another, getting more and more completely lost all the while. Once hope rekindled itself. This was when Bluebell came in sight of us, whining disappointedly and sniffing at a seemingly cold trail. But almost immediately she disappeared again, leaving no forwarding address. We tried to track her by her footprints, but a shelf of bare rock thwarted us.

Finally, about noontime, we abandoned all hope of any active participation in the con-

cluding phases of that bear hunt and we decided that there was for us but one thing to do — stop right where we were until Uncle Bill and Jacobson either treed the bear and killed him or quit chasing him and came to look for us. We knew sooner or later they somehow would find us because they had the miraculous gift of knowing this wilderness.

For our halting place we chose the crest of a knobby hill overlooking a shallow cañon. Here stiffly we dismounted and hobbled the horses and stretched ourselves flat upon the earth. I ached in every joint. I ached in a lot of joints that I never knew I had before. The faces of all three of us were etched with scratches and weals. Our hands were raw and bruised. The knees of our riding-breeches were ripped into ribbons and through the tatters the knees dripped blood. We were hungry, but we were sleepier even than we were hungry. And here under the tall firs were no pack rats to come a-visiting; no Uncle Bill to drag us out of our slumber. We slept — glory be, how sincerely we did sleep there in the laurel with the sunshine sifting down about us through the pine tops and the sweet resinous smell hanging heavy in the warm air!

I had a dream — a pestiferous monotonous dream which kept repeating itself interminably. It had to do with a ghostly yelp, a disembodied haunting refrain which crept close up to me and then retreated only to come back anon and

persistently to nag at that part of my subconscious self which registers impressions. At length it tormented me into a drowsy wakefulness. I wiped a pint of imaginary sand out of either eye and raised on one elbow. My companions were sitting up listening intently. My dream had been based on realities.

From somewhere in the billowing green depths and defiles which rolled below us there floated up the sound of a hound's voice passionately proclaiming a thorough interest in something or other. One minute the noise seemingly was drawing nigh; in the next it would be growing fainter and fainter until it had thinned out into a reedy broken whisper. Returning again, it ringed us about with a swift-moving trail of tumult as the hound, unseen, ripped through the shielding conifers out of which our hillock rose. It swung off to the right, then to the left, marking the passage of the vociferous traveler in his erratic swings under the trees whose tops hid him from us. It retreated anew. It advanced again, but never for a second did it entirely cease. In its cadences even our unpracticed ears could catch varying turns and shifts of expression betokening — or so it seemed to us — sometimes exultation, sometimes distress, sometimes perplexity, and always entreaty. As plainly as any hound can, that hound was voicing his poignant and conflicting emotions to an unresponsive landscape.

We advanced theories to account for his eccentric behavior. Perhaps he had been grievously bee-stung. Possibly, like ourselves, he was lost and was going to and fro in the wilderness, calling for succor. There was a third contingency: he might be chasing something, but to us it did not appear likely that, as between pursuer and pursued, a hunt would take a course so meandering. Moreover, inexperienced as we were at interpreting the meanings of a hound's barking, we could detect a distinct difference between the clamor which now he raised and the outcries he had made when first he had struck the warm trail earlier in the day.

I would say that after these varying fashions the concert continued practically without abatement for upwards of half an hour. Once, and only once, it died out altogether, but the silence endured for a most briefened space of time. Immediately the sound was revived in a quarter hitherto unvisited — well round to our right. Here presently it centralized and focused itself in a more or less definite and recognizable quarter. One of my companions insisted that now he caught in it an altered inflexion dissimilar from any of the tones previously issued. He admitted that it occurred intermittently but declared it to be unmistakable for a new tone.

"Do you fellows know what I think?" he said. "I think that blamed dog has treed something over there somewheres. Let's go and find out."

Speaking from the heights of an altitudinous ignorance we both took issue with him. We offered counter-arguments. Said one:

"If he'd really treed he'd bark another way. He'd bark sort of — well, sort of triumphantly. He'd be making happy sounds. It stands to reason he would. And anybody that knows anything about dogs can tell, just by listening a while, that that dog down there is not happy — he's frightfully worried. Hark, catch that? Why, he's carrying on right now as though he didn't have a friend left in the world."

"And not only that, here's another thing," I supplemented. "When one hound out of a pack trees game he tells the other hounds in hound language about it and they always come right away and join him. But this is a one-dog orchestra. The rest of the troops have got to show up and begin taking interest before I'll be ready to investigate."

Thus we debated the matter back and forth, two of us taking the one view, the third actively championing his own theory. The pair of us who were in accord strengthened and reinforced our position with added rebuttal. Considering everything we were fairly comfortable where we were. Why mangle ourselves more than already we were mangled? If we moved again it was more than likely we would fail to find another spot as pleasant as this one was, whereon to await the arrival of the rescuers. And anyhow, was not the baying still rising and

falling, first diminishing, then increasing in volume? To be sure it was. Well, then, what else could that mean except that the dog, whatever the motive might be which inspired him, was still actively on the move? We admitted that at present he apparently was confining his steps within an orbit more or less fixed and regular; but we maintained that as yet there was nothing to indicate that he meant to come to a standstill soon.

With odds of two to one against him, our opponent stubbornly declined to be convinced. Single-handed, he fought his own fight. Finally he issued an ultimatum. He announced that he would go all by himself to find out what ailed the poor be-pestered brute and would take chances on being able to rejoin us after he had found out. It was plain that his mind was fixed; so we effected a compromise with him. He should not fare forth, unchaperoned, on his venture. We would accompany him but on one condition, namely, that if we failed to overtake the hound within thirty minutes the undertaking was to be called off. To this he begrudgingly consented.

Rising up from the earth was a painful thing, and mounting was yet more painful. I never knew a thing fashioned of leather could be so hard, so unyielding, as that saddle had become. It was petrified to the solidity of concrete; as unresilient as adamant. Moaning softly, we moved down the baby butte, swinging well over

toward the right. As we dipped into the hollow we altogether lost the vocal clue which was to guide us on our search. No longer could we hear the hound at all. But we kept on, heading as nearly as we could reckon, toward the quarter where lately we had been hearing it.

I was riding in the lead. My mates had discovered that any gap in the bristling greenwood walls through which I could pass provided ample room for either of them. It was as subtle a compliment as my figure had earned and yet, thinking it over, not so much of a compliment at that. I did not feel highly flattered.

With lodgepoles the draw was thick-set as a privet hedge but luckily it was narrow; not more than a hundred yards wide. Having forced the way through the barrier with no greater casualties than the loss of a few bits of skin — my skin mostly — we zigzagged up a steepish incline which flanked the little cañon. It was not very high, this knoll which was sister to the one we had just quit. I came to the crest of it, the others close behind me, and there not fifty feet from me, revealed in a state of almost total exhaustion, was Bounce. He was on his hind legs with his nose flattened against the bole of a fire-blasted giant of an Oregon pine. From his tired throat he emitted in undertones, hoarse faint wheezes. He had bayed himself into a condition of almost complete speechlessness. He was a spectacle to awaken compassion in the stoniest heart.

Shifting from him, my eye ran up the tree and there, seventy feet above the earth, his forequarters half hidden in the greenery of a huge half-dead limb, but looming black as ink where his hunched back cut the skyline, was the Party of the First Part. He straddled the bough lengthwise, like a sailor sunning himself on a boom, with all four of his legs dangling in space. Only his head moved. He kept shoving it into a clump of pine needles and then withdrawing it, all the while licking out his tongue in an embarrassed fashion.

Measured on a straightaway he had traveled at least five miles across country from where he had been jumped — and probably three times as far by the winding way he had come — to tree himself within a hundred and fifty yards of the knoll upon which nearly all the while we had been sprawled. Doubtless only the imminence of Bounce in his rear, by forcing him at the last moment up this tree, had prevented him from walking right over us. Probably from his present perch he had been able to look across the narrow intervening span, to watch us as we wasted our time and his, in tedious debate. Plainly, he had done all that any bear, filled-up and brimming over with the gracious spirit of accommodation, could hope to do.

Nor had Bounce been behind hand in thoughtfulness. If he could not actually see us there on the neighbor knoll at least his nose must

have told him of our close proximity. For what must have seemed to him an eternity, he had been running around and around that tree — he had worn a little path in the dirt at its foot — trying in his native tongue to tell the couchant three of us to come on over — merely a few short steps, gentlemen! — and do our bounden share of the job. In those latter periods of our hearkening, when we had thought the sound of his labored baying died away in the distance, it was because his circling had carried him down the farther slope of the hill, below the crest. Then when he had whirled back again to the side nearer us, we had heard him the more plainly, there being no solid obstacle between.

This partially circumstantial but entirely plausible chain of evidence was to be pieced together and properly connected later on. Jacobson arriving very shortly and Uncle Bill coming close behind Jacobson, supplied certain details of the proof. The remainder was merely a process of adding up easy deductions to make safe conclusions and the thing parsed, scanned and balanced. We had it all figured out before *rigor mortis* set in on the deceased.

I think my first shot took him in the shoulder. But the second bored him through the neck at the base of his skull and I had one of the thrills of my life as he reared straight up on his hind quarters and flopped out from the limb, all spread-eagled, for a sheer drop of seventy feet

or more. He struck upon his back, as I understand is the habit of his breed in such cases, and bounced ten feet in the air and came down flat. With an unaimed slap of one forepaw he passed from this life even as Bounce set jaw in a fold of skin on his flank. The rest is taxi-dermy and recorded history.

A detail remains to be added; this one and no more. Jacobson carried special credentials issued by the State Game Commission, and in the interests of research and enlightenment we had been asked, all of us, to examine the contents of the stomach of any animal we might kill and tell what we found. In the state of mind resulting from the killing under such circumstances of my first bear, I neglected at the time the formality of writing to the Commission.

I therefore take advantage of this opportunity to make amends for my negligence and do my full duty by science. With regards to my bear I beg to report as follows:

I examined the stomach and found it perfectly disgusting.

CHAPTER XI

VIRGINIA

"She'll Say She Is"

"Of all the states, but three will live in story:
Old Massachusetts, with her Plymouth Rock,
And Old Virginia, with her noble stock,
And sunny Kansas, with her woes and glory;
These three will live in song and oratory,
While all the others, with their idle claims,
Will only be remembered as mere names."

AT a glance one knows it must have been a Kansas who wrote this verse. It was — the late Eugene Ware, whose pen-name was "Ironquill." A son of Massachusetts would leave out Kansas and include Massachusetts and Virginia. A Virginian would leave out both the other two and confine his complimentary remarks to Virginia. Somebody once said that Massachusetts was a state of mind. Then Virginia is a state of ecstasy.

There was once upon a time a lady who was a Virginian. I know about her because she was an ancestor of mine. She was born in Virginia,

but when she was a small child — a child of only seven or eight — her parents moved across the mountains to Kentucky, and for the rest of her life she lived in Kentucky. She married there and raised crops of children and grandchildren. She never went back to Virginia, excepting for short visits; but to the day of her death she always referred to Virginia as “home,” and if some stranger, meeting her on her travels, asked her where she hailed from the invariable reply was: “I’m a Virginian — at present stopping out in Kentucky.”

She stopped out there for nearly seventy years, too, but she never got over being a Virginian. And if she’d lived to be a hundred and seventy she wouldn’t have got over it. She wasn’t a freak Virginian, either; she was an average type.

Out of my own experience I shall cite a second example in illustration of the point I am trying to make. It happened over in France in 1918 when we were helping to make things safe for democracy and the raincoat manufacturers. In the dugout behind a front-line trench a miscellaneous company had denned in. There was a correspondent or so, an officer or so, a couple of non-coms., several private soldiers and a stray member of a colored labor battalion. On the whole, it was not a very healthy place for anybody to be in because at intervals the Germans fired off everything they had in stock and sprinkled the vicinity with gas bombs and

shrapnel and high explosives and raked it with machine-guns, and about once in so often they sent across a raiding party with hand-grenades for distribution among our forces.

So for the time being discipline was rather slack and the color line was not drawn very closely; the rules of etiquette, both military and social, relaxed very perceptibly under such circumstances sometimes. When one of the enemy's large noisy offerings went off in the immediate neighborhood with a sound like the Crack of Doom, a fellow would as soon have a negro teamster between him and the scene of explosion as a brigadier-general with a chest full of decorations and a West Point background — in fact, sooner, if the colored man happened to be the thicker of the two.

On a certain evening when the Heinies were feeling especially uppidy and brisk and were raining their unpleasant Christmas tree ornaments all over the shop, the miscellaneous assortment down in our cozy dugout wiled away the time with reminiscences and boyhood recollections. It developed that three of the party were native Virginians. One was a captain of volunteers, the bearer of an old and distinguished name, a cultured gentleman, a university graduate and a gallant soldier, as his sire and also his grandsire before him had been. It was a law among his people that when a war broke out in this country the pick of the flock should join up for the fighting. He had given

up a good law practise in a Western state and had left a family behind to enter the service.

The second was one of those youths who start to climb in the world and stop at the second story. He made no bones of the fact that he had gone into the army in order to keep out of jail. His photograph and an accurate if somewhat uncomplimentary personal description were on file at New York police headquarters; he admitted as much.

And the third member of the Virginia delegation was the colored person already referred to — the draft had scooped him up from the Norfolk water-front.

Now offhand, an outsider — one who knew nothing of the Virginia tradition — would have figured that as among these three — the gentleman born, the city gangster with a criminal record and the black roustabout — there would be nothing in common. But there was. And so they held a sort of tribal reunion, the two white men doing the bulk of the speech-making and the colored man coming in strong with the applause.

And the burden of their joint song was that there never had been and never would be in America or anywhere else on the face of this earth a spot to equal Virginia; and that from the standpoints of climate, natural beauty, past and present history, courage, patriotism, statesmanship, scholarship, moral grandeur, good cooking, good breeding, good manners

and good fellowship, Virginia stood alone on a pinnacle a thousand miles high; and that she was altogether lovely and superior and splendid, and anybody who didn't agree with them on all these counts was just a plain derved fool. They weren't bragging either; anyhow, they didn't think they were. They merely were stating a few indisputable facts.

Your true Virginian rarely is at a loss for a way of spending the long winter evenings. When less congenial topics begin to pall he just falls back on Ole Virginny Never Tire. And neither will he! At fifty pyorrhea will have claimed four out of five of us, or else the tooth paste people have the alarming figures wrong. But every true Virginian is born with an incurable case of Virginiatis.

By other signs you may know him no matter in what environment you find him. There's his manner of accenting, for example. It is a general assumption among Northerners — and an utterly erroneous one — that all Southerners employ the same idioms, use the same inflections, the same twists and turnings of the commoner words. Nothing could be further from the truth. The truth is that among the blacks, as among the whites, there are vocalistic shadings peculiar to different states and different sections of the same states.

An up-country negro anywhere would be put to it to understand what a negro from one of the sea islands off the coast of South Caro-

lina or Georgia was talking about. The vernacular of a Florida cracker bears only a very faint family resemblance to the Elizabethan phraseology of a Tennessee mountaineer. In the bottoms of the lower Mississippi River and as far away from it as western Arkansas and portions of Texas, there is prevalent a curious labial quirk by which the vowel *e* in almost any short word ending in *y* or *ie* is pronounced *i*, so that *penny* becomes *pinny* and *Jennie* becomes *Jinnie*. Often the *a* is similarly mistreated; hence *iny* for *any* and *miny* for *many*.

The tide-water Virginian has certain dialectic idiosyncrasies unlike those of his fellow Virginian up in the Blue Ridge, but whether he be hillsman or coast-dweller there is a softly rolling quality to his grace-notes which stamps him for what he is. I claim that well-born Virginia women have the sweetest and the most musical speaking voices of any women anywhere among the English-speaking races.

Here's another outstanding mark of the orthodox Virginian: With him the clan ties are unbreakable. He never forgets who his kith are, even to the ninety-and-ninth degree of cousinship. He lives in the shade of his family tree and he's loyal to every branch of it and familiar with every branch of it. Anywhere let him but meet up with another Virginian and immediately he is tracing the ramifications and intricacies of his own line with a view to ascertaining where the other fellow's line crosses it,

and if it does — and it generally does — he'll claim kin with him forever after.

To all men whomsoever he is hospitable, because he was reared to believe that hospitality is perhaps the worthiest of the domestic virtues; but the fashion after which he bestows his hospitality when the recipient of it is by blood or marriage a relative is a thing calculated to make the stranger marvel. His house, his table, his bird-dog, his horse, whatever he has, are at the kinsman's disposal for so long as the latter cares to use them.

This trait is not exclusively Virginian; most Southerners have it more or less. But in Virginia the characteristic reaches its highest stage of development, I think. In the North, your distant relatives might be compared, in a way of speaking, to bill-collectors; they call at regular intervals for short formal visits. But in Virginia they are like the inflammatory rheumatism — arrive in the fall and stay right on through until spring — stay on forever, sometimes.

If Virginia families multiplied with the rapidity and the frequency common to certain racial groups, the answer probably would be bankruptcy for the whole state. Their purses would never stand the strain of the casual entertaining. Suppose, for example, the average Virginian family was as large and had as many outlying tendrils as the average family in the Acadian country of Louisiana has! Some of the authori-

ties claim that the largest families are to be found among the white rabbits, and others say this distinction belongs to the French-Canadians up in Quebec, but my vote is pledged to the folks down among the Bayous and the marshes west and southwest of New Orleans.

For example, let us consider the Broussards, or as many of the Broussards as it is possible for us to consider within the limited time available for this purpose.

You have but to spend a week idling along in the district between New Iberia and Lake Charles and inevitably you reach the conclusion that the population practically is made up of Broussards with a few thousand Trehons thrown in for good measure. The difference is this: The Trehons are a family, one of the most extensive families in the world, yet, when all is said and done, a family. But the Broussards are more than a family; they're a species. They're a highly attractive species, it might be added; kindly, generous, lovable folk, and their women run to good looks and their men run to brains and their offspring run to numbers. Gosh, how they do run to numbers!

One pitchy black night in the hunting season, five years ago, we were feeling our way along the bayou below Abbeville on our way to the ducking grounds. In a sharp turn our launch went hard aground. The prospects seemed to be that we would stay right where we were until morning or even later than that. There

were no signs of life in the stretches of swampy waste that encompassed us — no lamp-lights gleaming, no nothing.

There were four of us in the party — three outlanders and one native — and inevitably the native was a Broussard. He went aft and leaned over the rail and, speaking in French, he sent his voice forth across those apparently empty spaces in a call for assistance. Promptly from out the void came first one answering hail and then another and yet a third. A little later four husky chaps in pirogues ranged up alongside us and after a brief palaver with our friend, overboard they went, armpit deep in the water; and they pulled and pushed and pried until our hull was afloat once more. Then, declining all offers of a cash reward, these dripping good Samaritans climbed back into their boats and paddled away.

When navigation had been resumed I put a question to the resident: "How did you know those chaps were living out here in this wilderness?"

"I didn't," he said. "It was so dark I couldn't tell exactly where we were. So I took a chance. I just yelled out that there was a Broussard in trouble here on a mud bank and that if he had any cousins in this vicinity he'd like for them to rally round. So they rallied round and rescued us."

"Were they all four cousins of yours?" I inquired with reverence. I usually am rever-

ent in the presence of any great established institution.

"No," he said modestly, "only three of them were. The fourth was some sort of foreigner, I guess."

But had he been a Virginian instead of a Broussard, I am reasonably sure our friend would have detained the alien with a view to ascertaining whether after all the two of them might claim kin on the strength of the fact that the party of the first part's great-aunt's step-sister's half-brother's niece-by-adoption's nephew had intermarried into some outlying connection of the party of the second part. You see, I am by descent partly Virginian and I know the habits of the breed.

There still is one more distinguishing tag which I must in justice affix to the Virginian. To be exact about it, I do not need to tie it on him; the chances are that already he wears it. He is likely to be a good story-teller.

It is a fancy of mine — although a fancy based on a considerable amount of first-hand observation — that there is a story-telling belt in this country. It starts at high-water mark on the shores of Eastern Virginia and it stretches westward through Tennessee and Kentucky, broadening out to include Southern Indiana and parts of North Carolina and Georgia and Alabama, and then it bridges the Mississippi and crosses Missouri and Arkansas and invades Northern Texas, and after that it jumps the

Rocky Mountains, and the glittering buckle on its other end is the city of San Francisco.

Abe Lincoln was of this environment and in his life and utterances expressed one phase of it, as Mark Twain did in the generation succeeding Lincoln's. Bob Taylor of Tennessee, and Polk Miller of Virginia, and Joe Blackburn of Kentucky, and Champ Clark of Missouri, and Private John Allen of Mississippi, and Bill Sterritt of Texas — to name just a few names — were in comparatively recent years outstanding exemplars of this story-telling spirit, this instinct which impels a philosopher to strengthen a point, or picture a condition by resort to folklore and quaint local color and home-grown metaphor.

As the reason for this there is a plausible explanation. In the period immediately succeeding the Civil War, literature was in the South and along the borders rather looked down upon. Fictional scribbling was for loafers and dreamers; it wasn't exactly the right way for a gentleman to earn a living. Holding office or running for it, and the practise of the law — those were proper and dignified callings by which a man might vent the rhapsodies that cried for utterance within him. So some of the gifted sons of that day and time coined the poetry and the drama and the romance of their souls into oratory, and up sprang a race of silver-tongues whose descendants, bearing onward the same inheritance, still may be heard in county

court-houses and on the stump in political campaigns. And yet others turned their talents to the anecdotal vein as a simpler and almost equally effective medium of expression. I know of no state that yields a richer acreage of good story-tellers than Virginia does.

To sit by a fire of crackling second-growth after a long hard day among the bob-whites in the stubble-fields; to sit there all relaxed and lazy and comfortable and gorged to the gills with a real Virginia supper — nothing elaborate, you understand, only three kinds of hot bread and in the meat line merely a country-cured ham and a platter of broiled quail and a few running yards of smoked sausage and first one thing and then another; to sit there and let an accommodating colored boy fetch you a light for your cigar as required or a dash of corn licker to tone up your sweetenin'-dram the while your pointer's tail thumps the hearth and his eyes stare into the live coals, conjuring up visions of to-morrow's coveys; just to sit there, I say, and listen as the champion story-tellers of the neighborhood present their choicest offerings — well, I don't know what you might call it, but it's what I'd call living.

Yes, sir, living!

This way and that, like the incense from their pipes, the talk will go eddying. But no matter what turn it takes, underlying it and savoring it as the hickory smoke savors their Smithfields, and spicing and sweetening it as

the autumn frosts sweeten their Albemarle pippins, is an essence of composite traditions that is distinctly Virginian. You may not be able exactly to find the words which will define this essence, for it is something which lies outside and beyond the average man's vocabulary. But you can sense it, taste it almost, and it warms you and soothes you as you put off for bed.

It is a blend and a conglomerate of state pride and personal modesty. It has a gorgeous vanity in it and yet it has individual humility. It has splashes here and there of the modernized viewpoint, but it has broad, sweeping brush-strokes of veneration and love for old days and old ways, old heroisms and old teachings. You feel the shadowy touch of Jamestown in it. Appomattox is something which might have happened only yesterday. And before the night is gone skyscrapers and traffic jams seem a million miles and a thousand years away! By virtue of a certain magic carpet you have been transported back half a century, three-quarters of a century. They are rubbing Aladdin's lamp for you and treasures drop in your lap.

The typical Virginia gentleman is not to be confused with any other gentleman. A Kentuckian in many regards suggests him, but sometimes your typical Kentuckian is afraid of appearing old-fashioned, whereas your Virginian never is. A South Carolinian resembles

him, but the South Carolinian is more likely to exhibit a sectionalism and a prejudice against outside institutions than is the Virginian. The Virginian has greater tolerance than the Carolinian, less self-consciousness than the Kentuckian. He has qualities about him which you find in both of these and he has yet other indefinable qualities which you find in neither of them. To my way of thinking, he is America's First Gentleman.

Touching on his own performances he may be silent but touching on the glories of Virginia he's as vocal as a tree full of mocking-birds. There is where he really proves himself a true provincial. He thinks of America not so much in terms of national consequence as in terms of Virginia. To you it may appear that the Smokies are, as mountains, more impressive than the Blue Ridge; that from the standpoint of pastoral beauty the Blue Grass Country is superior to his beloved Valley; that there are sights in other parts which by comparison dwarf his Natural Bridge and make his Peaks of Otter seem puny. He'll not have it so.

Wasn't Washington the Father of his Country? Hasn't Virginia been the Mother of Presidents? Isn't it on Virginia earth that more good hot American blood has been spilt in defense of principle than on the earth of any other state, North or South, East or West? Whose aristocracy is the purest? Whose heritage of colonial achievements is the richest?

Whose record of outstanding leadership in statecraft and in the profession of arms is the longest? How came the name of Old Dominion to be won? Where did the Cavaliers settle thickest? Whence sprang the greatest captain of the Revolutionary cause and the greatest captain of the Confederacy? Well then, what have you to say to all that?

You may, if minded to be contentious, have a good deal to say. Quoting statistics, you may prove that not so very many Cavaliers came to America and that, common belief to the contrary, as many of them bided in New York or in Maryland or in New Jersey as in Virginia. You may make so bold as to point out that Thomas Jefferson was no aristocrat, either by birth or by practise, but was instead the Great Commoner of his somewhat undemocratic age; and that Stonewall Jackson was in all essentials as strict and austere a Puritan as any New England ever produced.

You may even go so far as to intimate that within the last few decades Virginia, excusing the fields of literature and education, rather has lagged in the detail of producing figures of national importance and national influence. There was John W. Daniels, dead and gone twenty years, and there now is Carter Glass, and between these two, sterile stretches and diverse tiresome and mediocre men.

Your arguments will be dismissed as trivial points, mere technicalities. With a wave of

his hand the Virginian sweeps them aside and his answer is that a state with such a past as Virginia's, is above all present criticism. And when you come right down to it, he's right.

What I say is — and I offer the statement free gratis for the future use of patriotic Virginians — that if Virginia had at the outset been composed of but two counties — the county of Westmoreland and the county of Albemarle — she nevertheless might with truth lay claim to the honor of having bred up more men who left their everlasting marks upon the history of the young republic than were bred in any of the other original Thirteen States. I'll broaden that claim somewhat. Reduced in geography to just those two counties and able to call the historic roll of those two only, Virginia still would stand forth as the state of the greatest number of leaders in statecraft in this entire Union. It's all right to brag when you have something to brag about.

And if nowhere else soldiers of Virginia birth and Virginia breed ever had shown courage in the face of death, the little story of what the V. M. I. cadets — boys of twelve and thirteen, some of them — did at New Market would be a heritage of battle-field glory sufficient to glorify and consecrate any people forevermore. Leave out New Market and there is a golden page missing from the book of Anglo-Saxon valor.

There are a few cities in America that are

not yet entirely standardized and card-indexed; a few that were not stamped out and finished off according to a set pattern, but grew and developed according to their own separate bents. Richmond is one of this small group. For it is a small group and growing smaller as one after another of the identified communities loses its ancient form and character before the influence for sameness which has become so pervading a thing among the more sizable American communities during the last decade or so.

To me Richmond offers a paradoxical aspect. Spiritually speaking, she resolves herself into two separate Richmonds bound together yet radically dissimilar — one a Richmond which has succumbed to the regimentating impulse and one a Richmond which steadfastly has resisted it, which has refused to be swallowed up and digested and absorbed into the tissues of the national town-eater.

There is a Richmond which presents itself to the casual transient. This is a city of tall office buildings and up-to-the-minute hotels and smart retail shops and big jobbing establishments; a city of live business men and live business women, with a Rotary Club and all the rest of the regulation civic machinery; a city whose streets sing to the feet of the crowds and the purr of the motors, whose press-agents and promoters and improvement sharps are as active as any and as effective as any.

Then there is a Richmond which reveals itself to those who stay longer and strive to know the real heart of the town. This Richmond is the Richmond that treasures and preserves the memories of the olden days, having constantly a loving regard for the traditions of a South that is vanishing very fast. This is the Richmond that would not let the world forget that the hills on which she perches are hallowed soil. This Richmond bonds itself to perpetuate the old shrines, to rededicate old memories and old venerations for the inspiration of her own children and the children of the South and the children of the nation.

The White House of the Confederacy, the monuments and markers, the stores of relics, the records and the physical souvenirs of Colonial and Revolutionary and Civil War valor so jealously guarded — these are all vital assets of that Richmond which awaits you just around the corner from where trade hums and traffic roars. In Boston one finds the same paralleling contrasts and in Philadelphia one who diligently seeks likewise may find them, but Richmond is stronger on the sentimental side where the two larger cities, outwardly at least, are stronger on the material.

Richmond puts me in mind of a lofty chamber whose walls here are lined with modern steel filing-cabinets, and there are lined with ancient chests which, being opened, give off the lingering scents of rosemary. And to me this

is what makes her one of the most fascinating of all American cities.

In almost any city the visitor reasonably is sure of encouraging the volunteer booster who has all manner of agreeable statistics — population, exports and imports, bank clearings, real estate deals — at his tongue's end and who clamors to pour into any patient ear the tally of communal achievement and progress and growth. Indeed in most cities it practically is impossible to escape this gallant and well-meaning intelligencer who comes at you full tilt, spilling his proud superlatives at every jump. It notably is in Richmond that you meet the well-bred gentleman or gentlewoman who counts it an honor and a privilege to advertise the historical background and settings of the place.

Just to hear one such person speak the name of Robert Edward Lee is an education to the stranger. Unless he himself is a clod he comes away with an appreciation of what the recollections of the past may mean in loyalty and faith and uplift to a people dwelling where these recollections cluster thickest. He begins to understand the underlying Virginia temperament, which enables its possessor to keep step with the drum-beat of modern times and yet all the while carry within his soul the echoes of bygone bugle calls to duty and sacrifice. He begins to understand the spirit which broods over the old manor-houses drowsing along the

James and lives in scattered farmhouses and will not be stifled in busy towns nor yet in thriving cities.

Your pardon, dear reader, if at this point I appear to be growing oratorical. The excuse I would offer is that I am myself a grandson of Virginia. Probably the family failing persists in the case of a Virginian who was born away from home. And Virginians do go in rather heavily for oratory, especially when the topic under discussion is their own state.

Did I say heavily? The statement is over-mild. They just naturally go in unanimously.

CHAPTER XII

NEW JERSEY

Just Behind Those Billboards

AFTER you cross by train through the tube under the North River, which is so-called because it is really the Hudson River and edges Manhattan Island on the west and bears no relation whatsoever to the northern boundaries of anything at all, and, this safely done, emerge from the tunnel mouth on the farther shore, you will see a large number of billboards. Well, New Jersey is just behind those billboards.

Traversing the State, lengthwise or broadwise, over any of the main lines of steam or electricity, you will continue to see more billboards and yet more and after that a great abundance of billboards. Occasionally, through gaps between the billboards where the billboard architects thoughtlessly have failed to join up their work, you will catch glimpses of suburban and semi-rural New Jersey; but for the most part the eye feasts itself upon a practically continuous array of billboards.

In billboards, New Jersey, regardless of comparative areas, leads all the states of the Union. I'm not sure but what she leads all the habitable globe. Next to the commuters, billboards constitute her most conspicuous product. The commuters come and go. In the morning they hurry away to New York or Philadelphia to earn their livings and in the evening they return to bed down for the night. Thus daily they come alternately under the head, first, of exports, and then of imports.

An orthodox New Jersey commuter is easily to be recognized in New York. He wears an imaginary string tied around a mental thumb to make him remember not to forget to call up the employment agency and notify the new cook who is going out to his place to spend two or three days with the family, possibly even staying the full week out, to meet him at the station for the 5:03; and she may recognize him by the worried lines in his face and the fact that he will be carrying parts for the lawnmower.

But the billboards stay put. Flanking the railroad rights-of-way and the motor roads, they run for mile after mile across the salt-water meadows. They rear along the crest of the heights beyond the marshes, hemming earth-line to sky-line with red-and-yellow and black-and-white block stitches like a seam in a Batik embroidery. They are propped in the plowed fields and they skirt the verges of the occasional

thickets. They increase at the outskirts of cities and villages; they thin out slightly between towns, but always there are enough in sight to satisfy the cravings of any true billboard lover.

Whenever I have occasion to traverse the State of New Jersey by rail, I take advantage of the opportunity to reflect upon our outstanding institution of billboards as it presents itself to the purview of the traveler. Regarding billboards and billboarders, I have gone to the trouble of compiling some very interesting figures.

For instance, if all the billboards which desecrate the scenic areas of America were piled one on top of another, allowing twelve inches of horizontal thickness for each billboard, the total number would form a column one hundred and fourteen miles high; and to soak these properly for burning would require ninety thousand barrels of grade-A kerosene; and then when some philanthropist had applied the match, the flames of the bonfire would cast a glow visible as far away as Bermuda, and in every community in this country where people have learned to value the beauties of unblemished nature, there would be public dancing in the streets and a holiday for the school children would be declared.

Again, let us consider for a moment an even more agreeable summarization: If all the billboard art directors who go to and fro in the

land choosing decorative vistas with a view to marring them with their billboards, were laid out side by side with lilies in their hands, it would make a very enjoyable spectacle for the rest of us provided only we were sure that none of them was in a trance.

And so on and so forth. Dealing with these pleasant fancies, one may go on speculating for hour after hour and conjure up none save refreshing images.

While I speed athwart New Jersey I frequently play a favorite game of mine. I call it Billboards. There is scarcely a frequented part of country in which this sport may not be enjoyed. The trick consists in finding a new or a previously undetected variety of billboard hideous enough to catch and hold the player's attention. As a result of doing this at frequent intervals I have come to know the more familiar standard patterns in New Jersey billboards.

There is the one which advertises some New York hotel catering specially to the touring trade—Rooms from Two Dollars Up, the wording says. *From* is the word! There also is the billboard paid for and set up by the members of the Chamber of Commerce or the Board of Trade in this or that interior section, they having taken this method of commending to you the natural attractions of their district or their state and, in pursuance of this laudable ambition are doing now their level best to destroy what natural attractions this section

here may possess. The West freely visits this affliction upon the East and the East repays the compliment by blighting the approaches to our national parks in the West with a plastering of cluttered monstrosities of advertising. At the last time of scoring the East had the West two down on the gross and absolutely left at the post in the matter of atrocity.

I do not wish to boast, but it is not to be gainsaid, I take it, that in billboard art we Easterners have a shade the better of it on the rest of the country. Who but those with a superior erudition could have turned wayside nature into our burdened sandwich man? Who else could have diminished the splendors of the Palisades of the Hudson by the incredibly awful signs we have strung upon their lordly tops? Give credit where credit is due, say I. Education done it!

Then again, there is the billboard upon which a certain firm begs you to let it employ its experts in imparting good taste to the finishings and fixtures of that home you are going to own. The incomparable joke of this is that in the color scheme of its blazonry the concern deftly sets off one acutely jarring primary shade against others equally acute, equally jarring.

About once in so often, as I scoot along, I discover a young and aspiring billboard that is yet more disfiguring than the run of the older ones, and at that my heart gives a throb of pride because that incomparable industrial effi-

ciency of ours, regarding which we used to comfort the Allies in the last year of the war when they were beginning to wonder what had happened to our airship program, and who had mislaid our heavy ordnance program and where our light field artillery program had disappeared to, has scored another signal triumph.

I study this notable addition to the vast collection and I say that perhaps even now as a reward for having achieved so magnificent a blot upon the landscape the proud creator is being feasted by the Efficiency League of his native city and given a silver loving-cup. If I had my way about it he'd be presented with something that had silver handles on it, but it would not be a loving-cup. Still, I do not count. I merely am one of those non-progressive dubs who do not believe that in order to inculcate in the native a love for his land it is necessary that he should see America's Outdoor Advertising First.

Usually, at about this point I note that I am approaching either the Hudson or the Delaware and therefore am about to pass out of Jersey. In the present instance I observe that, figuratively speaking, I have done that very thing. Having set out to take a crosswise observation of New Jersey, I have used up a good part of my space on a different, although, seeing that it is impossible to dissociate New Jersey from billboards in my mind, a related subject. No matter, though. I merely have followed the

example of most of the through-trippers. They don't observe New Jersey en route — they ignore her. One scarce can scold them, either.

For, when all is said and done and disregarding what figure New Jersey may have cut in the earlier days of this Republic and, before that, in the Colonial time, the question next arises: What now is she? And the answer is that she is become the smudgy and begrimed passageway that separates two great metropolii. Lying between them and holding them apart, she takes their overflow and they suck out her substances as they long ago sopped up her personality. The semicolon of the Eastern seaboard — that's modern New Jersey. Never mind what she is commercially. Historically, she's a cow that went dry about the time the boys got back from the Spanish War. And she has been dry ever since. And from present indications will continue to be dry.

Among all the states I think of two that have been most powerfully affected by their geographical contacts. Oklahoma is one. To borrow a phrase from the stud book, Oklahoma is a colt that was sired by Kansas and dammed by Texas. (Spell "dammed" the other way, if you prefer; so far as Texas is concerned, that would be the right way.) The result is a perfect mule of a commonwealth, exhibiting the conflicting characteristics of both strains of her ancestry and able in herself to recreate none of them.

From Kansas, the older and staid sister on the north, Oklahoma, for statutory purposes, has borrowed that spirit of passionate paternalism which is the very breath in Kansas's nostrils; while from her mightier neighbor on the south she has taken on the color of individualism, of contempt for governmental meddling in the private citizen's private affairs, which belongs to Texas by reason of her states rights, secessionist background. This makes the Oklahoman his own worst enemy. Kansas gives him his craving for enacting laws and yet more laws. Texas teaches him how to play horsey with them.

A further consequence is that the Kansan thinks poorly of Oklahoma for having a saintly example so close at hand — to wit, Kansas — and not living up to it; and the Texan gives her the scornful eye because she succumbs in any degree to the Kansas legislative formula. For I violate no confidence in stating that Texans are not deeply enamoured of the pet dogmas of Kansas; not so that you'd notice it. According to the census sharps the longevity of those born within their borders ranges the leading states in the following order: Kansas, first, Wisconsin, second, Minnesota, third, and so on down the list. But Texans dispute this claim; they insist that it only seems longer if you have to live in Kansas.

What is true of Oklahoma is likewise true of New Jersey, with this distinction, namely: that

whereas the first is affected by adjacent state influences, the second is the mauled and mutilated victim of two near-by civic centers of the first magnitude.

All of which, I claim, helps to explain why New Jersey is one of the joke states. It is not well for a state to be, by national estimation, a standing joke. Kansas once was one and it took her long years to live it down. Arkansas was one and has not yet entirely recovered. Connecticut was one and because of traditional memories lingering in the popular mind of wooden nutmegs and shoe-peg oats, will never entirely get over it. Missouri, for a spell, had a close call from being one, but lacking all else, the state which foaled a Mark Twain would have a title to immortal grandeur on that sole account.

New Jersey still is one and a hopeless patient. For half a century references to Jersey justice, Jersey skeeters and Jersey lightning made her the football of the jesters. As a matter of fact, and giving them due credit, her mosquitoes must sharpen their bills yet finer ere they may hope to compete with the Long Island variety. And in these piping Prohibition days her home-made applejack, potent though it may be, stands comparison with the bootlegger's best. It may give you the blind staggers, but the blindness is a temporary affliction.

As for the Jersey brand of justice, it always did have its merits. At its worst, I would pre-

fer it to the Cook County (Ill.) brand. It is in Cook County, you will recall, where they hang so many of the juries and so few of the murderers.

With time the symptoms have changed, but the case remains incurable. For to-day New Jersey is still a joke state. Outsiders think of her as the State where they suffer from billboarditis and ride on the Erie and harbor the corporations and broadcast the bedtime tales. They forget her material contributions to the national prosperity. And who can blame them? Tex Rickard, dramatically staging heavy-weight championship battles upon her soil, has done more to put her on the map of the public mind than any performance by any native New Jerseyite in the last ten years.

Even such honest greatnesses as she has are dwarfed in the shadows of greater greatnesses over the line. In population and in commercial importance Newark properly ranks among the topmost ten of American cities. But for my own part, I know I was quite a sizable boy before I found out that the name was not an effort by a man with a cleft palate to say New York.

The drag and shove of these swollen cities has done more than mangle or obliterate outright the ancient heritage of beauty in major New Jersey; it has ironed character out of the civic breed, has steam-rolled individuality into the pattern of the macadam — which is a

thing a big city always has done and always will do to those who bide within its umbra.

Of what is a typical Jerseyman typical? Wherein does he show distinguishments from a dweller in a Bronx flat or in a Germantown cottage? Where differs his vernacular from the rest? What tone of local color does he exhibit, in what flavory idioms does he speak? By what signs shall ye know him, meeting him abroad? Excusing a few industrial giants, a stray philanthropist or two, a casual glorified ward boss now and again, this chronicler recalls but two native-born Jerseymen of the past two decades — native-borns, mind you, not transplanted sons of other states such as Wilson was and Edison is — who by force of their own personalities slightly have leavened the soggy civic dough of Jersey-land.

Joe Tumulty, the political diplomat, is one, and Jim Keeney, the Trenton editor, is the other. And these twain owed nothing to the accident of birth for their sprightly qualities. Whelped in Vermont or in Virginia, both would have run as true to the yeasty and bubbling and romantic heritages of their blood, they being Irish.

Back yonder in a happier day before she became a two-holed kitchen sink for William Penn's bailiwick and Father Knickerbocker's island, New Jersey must have been a restful and a cozy land. Parts as yet uncontaminated prove it; scraps and bits in the corrupted parts,

somehow overlooked in the processes of metropolitan infiltration, likewise prove it. She must have been a land of smooth bare beaches, a land of salten meadows alive with shore fowl and waterfowl; of staid contented villages and weaving, placid country roads and lazy canals and talkative, bustling trout streams.

But just look at the blame thing now! Coal tipples and garbage dumps and freight tracks and smelters and refineries invade the marshes, and the birds are mostly fled away, and for wild life the mosquitoes are left. The elm-shaded towns where once upon a time future statesmen were born and patriots grew up and writers ripened their art, have become clamorous, cindered, smoky factory places crowded with transcendently ugly workshops, the dirty, homely streets swarming with alien workers quacking a jargon of tongues fit to eclipse Babel's Tower itself.

It is hard to believe that here, long ago, poets dreamed their dreams and painters plied deft brushes and masters in statecraft dealt masterfully with the politics of their time; that once upon a time great publicists and great orators dwelt in these spots. It is impossible to believe that any such ever again will abide here. Stack and flume, hoisting-crane and slack-pile, belching chimney and coughing 'scape-pipe, coal heap and clinker-culm — these rise thickly, as grave-markers for the tombs of a vanished peacefulness, murdered and gone forevermore.

The streams, or at least those in the industrial parts, are darkened with sewage and stunk up with chemicals and roily with wood-pulp and painted with dye waste — streams no longer, but open drains carrying refuse to the sea.

Of the general shoreline north of Cape May perhaps the less said the better. Atlantic City with its boardwalk, its salt-water taffy, its rich men's villas, curlicued and cupaloed into the likenesses of so many betrayed union depots, its amusement piers, its toy cottages that are but cut-outs from the Sunday supplement — insert tab *A* in slot *B*, fold on dotted line *C*, paste slit *D* under edge *E*, let the mucilage dry and rent to the unwary — Atlantic City is the apotheosis of a Jerseyized conception of a seaside resort.

Man is such a filthy, such a devastating brute! The larger wild things, furred and hooved, feathered or scaled, it makes no difference which, may inhabit the wilderness for a million years and never untidy it, but man passes through and it takes half a century for nature to patch up and hide the scars of the wanton destruction that he has made. One spring-tide clears the beaches of the droppings of the gulls and the leavings of winged scavengers, but humans in the mass will defile and besmear past even the scouring of the housewifely brooms of the surf to make all sweet and prim once more. And where mankind sets up his artificing plants is where he most ruinously

fouls the earth. In all of manufacturing New Jersey the most agreeable sight, I think, is the sign on the road to Pompton which says you are now leaving Paterson. When I get that far I stop and give thanks.

Of all the older communities in the more densely settled areas of this State, I can think offhand of but one which the baleful metropolitan spell neither has degraded socially nor damaged physically. This one exception is Princeton, a bit of loveliness saved from an encompassing pollution by the influences of a great college. There is calm in Princeton — calmness and gentility and an ordered beauty still unwrecked, with stately old homes abounding, and noble halls, where coltish youth and ripened scholarship somehow blend into an harmonious intellectual current; and from thence, in the fall of the year, there is a gallant football team which goes forth with *siss-boom-ahs* and comes back with alibis. It is a place for folks to live in and to think in, to work out their own problems and, if so be they have the wider vision, the problems of their fellows as well; and in the more populous cross-section of New Jersey it practically is unique, this same sweet town of Princeton.

It is true, and in justice to a sorely mistreated Cinderella amongst the commonwealths I should set it forth, that there are terrains other than the one in and about Princeton which not yet have been spoiled or despoiled. You will be

hard put to find them, though, along any of the principal north and south trunk lines or bordering any of the main-traveled motoring routes.

Such highways on Saturdays and Sundays and holidays during the motoring season are roaring avenues of traffic. Cars without number go skyhooting through, by day raising pillars of grit, by night tainting the air with reeks of gasoline and lubricating oils. From end to end they closely are enfiladed by filling stations, repair stations, tea-houses, road-houses and lunch-stands, these last invariably being open-fronted to the world and the dust, so that for mile on mile the cry of the vender of the Mexican hairless or Chihuahua hot dog is heard in the land.

Let's see, now, what was the favorite food of our pedestrian class in those former days when we had a pedestrian class? One forgets. It couldn't have been hot dog, though, because there weren't nearly enough hot dogs to go round then. Other enigmas spring from this one — for instance, what became of the hips and the bartenders. I am still wondering what happened to all those hips that women used to have — but I think I have fathomed the phenomenon of the vanished barkeepers. They are selling hot dogs and soft drinks to our motorists. In passing I have observed many typical specimens, being able to recognize some by the way they still absently mop off the counter, and

others by the fact that they continue to comb up the forelock in the scalloped effect known as the lion-tamer's roach.

On these principal routes of vehicular travel there still stand a few lovely groves to show that even in New Jersey the American passion for clearing the land has not spread to all outlying parts. At least, they might be lovely groves if let be. Once upon a time, you imagine, the dryads capered in the moonlight under these leafy canopies and in the springtime Pan piped his tunes for fauns to dance by.

But now such woodland patches mostly are fenced-in and faced-off with the ever-present billboards, and the scarred turf beneath the trees is speckled with tattered comic sections and emptied sardine tins and banana peels and drained pop bottles and other characteristic souvenirs of our higher culture, including dill-pickle butts.

You must fare deeper into the Jersey hinterland to come upon stretches which know not the banana peels and the egg-shells of the urban picnicker. I know how such favored places may be reached. You emerge by the rear or sack side of Hackensack and you bear west by northwest and after a while you happily are amazed to find yourself in fecund valleys where the villages have the air of having been rooted there for generations and wear none of that offensively new and shiny air common to those suburbanized towns nearer the river upon

which the overflowing surplus hordes of New York have descended.

Through close-ranked trees you glimpse the white porticos and the mellowed red brick façades of fine old manor-houses that make you think of tide-water Virginia and Maryland's eastern shore, or else it is the stone front and gambreled roof of a rambling farmhouse of the Pennsylvania-Delaware Dutch type that you see. Further on beyond, stretching away toward the Water Gap, are craggy, friendly little mountains, and winding back into the shallow defiles are shady cross-lanes, inviting you to follow them, and you come to shallow, bouldered rivers and skirt the edges of glorious lakes fringed about with the forest growth, and whirl on past all manner of craggy wild retreats thick with rhododendron and bracken.

Or if your swing carries you southwest, you will traverse whole districts given over to truck raising and fruit growing — fine orchards and rich gardens bespeaking scientific and intensified methods. It is a striking commentary upon the encroachment of the factory on the farm, though, that in 1920 probably less of New Jersey's acreage available to tillage was under cultivation than in 1850; yet, in that seventy-year period, the State's population must have more than quadrupled — it practically trebled between 1880 and 1920 — and there would be five times as many mouths to

fill had agriculture kept pace with the growth in other regards.

Even so, the huckleberry crop holds up in the pine flats, and from the bogs of Ocean County and Burlington County comes one cranberry out of every four that America eats with its Thanksgiving turkey. It is not to be denied that there still are scraps of New Jersey — remote scraps, mainly — which have not yet been roofed over.

But wait! Just wait until the trans-Hudson vehicular tunnels and the passenger bridges now building or in contemplation have been completed and opened up to the unmannerly touring public of Manhattan Island. See what must happen then, after the flat-bred excursionists come in yet greater swarms than now they come, with their careless camp-fires to sweep through the standing timber and their cheese rinds and rye loaf knuckles and discarded cracker boxes to defile the roadside sward; and — most accursed sacrilege of all — their yearnings to uproot the ferns and snap the wild flowers from their stems and wrest away the blossomy boughs of the dogwood and the bilberry and the laurel.

Leave it to them; they're the competent parties. They'll make the byways look as Belgium did after the Germans passed through, as already they have made the countryside look in the more accessible rural neighborhoods within the easily reached radii of most of our

great cities, and notably in the New York radius. Neither trespass signs nor walls nor hedges nor an appreciation of the fact that natural wild beauty belongs to the people at large and should be spared to them, avails to check these pitiless marauders. Trust our latter-day Goths and Vandals to see their duty and painstakingly to do it all over farthermost New Jersey once the way is opened up to them.

We have taken tardy steps to conserve such scanty fragments as yet remain to us of some of our natural heritages. Patriotic men and women have banded together to stand between our song-birds and utter extermination; to save the last remnants of our migratory wild-fowl flights; to protect our national parks and forest reserves from the greedy-guts who constantly menace them from behind the breast-works of plausible-sounding schemes for "reclamation," by which really is meant exploitation for private gain.

Then why shouldn't we do something to save the wayside glories of the country from these meaching city poachers who come in cars to rape and ravage the woods and the thickets, then to go streaming home again, their tonneaus laden with wilted, dying, worthless sheaves of what, short hours before, had been sweetness and beauty and fragrance?

Since this is the day of sumptuary legislation, why not station guards, with rights of seizure

and search and arrest, at the boundaries of states or counties or towns, or all three, on the watch to nab these jitney-riding Huns and confiscate their pitiable loot and send them along to the nearest magistrate for punishment under the law? For sentiment, and for the opinion of you and I, they care not a baubee; but the fines and the jail sentences would get under their skins.

And New Jersey, as one of the greatest present sufferers among the Eastern states in this regard, and potentially as the greatest possible sufferer of all in the years immediately to come, may well be the first to frame such statutes. Otherwise, the billboards might as well stay where they are and still more of them might be erected, completely to shut off our view of the completed wreckage of the State that is preyed on by the Cities.

Prey on her they certainly do, and yet, for a paradox, she prospers through their preying and is a busier member of the sisterhood by reason of it. The nation at large may not realize it, but to New Jersey we look for fish-oil and phonographs, electric machinery and plate-glass, silk fabrics and dye-stuffs, carpets and fire clays, bricks and tile, pottery and chemicals, printers' ink and fertilizers, rubber goods and floor rugs, brass fittings and cements, jewelry and tires, hats and hosiery, plated ware and crockery and cotton textiles and worsteds, seeing that in all these products and

many a lesser one besides, she is a leader, or well up among the leaders. The ogre of industrialism has his pleasanter side, you see. He brings home, as the saying is, the bacon.

If only he didn't track up the place so, toting it in!

CHAPTER XIII

INDIANA

In the Haunt of the Vice-Presidents

SOMETHING which William Allen White said here the other month in his latest eulogy of Kansas impressed me. On second thought, it couldn't have been his latest one; he's probably working on that now. So it must have been his next-to-the-latest. His positively very latest will be out pretty soon, I expect, and if the market holds up there is no telling when we shall be having his last one.

But, for the time, that neither is here nor there. What I am getting at is that I was struck by a statement let fall by him at the outset of his remarks. This was the pregnant paragraph he started off with:

"It is curious how State lines mark differences in Americans. . . . The larger sectional differences may be somewhat the result of climatic influences. But the distinguishing points between a Kansan and a Missourian, between a New Yorker and a citizen of Vermont, between . . ." (and so forth and so on)

. . . "arise from the changes in men made by social and political institutions."

Now, in the main, and saving certain exceptions, he was right there. This man White so often is right in what he says that it just naturally makes one despair for the future of the old theory of the mathematical certainty of mortal error. He was correct for so far as he went, but I maintain he did not go far enough.

When he said — re-quoting him for emphasis — that the distinguishing points "arise from the differences in men made by social and political institutions" he should have added: "and by adjacent great cities and the influences of such great cities."

For proof of this I take Indiana, which is my present topic, and being purposed to strengthen a claim by comparisons, I couple Indiana with the two States which lie broadside to her and sandwich her in. In another chapter of this book I ventured the assertion that Indiana was the most typically American of the States so often misnamed under the once appropriate but now erroneous title of Middle-Western Group. After a period of consideration I find this allegation calls, not for qualification but for enlargement. Indiana is not merely the most typically American State of the olden Northwest; I make so bold as to affirm that she is the most typically American State in the American democracy.

Now, climatically, and likewise geograph-

ically, there appears to be no valid reason why Indiana should be so distinctively unlike Ohio and Illinois, nor socially and politically is there very much reason, either.

But she is, and there's no getting around it.

On the map she is revealed as the central slice of that incredibly fertile stretch of contiguous territory which George Rogers Clark and his little squad of half-drowned, all-hungry, web-footed, lion-spirited adventurers snatched away from the British for the enrichment, first, of Virginia, and ultimately of the young Union; the middle layer of perhaps as noble a slice of earthly cake as the records of the greed among nations for terrestrial aggrandizement can show; the in-between of three great States which go sprawling across the same parallels of latitude, having the Ohio River for their common border at the south and stretching northward, all three of them, to the Great Lakes.

This relativity and these similarities in situation being what they are, the question becomes yet more puzzling: Why should the Hoosiers vary unmistakably in type from the Suckers who neighbor them on the west and from the Buckeyes — to use the ancient term — who live just over the eastern edge?

The circumstance of the lateral boundary lines cannot explain it for, in large part, these lines were arbitrarily drawn and without regard for physical conformations. Or, if the boundary lines have to do with it, why should the

same rule fail in illustrative cases that might be readily cited? If I am one to say, a North Dakota man is very much like a South Dakota man. The average Pennsylvanian, unless he be Philadelphian or Souse Beslehem Dutch, is in all discernible regards a blood brother to the average Ohioan. You could shake up half a dozen average up-country Georgians in the same hopper with half a dozen average midland Alabamans and it would require the keen eye of a skilled student of types, familiar with local idioms and local customs, to pick out t'other from which. A biologist couldn't; even a native-born psychologist would be put to it, I think, to make the selections.

To me, always, it has seemed that the average Connecticut Yankee, in his general aspects, his prejudices, his customary moods and customary inclinations, was a sort of pale twelfth-carbon-copy of the average Massachusetts Yankee. But an Indianian is distinctively and conclusively and beyond peradventure of a doubt, an Indianian and not to be confounded or confused with any non-Indianian.

By some it might be contended that the cause for this radical dissimilarity lies in the prior conditions of Indiana's settlement. It might be pointed out that she to-day is inhabited by a stock more undilutedly Britannic in its original sources than certain near-by commonwealths contain. The same is true and not to be gainsaid. Twinned and contem-

porary waves of intermingling immigration largely colonized Indiana in the days of her beginnings as a white man's country.

First, it would seem, the pioneering stocks tarried in the older communities for long enough to suck out of the soil and out of their environments and out of their vicinity contacts certain essential characteristics of mass-temperament and mass-predisposition. Then, as the virgin domain beyond the mountains opened up, that impulse which is as old as the human race is, set in motion toward the sun-down side of the horizon two restless living streams — one a stream rising in Connecticut and Northern New York and heading west by south, and the other rising in Virginia and the Carolinas and Georgia, with supplementary trickles out of Kentucky and Tennessee, and winding its course west by north. They met and ran together in human eddies in Indiana.

Your typical third-generation Indianian of to-day is a pure Northerner on one side of his ancestry and a one hundred per cent Southerner on the other side. And if that combination doesn't make him a typical American what better blend can you name? Still, in a somewhat lesser degree this also is true of Illinois and of Ohio as well. Why, then, does a Hoosier, as counter-distinguished from his kinfolk, remain so clearly and unmistakably a Hoosier?

It can't be ethnologic. Surely it isn't climatic or geographic.

The fact of it isn't altogether to be accounted for by parallels in the sociological and political docketing of these three. In the opinion of this writer the basic explanation of why Indiana is so self-contained and so different from the two sisters that stand as her file-closers grows out of the fact that Indiana is a State of towns and not a State of cities, just as, for example, Mississippi is; whereas, on the other hand, Ohio is a State of many cities — of more cities of a given rank, I believe, than any State in the Union — while Illinois is a State of one great dictatorial overmastering city.

There is not a corner of Ohio but is within close proximity to a city, or anyway a cityette, invariably some hustling, bustling, clanging; overgrown market-town or other is but a trolley-ride distant. There is hardly a district in Illinois but feels, by day and by night, the hectoring pull of Chicago.

Big cities certainly do something to the country, for cities are greedy, man-eating, blood-sucking things. A big city is not content to feed on what lies within her immediate vicinage. The soft coal that belches from the factory chimneys blurs the faces of the plebes into a common resemblance. The pulse and beat of her industrial throbbings sooner or later will hammer the individualities out of them so that they turn to following set forms in dress and thought and expression. Her cannibalistic appetite drains away their personalities until

the masses of them become mere entries in a telephone directory, mere units in a census report, mere fodder for statistical tallies, with here and there one unconquerable soul rising above the urban monotonies, like a lone pine in plowed ground.

She isn't satisfied yet. She reaches forth the tentacles of a resistless influence to filch the character from lesser near communities, to take the rural calm out of the rural life, to replace the simplicities and the slow-paced philosophies of the countryside with false airs, false aspirations, false fashions, and false pretenses, making each cross-roads hamlet within the limits of her malign radius a cheap little copy-cat and imitation of the contaminating monster hard by, its manners spoiled, its moralities upset, its peculiar institutions discredited or abandoned.

A city is like unto the dromedary of the Arabian fable — let her but poke her nose under the door-flap and presently she has filled the whole tent with her bulk and her fleas and her stinks and her spraddling arrogant presumptions. When a camel grows active it begins to smell bad; where it rises up it blots out the landscape; where it stretches itself the terrain is polluted and disturbed. You may say the same for a city — only, no city that I know of can, in these piping Prohibition times, go six days without drinking. Ask your boot-legger.

Out of all the States New Jersey is in this

regard the most conspicuous sufferer. The calamity of her location decrees for her a dismal fate: that everlastingly she shall be the scullery maid, the junk collector and the scrap-heap guardian of two great cities, neither of which compensates this ill-treatment by toting the burden of her taxes, seeing that both of them — New York and Philadelphia — lie beyond her confines. They are not mainstays, but marauders.

They make a dumping ground of New Jersey but they don't pay rent for such impious usage of her. What she gets from them is a squatter-flock of suburban lodgers, and in season, locust-clouds of summer residents; they aren't given, though, they're merely loaned. They bed in New Jersey but they do business beyond the borders.

Now, Indiana sits in a luckier seat. To be sure, in Indianapolis she has one city of the sub-order of the top class. And likewise it is true that Indianapolis has striven mightily, during these recent years of our greatest commercial expansion, to become a lusty merchandising and manufacturing center; to grow into an industrial hub, as we love to call such. Give her credit; she has fought with pluck and perseverance notably to be noisy and to be fragrant with evil work shop odors; to be choked by black smoke and smeared up with soot; to be polyglot and piebald and many-voiced. But she has fought a losing fight if a gallant one.

Behold her present state; she neither is so clamorous as Chicago, nor so homely as Cincinnati nor so characterless as Cleveland. She is not so unmannerly as Jersey City, nor so dirty as Pittsburgh, not so foreign as Milwaukee, not so jumbled together every-which-way as Detroit, not so aimlessly excited as Los Angeles, not so smug as Philadelphia, not so densely packed as Manhattan, not so self-satisfied as San Francisco, not so ill-kempt as St. Louis. It is probable that never, no matter how hard she may try, can she hope to equal Brooklyn in dreariness or Boston in conceit or Washington in insolence.

I hate to say it, but Indianapolis has yet far to go before she can lay claim to being a real metropolis, as we use the word in this piping Rotary-Clubbed era. When it comes to stench, what has she to offer in competition with the Kansas City stockyards on a nice hot humid evening? When it comes to dirtiness she makes a strong showing, I grant you, but how about good old Youngstown, considerably less than half her size where, overnight, an albino pup turns to a Dalmatian and continues to pass as such until sent to the cleaner's?

When it comes to the radicalism and the unrest which seem to generate best wherever the unassimilated and unassimilatable elements are congregated the thickest, what price her puny congested quarters, her few foreign-born malcontents, her spindly handful of self-made

Bolsheviks and bourgeois anarchists and house-broken I. W. W.'s against the magnificent showing of Paterson? — Paterson with but a paltry 135,000 and odd population, by the 1920 figures — where the only English many of the sturdy proletariat know is the swear words they use when referring to the government which we old-timey home-grown folks insist on having for this country!

Yes, sir, Indianapolis has yet a long road to travel ere she may aspire to qualify. I doubt she ever makes the grade, either; and all because of one thing. And that one thing — lamentable and deeply to be deplored from the standpoint of every true booster — is this: instead of Indianapolis dominating Indiana as Chicago dominates Illinois, Indiana continues to dominate Indianapolis. And until such time — if such time ever comes — when alien infusions have entirely transformed the city out of her present semblance I claim Indianapolis still will go on being dominated by Indiana; will keep right on being a somewhat blurry but nevertheless authentic mirror of Hoosierdom at large.

The proofs of this dominance are plain and they are plentiful. The state-wide influence as differing from urban insularity and civic provincialism is reflected in the Indianapolis newspapers and in her culture, which is considerable and distinctive, and in the underlying semi-bucolic aspect of many of her pretensions. Her

politics, now: it is of the old-fashioned North American brand, odorous enough in all conscience, but not quite so vicious, not nearly so unwholesome as the Eastern European grafted variety which so firmly has budded itself upon native municipal corruption at certain populous points on or near the two seaboard.

If we must take a choice between evils, there are a good many of us who favor the domestic sort to the exotic. Our own noxious weeds and vermin we can endure because they always were a part of our mid-Continental scheme of things. It is the English sparrow and the average English actor, the boll-weevil that preys on the cotton patches, the "devil's paint brush" that has taken the mountain meadows of New York, which we curse with the greatest fluency, not so much because these are pests as because they are imported pests, not originally included among the national misfortunes.

About Indianapolis there is yet another significant thing which I have noticed. Those among her people who display the least amount of social consideration in their efforts to obtain social consideration from others — in such matters, say, as passage room on the sidewalk, a seat in the street-car, precedence at the polling place — in short, those who sometimes superimpose rudeness and arrogance upon their desire for equality of treatment — are mainly not the foreign-born or the children of the foreign-born, as in some cities, but the native-born.

True, these persons usually are black folk — negro or negroid, and largely recruited from States below Mason and Dixon's Line. But there is less of race friction here than one might expect. The white citizen, while lacking the Southerner's touchiness on race contacts — a desire to win the colored brother's vote in elections may be at the back of this unresentful attitude on his part — has somewhat of the well-bred Southerner's tolerance for the other race's frequently unfriendly modes of expressing its social ambitions.

Like the Southerner, he doesn't expect a complete understanding of all the subtler shades of Caucasian ethics from a people whose great-grand-daddies came on a slave-chain out of an African jungle. He carries in his subconscious mind the remembrance that it has been but the jump of a few generations from the head-hunter to the head-waiter.

Indeed, there is a good deal of the Southerner in the composition of the typical Hoosier. In his speech the more rollable consonants aren't somersaulted with quite the violence that one finds in the Great Lake country proper. He may not entirely ignore the lower case "r" but, with him, it is soft, as in good Camembert. His labial and linguistic peculiarities suggest Dixie more frequently than they suggest Down East. On one side of the family as I have pointed out, he traces back to Puritanical antecedents; but the sterner rigors of that ancestral strain have

been softened by transplantation from the flinty Yankee hillsides to the kindlier loam of the Corn Belt.

That form of moral indigestion known as the New England conscience, which finds its intestinal expression in the New England boiled dinner, manifests itself but rarely in him and then only in a diluted form. John J. Ingalls said Kansas was the offspring of the Plymouth Rock; but in the Indiana species the egg is not quite so well done as in the Kansas; the yolk of his nature is softer and there's a pronounced Southern flavor to it. That was proved in the early sixties — by Jesse D. Bright, and the Knights of the Golden Circle and the rest of the Copperhead element. He has pride of the Southern cast — not so much the pride which glories in census figures or financial showings, as the pride which exults itself over traditional customs and tribal achievements.

Ask any American-born Manhattanite — if you can find one or if the police can find one for you — who the War Governor of New York State was, and probably he won't even know what war you mean. Unless he is himself actively engaged in ward politics, it is likely that he doesn't know the name of the assemblyman from the district where he lives, or of his State Senator or his Congressman. But ask a Hoosier who his War Governor was and watch his chest swell out as he

shouts: "War-Horse Morton, that's who! — nobody but just old Oliver P., be gee!"

And, as a matter of course, every son of Indiana is up to his armpits in politics and the knowledge of politics. All living Indianians are active politicians and frequently the dead ones are, too; they've voted them in close elections, out there, often. Indiana is called a pivotal State. Well, she certainly does spin around on her axis every four years.

In a certain song, and one altogether Americanesque in its theme, its treatment and its melody — to wit: "On the Banks of the Wabash" — Indiana has her own State song. She is the only Northern State I can name, off-hand, that has, or at least she's the only one of them that adopted a song by popular will and not as the result of an artificial propaganda designed to force some machine-made composition upon the populace.

She is not content to borrow the makings of such intellectual standards and such literary ideals as she has — and they are high ones — from the spaghetti-fed Infant Prodigies of Greenwich Village and Sheridan Square in New York, nor yet from the Russo-Slavonic-Germaniacal school of Chicago, with its air of infallibility and its garlicky breath. She rolls her own!

I dare maintain that since the present century began, Indiana has brought to potency and ripeness the best exemplars, the most deft

craftsmen of serious American letters and humorous American portraiture in the printed line, and the drawn as well, that we have now among us; or, at any rate, she has produced a larger number of such conspicuously prominent and generally acknowledged leaders than any State among the forty-eight.

The Younger Intelligentsia sharply may disagree with this statement, but the Older Ignorencia, of whom I am proud to be one, will, I am sure, cast practically a unanimous vote in the affirmative when I nominate for the heads of the ticket the names of five men, all native-born Indianians, four of them living and one of them dead.

Here be my candidates: First, James Whitcomb Riley, poet, that singer who sang nearer to the hearts of plain people and to plain things than any other American ever has; whose lyrics had in them the click of the mowing-machine in the wheat, the gurgle of the catbird in the paw-paw thicket, the ripple of the sunfish's fins in the creek.

Second, Booth Tarkington, novelist, the truest reader of types and the most naturalistic delineator of those types, the closest student of social conditions writing to-day in this country, and, by these counts, therefore, our greatest fictionist.

Third, George Ade, satirist, the most distinguished and searching humorist we've bred since Mark Twain, an infallible

laugh-getter whose motley cloaks a justified irony and a penetrating insight.

Fourth, Kin Hubbard, paragrapher, better known as "Abe Martin," who can pack more of authentic wit into a three-line quip than some writers could enclose in a three-pound volume; a man whose fun is so essentially American that when a vaudeville monologist steals one of his whimsies and repeats it before a Broadway audience only about six or seven persons in that audience know what the monologist is talking about.

Fifth, John T. McCutcheon, artist, who twenty years ago was our smartest cartoonist and still is — not a comic-stripper, not a patter comedian, not a freak contriver of freakish grotesqueries, but a kindly genius who puts character into caricature and human nature into thumbnail sketches.

And still the enumeration takes no account of the Lew Wallaces, the Charles Majors, the Meredith Nicholsons, the George Barr McCutcheons, and the rest of that unfailing Hoosier crop which knows neither blight nor drought nor a short acreage. But this isn't meant to be a complete summary; it's merely an illustration to demonstrate a point.

Craving the reader's patience, an added argument or two: To a greater degree than any State of the original Northwest Territory, Indiana holds by the pioneering culture and its offshoots — old-fashioned cookery, old-fashioned

decencies, old-fashioned virtues, old-fashioned vices, old-fashioned bigotries, old-fashioned philosophies springing out of the soil and smelling of the penny-rile and the sassafrack.

Old-fashioned religion, too; it finds a walled city and a stronghold here. Let the well-bred Englishman accept for his modified modernized conceptions a Hereafter hazily peopled by saints that wear spats and have their halos re-blocked once a fortnight on some heavenly Regent Street. Let the heathen city-dweller of the East read sermons out of road-maps and, for his Lord's Day replenishment, look to a filling station. Let the paganish Californian continue, if he will be so blind, to regard the seventh day as a day for picnicking, for going forth into the sunshine and into the wind, there to take his sinful ease under the tall trees. Let those lost and bedamned Continental races go on spending their Sundays when they might be keeping the Sabbath, a very different thing. For him — I mean now the rural Indianian and frequently the small-town Indianian — there's an eternal abiding place within the fortress of the Faith of the Fathers where he may tone up his dogmas with a flavoring of intolerance — sometimes — and be quite sure that no corrupting drop of liberalism has been squirted into the theological fountain wherefrom he draws his spiritual refreshment.

Finally, your average Indianian is a joiner of secret orders — and that, alone, all other signs

failing, would mark him for the typical American of the interior. He rejoices his soul in degree work behind locked doors, in sonorous titles and lodge funerals and bedazzling regalia and mysterious hailing-signs and potent passwords and a jeweled emblem for his outer vestments. The Ku Klux Klan swept Indiana like a hurricane in the tall timber; that was inevitable. Could you expect her to resist a thing with so much of mumbo-jumbo in its ritual, so much of voodooism in its aspects and such a well-mulched and highly-nourished spirit of fanaticism for the constant enrichment of its forcing bed? They tell me that even yet in some Indiana towns now there's hardly an extra clean sheet on hand in case of accidents or company coming.

I nearly was forgetting to mention Indiana's magnificent yield of vice-presidents. On no account should this product be excluded from a paper aimed to prove the nationalistic normalcy of Indiana. Indiana gives us our vice-presidents and our vice-presidential candidates because she is the average American State. And by the same token, the average Indianian makes a suitable vice-presidential material because he is absolutely just that — average. If he were sub-average he couldn't get the nomination and if he were super-average he wouldn't take it.

CHAPTER XIV

NORTH CAROLINA

In Need of a Press Agent

WHAT North Carolina needs is a press agent. She has practically everything else.

There is nothing cryptic about either of these statements. Both are meant to be taken as read. When I say the State of North Carolina has practically everything I mean literally just that, in the sense that she has practically everything which conduces to comfortable all-the-year-round living for the average human being. According to the best of my observation and belief, she has within her as complete an assortment of natural attractions and natural glories as is to be found enclosed by any set of state boundaries this side of the Pacific Slope. This witness equally is positive that, taking one season with another, she has on her Piedmont Plateau the most equable and agreeable climate of Temperate North America. And certainly, at this present time of writing, she is the most up-

and-coming State of the South, if not of the entire Union.

But — I think right here I hear someone asking the question — if North Carolina has all these things what need has she for a press agent? The answer is that in these times the better the wares you may have to offer the greater is the necessity for a live publicity staff.

To this age, press errantry is what knight errantry was to a former age — it directs attention to the picturesque phases and, what is still more important, brings in the customers. Trade doesn't follow the flag; trade follows the well-devised propaganda campaign. And printers' ink makes the best possible liniment for suppling up the joints of commerce. Accept no substitute, because there isn't any.

A town, a commonwealth, a nation even, can do with a press department just as well as a circus can, or a presidential candidate. Even the Judgment Day, when it comes, will have its special press agent. Everybody is going to be called upon to attend personally, if we take the Scriptures for it; all the same the Angel Gabriel will circulate the advance notices. There'll be an extra of the Morning Trumpet out giving the exclusive announcement.

Among our natural wonders, Niagara formerly had the call. In the first place, it was accessible, as compared with greater marvels

out West. In the second place, nearly all the newlyweds who could raise the price of the railroad fares went there on their bridal tours. In those days Niagara was what Reno so often is in these — the place where the honeymoon winds up.

Thus the name of it became a romantic household word all over the country. Back in the early eighties, there was a sort of feeling that a pair of young people hadn't been properly married at all unless they went to Niagara. The creak of the groom's new shoes was music to the hotel runner's ear and the trousseau lost its maiden creases in the spray of the Falls.

Mammoth Cave, on the other hand, is an example of a scenic freak which always has suffered for lack of proper propaganda. Everybody has heard about it but since the State of Kentucky has never had the foresight properly to press agent it, comparatively few persons residing at a distance have had their curiosity strengthened into the desire which sets the eager sightseer aboard the steam-cars.

Foreigners explore the Cavern's endless windings but the domestic varieties of tourists mainly continue to give their patronage to the Atlantic City boardwalk and the Hollywood studios. For their money these latter demand a vacation place where there are golf links and large, expensive, acutely uncomfortable-

able hotels and general jazz; but, most of all, they favor a spot that is widely touted.

The Grand Cañon, though, is one natural phenomenon which requires no organized publicity campaigns on its behalf. Being a thing which absolutely beggars all powers of description, it accordingly ensues that every human who sees it spends the rest of his life in going around and trying to describe it to persons who haven't seen it yet. I think I hear him: "If you haven't been there you can't imagine in the faintest degree what the Cañon is like. You can't get any real conception of it from pictures or from books or from what anybody says either. So listen, while I tell you about it."

Several hundred individuals also have pointed out that the Grand Cañon makes an ideal receptacle for dropping old safety-razor blades into. To begin with, there was the chap who first thought of the notion and then there were all the rest who immediately appropriated his wheeze as their own and repeated it, either in conversation or in print, without giving credit to the original source. Some of them, who arrived late on the scene, still are doing this and, of course, it all helps out in adding to the Cañon's reputation.

In this connection, perhaps it won't do any harm for me to state that likewise it is the best place I know of for eating watermelon by the slice without getting yourself or your clothes all splashed up. You take your piece of water-

melon in your hand and you go out on Mohave Point — that's the way it's spelled, Mohave, but in deference to the Fred Harvey Company which owns the El Tovar Hotel hard by, it is pronounced More Harvey — and you keep on going until you are on the extreme edge of the rim and you lean well out over the abyss, which is about five thousand feet deep at this point, and then you consume the delicacy without peril of getting any of the watermelon spilt on your shirt-front or your legs or anything.

Ripe pears or grapefruit on the half-shell or indeed any juicy fruit may be enjoyed with impunity by following the same plan. The Grand Cañon may be said to fulfill the same function for tidy eaters, of either sex, that the mustache cup fulfilled for careful gentlemen coffee-drinkers of a preceding generation.

California, now, is another example of a State, as counter-distinguished from a locality or a specific scenic object, which never has felt the need of hired exploiters. She provides her own and they work for nothing. Every true and loyal Californian is a climate booster, and by the same token, everybody out there is a true and loyal Californian, no matter whether he be a Native Son and a descendant of the Forty-Niners or merely one who moved in week before last.

There's something in the air off the Western Ocean which makes him vocal. As a witty Australian, over here for his first visit, said to

me not long ago: "Curious breed of people — these Southern Californians. They talk all the time about their climate — and they haven't any!" But then, in justice to Southern California it should be stated that the Australian had just come East after spending two weeks in and around Los Angeles during what ignorant outsiders call the rainy season. And, say what you will, there are times in Los Angeles when, to the stranger, it does seem to be raining.

As for Florida, she sufficiently is advertised by her loving general traffic managers and by the tin-can tourists who follow the wild geese south in the fall and the robin redbreasts north in the spring. The stories which more particular guests bring home of the prices asked at the fashionable hotels down there during the season, also help a lot. Americans desperately crave to go where they'll be plentifully stung up. As a race we cling to the belief that anything which costs a lot of money must be worth a lot of money. Congress reflects the national sentiment; hence our present income tax, not to mention our jolly little tariff law.

But we were speaking of North Carolina's lack of a competent publicity bureau. Daily, in December and January, Northern people who are running away from the winter, cross North Carolina by the hundreds and on some days by the thousands.

They cross because it is necessary to do so in order to reach Miami or Tampa or Palm

Beach by the directest routes and so they traverse her from side to side never knowing, most of them, that they are passing through a land where the prevalent conditions exactly are suited to such transients as crave a climate with customarily enough of frosty spice in the atmosphere, mornings and night-time, to give it zest and enough of midday warmth to give it softness and a spring-like balm and still be free of any suggestion of the languor of the semi-tropical belts farther down toward the Gulf.

When hot weather comes the passenger tides flow back the other way and again across North Carolina go scooting long strings of cars bearing well-to-do folk from the Far South who are on their way to the Berkshires or the North Woods or the Canada lake country or the Eastern coast resorts, and who seemingly are oblivious to the fact that up in the North Carolina mountains, five or six hundred miles closer to their homes than the places for which they are bound, they might find the tonic of cool breezes and the medicine of a pine-laden air, and with these a panoramic grandeur that is not to be excelled and probably not to be matched anywhere between Martha's Vineyard and Yellowstone Park.

What North Carolina should provide, for her own good and theirs, is a beneficent hold-up man, a sort of agreeable cross between a road agent and a press agent, who'd halt every

through train and go in all the coaches and tell the travelers what they were missing. His work would be in the nature of a liberal education to numbers of otherwise fairly well-informed persons who apparently think of North Carolina only in the terms of Asheville, a health resort, and Pinehurst, a convenient spot where one may break the long jump to the Florida Peninsula and at the same time shoot a mess of quail or lay by a few holes of golf.

But North Carolina hasn't got around to this project yet. Perhaps in due course of time she will take the friendly hint thrown out here. Lately she has been pretty busy attending to certain internal improvements.

I am here to testify that she has attended to 'em, too.

I think it must have been about eighteen years ago that North Carolina really began to come out of the lethargies. She had been asleep a mighty long spell, drowsing indolently when she was not snoring, taking naps in the sunshine when not engaged in having bad dreams of the bad times that came upon the South in the trail of the war between the States.

She had live spots, of course; some of the cotton-mill towns and some of the tobacco-factory towns and a few of the towns large enough to be called cities, were spreading out and slicking up as they spread. But these evidences of sprightliness were confined and local; the body of the giantess slumbered on; only her

fingers and toes twitched under the influence of a sporadic enterprise. But the important point was that when finally she did awaken she awoke all over.

She had a bed of rich and deep traditions to rest on, though, through all the long lazy years of her supineness. In the first place, back at the beginnings of the English-speaking white man's state of things on this continent, her soil was squatted upon by types of men and women whose descendants to-day form a population that makes North Carolina perhaps the most typically American of the Southern States just as Indiana, by virtue of similar blends in her original composition, is undeniably the most typically American of all the so-called Middle Western States, and just as Oregon, from similar causes, is probably the most distinctively American of all those States which indubitably — and geographically — are Western. These first settlers almost exclusively were of Anglo-Saxon stocks — artisans, farmers, small traders — a sturdy, hard-headed, money-poor, land-greedy race, very shortly to be enriched by groups of Irish refugees and Highlander Jacobites and at a somewhat later period by a valuable stream of trekkers across the mountains from up Pennsylvania way — Quakers and Dutchmen and Welshmen, mainly; still later came Swiss and a few Swedes out of Delaware and New Jersey. So, you see, both in the strains of her immigrating and her emigrating

additions, the young country signally was favored.

She did not carry from the outset the burden of an aristocratic institution which her high-headed neighbors on either flank — Virginia and South Carolina — already were carrying. It may sound like treason in some ears for me to say it, I being Southern born myself, but it seems to me the South rather has overworked the Cavalier fetish just as New England has overdone the Puritan Father fetish.

I am constrained to believe that there were not nearly so many gentlefolk among the Southern colonists as one might be led to believe from reading some of the histories. Gentry, as a rule, do not cross a mysterious uncharted sea to bide in a wild and savage land. The elect, wherever found, are prone to stay on at home; they are doing pretty well there, else they would not be rated as belonging among the elect.

It is the starvling tailor, the runaway apprentice, the petty tradesman in debt, the down-at-heels schoolmaster, the itinerant preacher, the briefless barrister, the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker who compose the mass of settlers in far places and these soon absorb the trickling admixtures of adventurous younger sons and gentlemen soldiers of fortune who come with them overseas. Later, with prosperity, the pleasing romance of an aristocratic ancestry is created.

At any rate, this largely was true of North Carolina's settlement. Her first citizens did not build many mansions, but with bush hook and axe blade they hacked their way to the heart of the wilderness there to set up their log homesteads.

They craved room to breathe and acres of their own to dig in and a chance to practise, without let or hindrance, the religious beliefs which had brought a good many of them into the disfavor of the established civil and ecclesiastical forces in England and Scotland and Ireland. They were not disdainful of earning their bread in the sweat of their brow; they were not afraid of getting horny callouses in their hands. Where they had come from, sweat and callouses had been their portion.

Harking back to the times of his forebears, I have heard a North Carolinian, speaking in humorous self-pity, describe his State as a vale of humility lying between two peaks of pride.

These first North Carolinians were a spunky lot and touchy on any issues affecting their personal liberties. They may have been humbly born; they were not humbly minded. Runnymede was in their blood, as witness the fact that the Mecklenburg signatories had the notion of a Declaration of Independence in their stubborn and wilful heads before the same idea crystallized at Philadelphia in the brains of Tom Jefferson and John Hancock and Ben Franklin and their associate protestants against

royal injustice. What tasseled in the Boston Tea Party, what bloomed in bloody red flowers at Concord and Lexington, what reached its fruitage in the Revolution, had been sown in its seedtime by a little handful of burghers on the North Carolina frontier.

As the Republic grew up out of infancy into strength and lustiness, the children and the grandchildren of those early rebels ran true to their breeding. They still were quite ready to mold bullets any time a danger threatened what they held to be their sovereign rights. The State's military record, '61 to '65, gave abundant proof of it.

If my recollection serves me aright, North Carolina, while one of the last and one of the most reluctant to break with the Union, led all the rest in the number of the men she gave to the Confederate army and the Confederate navy.

So, when the war ended she fell heavily under the ban of the Radicals in Congress. With the other seceding States she suffered her share of despoilment and oppression and proscription in the drear black days of Carpet-baggery and Scalawaggery. And, like them, she sat in her rags and her ashes for a weary long time after the shadow was lifted, a bankrupt, brooding on the wrongs of the Reconstruction Period.

Overmuch brooding made her slothful. She was like a desolated maiden who quits washing

her neck and ears. Eighteen or twenty years ago I used to say to myself—and I think I was right—that with possibly three exceptions, which I will not here enumerate, she was by odds the slouchiest and the shabbiest and the most slothful of the States lying below the Mason-Dixon Line.

By the stripping away of the accessible and marketable pine, her supremacy in lumber, pitch and turpentine passed to districts lying farther down the coast, and with the waning of this major industry she sank deeper than ever into the slough of despond. Her farmers had the one-crop notion. Their cotton helped to keep the spindles of New England busy but the price they got for it gave them but the barest of livings.

Back about 1900, a neighbor of ours down in Kentucky had a fox hound that had been imported from North Carolina. That fox hound came of a noble strain, but he was so shiftless and so gaunt and so lackadaisical a hound that, in bitterness, the owner said he fitly represented the locality whence he came. He had such wobegone eyes, such dismally drooping ears, such a flea-gnawed, fly-bitten pelt! He moved, when he moved at all, in a shimmering haze of his own insect life. His name originally had been Nig, which was the wrong name, because Nig appertains properly to an all-black dog and this dog was not black excepting in spots, here and there.

So we went into consultation and we rechristened that hound. We thought seriously for a while of calling him Tar-Heel in honor of the place of his birth, but that didn't seem to suit, either. So finally we named him Grandfather's Clock, which was appropriate — he never missed a tick.

I can visualize the typical North Carolina landscape as I have seen it from the car windows passing through, twenty-odd years ago. Or at least to me it seemed typical then. Here it was:

The mouth of a cove, where the foothills were cleft asunder. At the back, the high blue wall of the mountains; just yonder an unharnessed river wasting its potential strength on the rocky riffles in its bed; a rutted dirt road winding aimlessly off through the piney woods; in the foreground a clearing and in the midst of the clearing a slab shanty, unpainted, forlorn, dismal, lop-sided; a dooryard as shaggy as a barber's Saturday night; an untended field runneled with gulleys and grown up in sassafras sprouts; a scrub cow, a razor-back hog and a swarm of lank dogs; a tumble-down rail fence; everywhere the multiplying signs of slackness and untidiness and indifference.

Such ugly pictures still are to be encountered, here as elsewhere. What corner of the country is there without some such sight? But to-day another conception is infinitely more characteristic of the new spirit of North Carolina and this is it:

A smartened, new-looking cottage of the bungalow sort; a concrete highway, broad and smooth; a modern model brick district school-building just over yonder; looping away across the valley the great cables which, on tall steel towers, are carrying the captured water-power of the stream to furnish energy for electric light plants and street-car lines and mills and factories; good stock in the grass meadows; pedigreed fowl in the chicken runs; an orchard and a garden; a housewife who has learned the spiritual and material values of trim hedges and posy beds and green lawns and shade trees, brushing their limbs against the roof shingles; a husband who has a car of his own in the garage and a savings account in the bank; a family that subscribes for magazines and farm journals and for a daily newspaper and for Chautauqua courses; a family, also, that buys books and reads them; and on Saturdays, the old man loading the Missis and the children into the automobile and streaking away to the county-seat, with a cracking good road all the way, to see Doug or Mary or Charlie at the movie theater.

Certain of the States remind me of flowers. There's Louisiana, she's a magnolia; South Carolina, a tea-rose, somewhat faded; California, a hollyhock; Kansas — this is inevitable — a sunflower; New Hampshire, a peony; Vermont, a rock pink; Arizona, a cactus; Wyoming, a clump of sage. And twenty years ago

North Carolina might have been likened — if your fancy perhaps was a bit cruel — to a jimson weed. But not any more. To-day I think of her as a lusty crimson Rambler, trained over a new and shiny trellis.

What Burbanking process changed the jimson into the Rambler? Probably the Chamber of Commerce at Raleigh or the Board of Trade at Winston-Salem or the Kiwanis crowd at Charlotte or the Rotary bunch at Wilmington or the Boosters' Club somewhere else — for I expect every sizable town has one such organization or more than one — would be ready to furnish explanations to account for the transformation. It might have been the increase of the textile manufactories that started it, or the growth of the manufactured tobacco interests, or the tremendous development of the water-power resources; they've been biting and bridling the cataracts and the rapids at a great rate these last few years. Probably all three of these and other causes besides had part in it.

In any event, the fact outstanding is that when North Carolina came forth from the trance, she came a'rearin' and a'bustin'. An awakening of civic pride, of communal co-operation, followed close along the path where private enterprise had shown the way. The State arose from the dust heap, swapped off her tattered sackcloth for tailor-made raiment and set her shining face to the future. This is not

saying that she ceased to cherish the story of her past. A people who forget their own history do not deserve to be remembered. But it is saying that she just naturally took hold of the wings of the morning.

Let some native statistician tell the tale in exultant terms of bank clearings, in enlarged bank deposits, in exports and in imports, in enhancement of wealth and of production and census statements. Too many figures leave a flat taste in the mouth, anyhow. Going only by what these two eyes have seen, I proclaim these things, namely: that North Carolina today is the foremost State of the South in material progress, in public spirit, in educational expansion and in optimism of outlook. Indeed, I doubt whether among all these United States is a single one, of anywhere like population, area and per capita wealth, which in this last decade has put up more school-houses, laid more miles of paved road, and by city, county and state, has voted more bond issues for sanitary sewage systems, municipal water-works and power plants. than North Carolina has.

She has cut down illiteracy to a level where her people point now with pride to the percentages of the lettered, when formerly thinking folk among them felt shame for the number of the totally ignorant.

She has wrought out so generally amicable a basis of understanding between whites and blacks that there is as little of racial friction

as in any State having so large a proportion of negroes in the population. She has drained swamps, re-claimed wastelands to profitable agriculture, improved the breeds of live-stock, furthered plans of crop rotation, and her citizens have planted fruit trees and tidied up suburbs and plantations and farms. She has turned hog-wallows into beauty spots and brier patches into flower beds.

She has wrestled with her own problems in her own way, asking no help from without, and most of them she has licked and nearly all of them she has bettered. But the trouble is that while everybody in North Carolina knows about these matters and justifiably is proud of them not enough people over the country have heard the good tidings. That's why I said before, and now say it again, that North Carolina could use a competent press agent.

Lately some of our intelligentsia have been bewailing the fact, as they saw it, that material progress, by making people over into a mold, has had the effect of hampering artistic impulse. If one can believe them, genius flames brightest in a shanty and the creative faculty grows best where all else is stagnated.

I merely would point out to these high priests of the higher criticism that within the span of two decades one North Carolina town, to wit, Greensboro, mothered two of our most brilliant exponents of that rather typical Amer-

ican art, short-story writing. One was Sidney Porter, better known to this world as O. Henry, and the other was Wilbur Daniel Steele. Laugh that off, oh, my masters!

Nor, so far as I have been able to judge, has the tendency toward a solidification of type, toward an ironing out of individuality which some observers profess to have discerned among us here of late, prevailed to any considerable extent in North Carolina.

Here are folks who have quickened their ambitions without losing either their personalities or their traditional ideals. On their private sides they still are so old-fashioned as to practise the ancient virtues. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God, but very few of the jokes which are being told in mixed company nowadays! There are whole heaps of such folks down there yet.

I, myself, made a noteworthy discovery in North Carolina last quail-shooting season. I was not the original discoverer but I claim to be the first to blazon the word to the world. I found the best barbecue cook on earth.

It was at Bob White Lodge, which is a shooting preserve, that I found this personage. From time to time, many outlanders go to Bob White Lodge. Ostensibly they go, as guests of its owners, to shoot birds; this though is largely an excuse.

What they really go there for is to enjoy the hospitality of the place — an open-armed,

spacious, all-embracing hospitality of a sort which grows rare even in the rural South — and to partake of the culinary handiwork of one Uncle Sam, who is short and very black and smiling and most highly distinguished in his particular calling. What he could do with a young shoat and an open trench fire and bastings of barbecue sauce made by his own private recipe! Nor was his fried cornbread to be despised, nor yet his Brunswick stew, nor eke his turnip greens with smoked hog-jowl.

Some of us, for the good of our bodies and the reductions of our girths, were on rations when we met Uncle Sam. It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to diet — that was presumed to be our motto. But during the week we stayed, we fell from grace. The idea of dieting seemed to appeal to us only between meals. For that week we had a new prayer — Give us This Day Our Daily Breadth! And, lo, the prayer was answered.

There is another good reason for going to Bob White Lodge. It gives opportunity to harken to the words of scaly-barked wisdom which fall from the lips of "Sammy" and "Crutch" and "Cap'n King." I forget whether it was Crutch or the Cap'n who on the occasion of a notable visit to New York made a distinct impression upon all whom he met in the metropolis. He stopped at a hotel on Sixth Avenue overlooking the Elevated railway from its side

windows and he said that, although a complete stranger in the city, he was never afraid of getting lost when he went out alone because all he had to do was to find the street that had the trustle running through it and follow her back to his corner.

A Northerner would have pronounced the word as it is spelled, which is t-r-e-s-t-l-e, but it is trustle to all of us who are Southern born unless we stop to take aim.

He expressed admiration for the mansion of his fellow-Tarheelian, J. B. Duke, but he added that if he was as well-off as Mr. Duke is, he surely would have a front yard and a front porch on his place, where a feller could sit of evenings and swap gossip with the neighbors going by. And on his first ride through Central Park he admitted that to him it looked like a right valuable piece of property.

But if you, hearing these things, had from them deduced that the speaker was an innocent-minded person you, to realize your error, had only to try to run a sandy on Cap'n or Crutch at draw poker, or better still, had but to sit by the fireside in the evening and harken while either or both of them voiced the simple wisdom and homely folklore of a race of men who parted not from their native sapience and their knowledge of human nature and their estimates of true values when they started the job of remolding their State.

This chapter would not be complete without an adequate paragraph devoted to the constructive statesmanship which North Carolina has contributed to the nation since the present century began. This is it.

CHAPTER XV

ARIZONA

With the Simple Tourist — Yes, Isn't He?

ALONG about the date when these lines see print — that is, if I have luck in my traveling plans, I shall be Out Yonder for the second time this current year. In the spring I was Out Yonder, and even as I pen these words I am figuring on going again. I have the habit. I believe in seeing America first, last, and most of the rest of the time.

Some fine evening I shall come cantering into camp on horseback, with a magnificent buck swung on the pommel of my trusty saddle. The sun will be sinking to rest beyond a butte not more than a quarter of a mile distant. When you get that far out West the sunsets take place much closer than in the East. The smoke of the camp fire will be ascending in a long spindle shape. The peaked tent roofs will stand out against the sky line like so many proofreaders' carets directing the attention of

the great punctuator, Nature, to the omission of such things as trees.

The heaven, as blue and as pure as unflawed turquoise, will be repeating its familiar Arizona trick of bending ever nearer and nearer, cupping in, folding in, as though to encompass us within the protecting hollow of an everlasting hand; and just overhead the little stars will be flecking out, like golden spangles sewed on a silken bed canopy. About the edges of the mesa the last of the diffident little desert flowers will be tucking their timorous heads to hide from the frost that comes with the nighttime. And all will be peace and fried middling meat for supper.

So, then, I come cantering up. I always canter when I ride a horse. The horse may be walking or trotting or loping, or even galloping — occasionally my horse persists in galloping, no matter what I may say or do to the contrary — but I invariably canter. It is a trifle wearing on the horse sometimes when he is, say, ambling to have me cantering to and fro along his chassis from his mudguards clear back to his rumble; but I prefer it above all other gaits. I am a natural-born decanter.

I canter up, therefore, with the spoils of the chase made fast to my pommel. With a graceful movement of the body I fling myself from the saddle, and Shorty and Red and a couple of the other boys catch me and ease me down to the earth, and introduce me to my own legs again.

"You got a fine buck to-day," one of the boys says admiringly.

"Yes, I did," I reply as I reach up and unloose the thongs that fasten the trophy of my prowess and lift the game down, and show them the shot hole through its brain. "That is undoubtedly one of the finest buck sparrows I ever killed. There was a doe sparrow too — mate to this one; but I spared her. Besides, she up and flew away."

"Do you aim to be going buck shooting again to-morrow?" I picture Shorty as asking.

"Well," I respond, "that depends. Did anybody bring the mail up to-day? And was there an article by me in the magazine touching on the subject of tourists?"

"Yes," Shorty says, answering both questions at once. "Me and Red just matched to see which one of us would read that there article of yours first. And I lost — so I have to read it to-night. Red, he don't have to read it till to-morrow. Some people have all the luck!"

"Very well, then," I state; "such being the case I shall not go buck shooting to-morrow. Instead, I shall trail the simple tourist. He has had his warning; so let him beware. I shall follow him wheresoever his tender and straying feet may take him, and I shall note down his quaint peculiarities and maybe write another piece about him. And if perchance I fail to find him I shall take a few notes touching on myself."

For when I go forth with intent to waylay the simple tourist I am preying on my own kind. It takes more than two or three trips West to cure one who is Eastern-reared of the habit of being a tourist, and to make a regular human being of him. Merely because he has learned the difference between spinach and mesquite does not qualify him to pass judgment on the rest of his breed. Myself, I still suffer from a tenderness of the feet.

You know the system of living formerly pursued by uncomfortably rich persons resident on and closely adjacent to the Atlantic seaboard: At the beginning, as a necessary requisite, they acquired their money, either by slow and painful processes or by sudden and suspicious processes. Then they started in to build themselves a few stopover places for transient and temporary use when moving back and forth.

First, in order to be eligible for social affiliation with the truly élite, they put up a lodge in the Adirondack wilderness; and when they got it done it was more than a lodge — it was a supreme, exalted grand lodge, with twenty or thirty rooms in it, and a private forest and an exclusive mountain and a highly restricted lake in connection, and garages and stables and kennels and bluestone walks scattered round regardless — altogether a charming little nook in which to spend ten days or two weeks every alternate August.

Then there was a stone cottage at Newport or at Bar Harbor, which was called a cottage because it was about the size and general aspect of a county courthouse anywhere else; that, also, was highly essential. After which came a camp on Island Number 999 of the Thousand Islands; for the higher up you go in that neighborhood the more expensive the island, and they owned next-to-the-last island — would have owned that one, too, only a syndicate composed of Morgan, Rockefeller, the National City Bank and the Rothschild Estate clubbed in and beat them to it.

In due season a hunting preserve in North Carolina, and a chalet in Quebec, and a villa in Florida, and a model farm up Westchester way, and a polo conservatory over on Long Island, and a private yacht landing at New London followed. They just naturally had to provide these supplementary details or the family did not belong and could not hope to qualify.

Anyway, of recent years this has been the popular conception. And in a case such as this, where one does not know the actual facts at first-hand through personal association with the outfit, but is only giving hearsay evidence picked up in the Sunday papers and from gossip heard round the drug store, I have found it best and safest to steer by the popular conception.

However, these scattered possessions were

merely incidental. The principal establishment was the town house; and that, as the French would say, was certainly *beaucoup maison*. It was located on upper Fifth Avenue and was built out of lapis lazuli and moss agate and other semi-precious stones, and contained every kind of room there is except a room that a person could sit down in for a spell and be comfortable. The reception hall was almost as cozy and homelike as the main waiting room at the Grand Central, needing only a person in uniform coming out on the mezzanine gallery with a megaphone to announce the Stamford local will be leaving pretty soon on Track Number Seven, to complete the illusion; and the music room would put you in mind of the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, except, of course, that it was handsomer and rather more commodious.

And so, having seen this architectural triumph put through to completion and stocked with treasures ravished, by consent of the ravishees, from the palaces of the Old World, they would carefully lock it up and go entirely away from it, because in New York it is only the middle classes who make a habit of residing in their own homes. By wintering at Palm Beach and springing at Pinehurst, and flitting about hither and yon meantime, they managed to make the time pass until summer had arrived.

Then they would drift in from elsewhere;

and, observing that no more than eighty or ninety thousand strangers were congested at Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, and that it only took ten or fifteen minutes to worm a path for the car across Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street, they would turn one to another, and say:

“Well, positively there isn’t a soul left in town — not a living soul! We simply can’t stay here in this deserted wilderness. Let’s see now — where shall it be?”

No sooner said than done. Sometimes they went to Newport or Bar Harbor for a few minutes, but generally they went abroad. Europe was the one dependable stand-by for these persons. They would see to it that the windows and doors of the town domicile were properly boarded up with the latest designs in fancy planking, and engage an expensive caretaker at a fancy salary to live in it until they got back; and then they would charter one end of the *Mauretania* and depart thence.

After that, if you wanted to find them you had to look for them in London or Paris, or down in Switzerland or up in Norway, or somewhere over there. I myself have seen them in their travels; you yourself must have seen them if you have visited Europe during the season. There would be Mother and the Girls, and the Only Son and the Youngest Child, cruising along, accompanied by a governess, a nurse and a couple of maids; a valet, a courier, a

chauffeur and a car; and about twice as many trunks as the Queen of Sheba brought with her the time she came to call on King Solomon and put his imperial Israelitish eye out. Under her arm Mother would be carrying something that had a close call from being a dog. I do not know this species by its proper title; but if you can imagine a Croton bug which has become extensively addicted to the use of hair oil, you get the general idea.

In the evening, when Mother dressed for dinner, she left off Fifi and put on all her diamonds; and then, as she swept into the dining-room, she made you think of the January thaw in the Hudson River, when the ice comes by in chunks. Frequently Daughter — that was the older of the Girls — was being tagged about by a young scion of an old English family answering to the name of Lancelot, but called Lance for short — which he was. If he had not been short he would not have been there. In every properly organized family of the British aristocracy there is one named Lancelot; without him the set is not regarded as complete.

And nearly always the Only Son would be deporting himself in such a way as to keep the coryphées happy and the police authorities nervous. You wondered why he traveled four or five thousand miles to make a star-spangled ass of himself, when his own native land provided such superior facilities in that direction; but there he was, cutting up like a trick mule,

and there were all the rest of the troupe jointly engaged with him in giving to the Europeans the conception of wealthy traveling Americans that Europeans have ever entertained.

Father alone was occasionally missing from the group, he having stayed behind to work on the bank roll. But if he was present you might make reasonably sure he wore the chest well pushed out in front, and from time to time was seized with an uncontrollable desire to speak well of himself in public places, in a loud, resonant tone of voice. In Ballyhoo's *Who in America* he was the author of his own page; it was, in fact, autobiographical in character. He was compiling it as he went along. It was fair to assume that the only time Father and the rest of the family would betray any pronounced diffidence regarding the value and extent of their personal possessions was when, on the way back, they sat them down to compile their little schedules for the revenue collector.

Partly because 'tis ever the rich who lead the way in the luxuries of life, and partly because there abides in the average human bosom a belief that there is never anything interesting to be seen close to home — that to observe the things which are really worth while one must travel long distances and spend large sums — the remainder of the people of this country, generally speaking, looked eastward across the salted seas whenever an extensive excursion was

in contemplation. Young lady graduates of finishing schools, who could not remember off-hand whether it was Eliza or George Washington who crossed on the ice at Trenton, and who rather thought the Fall of the Alamo was caused by an earthquake, but would not be absolutely sure — it might have been one of those tidal waves — were sent off to Europe in order that their education might be properly rounded out.

School teachers saved up for years in order to do England and the Continent in thirty days, and for months and months and months after they got back did nothing except talk of what they had seen, and rest their poor feet. And show me the clergyman — just show me one! — who did not live in the hope that his congregation was going to send him to Egypt and the Holy Land on the occasion of his next vacation; so that, Columbus-like, he might return, filled with discoveries, and tell them surprising facts, which were absolutely new and novel aside from their having attained slight circulation some time ago through publication in a work called the Old Testament. Among a large and avowedly intelligent group there was a belief that no sane persons voluntarily ventured west of Niagara Falls except commercial travelers and fugitives from justice.

Then this war broke out and, for sight-seeing and pleasure purposes, Europe at the beginning of 1915 was cut off from us. Mexico was hav-

ing troubles of its own; so was the Orient. Alaska was too far north and Terra del Fuego was too far south. Dearie me, what was one to do? Here was a whole summer to be spent, not to mention a fall following, and naturally no one of social consequence in New York could dream of spending it at home!

Then came the inspiration: Why not devote a few months to viewing the habits and the modes of living pursued by that strange race known as the North Americans? Indeed, a most curious breed of beings! Addicted to wearing garments designed in their own country and made up by their own countrymen — only fancy! Actually taking an interest in politics, and all that sort of thing! Eating domestic foodstuffs prepared after a domestic fashion — hardly an imported chef to be found anywhere in the interior! Organizing and supporting curious institutions known as Chautauquas, where speakers get up on their feet before large audiences and talk — not about bridge scores or puppy breeding or polo matches! You'd never guess what they do talk about, so we must tell you — they talk about government and science and books and great men, and the problems of the day! Really? Yes, really and truly they do! It is hard to believe; but they do.

And out in California — you know about California? It is the state that produces those ripping fine tennis players — out there they

had two expositions going on at the same time; and very creditable affairs they were, too, as expositions go. Some of them even own automobiles — the natives, I mean. There are said to be several millions of them — natives, not automobiles.

Why, Cyril, you surprise me! These persons will bear inspection in their haunts and habitats. From what you say they seem worthy of study and criticism. One might take notes on them and do a club paper afterward. When can we start for there?

They started early — the ultra-ultras. And the example having been set by the very rich, the not-quite-so-rich trailed after; and then, in turn, the not-rich-at-all tagged in. The band wagon might be a long way ahead, but they were in the procession, and that counted for a good deal, believe me!

So there was presently inaugurated a pilgrimage from the Eastern seaboard to the Western, which to date has not abated, but, on the contrary, has grown with each passing year since then. And for all concerned it has been a mighty good thing. The transcontinental trunk lines never carried so many passengers back and forth within the same spaces of time. The resort hotels of the West have had the most prosperous seasons they ever had. Millions of dollars have been spent at home that otherwise would have gone into the bottomless pockets of European shopkeepers. From a sentimental

standpoint, the value of the intercourse has been even greater than its material value has been.

All joking aside, the East has become better acquainted with the West — the West, being more progressive, already knew the East pretty well; and a great many thousands of persons have got acquainted with their own country, with its natural wonders — and with its man-made wonders, too, which in their way are just as wonderful. With their own eyes they have seen that there is still a part of North America which has no trespass signs on it; which is not even fenced in. They have taken occasion to observe that between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Slope is a fairly considerable acreage.

They are as one now with that Tammany leader, a born-and-reared product of the East Side of the city of New York, who, being on his way to a Democratic National Convention at Denver, gazed from the window of his parlor car as the train was scooting through a most fertile and most populous corner of Iowa, and remarked, in tones of profound surprise, to his traveling companion: "No matter where you go, there's always human life!"

They feel themselves to be Balboas and Ponce de Leóns. They have discovered the other side of North America and the new Chinese Passage. Little Jack Horner has come out of his corner and is gratified with the results.

To be sure, the West, geographically considered, is not exactly brand-new. As a scenic production the West has been going on for some time now. Our tourist brother might have seen it last year, or last century, either, if he had been round then.

All this long while it has been waiting for him to come along and give it his approval — the Painted Desert, where the Almighty took the tail of a rainbow for a paint brush and dipped it in the sunset and limned an illimitable canvas in colors which never yet glowed on the palette of any human artist; that other and greater desert, where, since time began, the cracked and naked pelt of the earth had been pegged out, drying in the suns of all eternity; and, adventurous man, invading a blistered desolation that might have daunted the soul of a salamander, has, with a spade in his hand and a vision before his eyes, wrought it into the fairest and the greenest and the richest of garden spots on this hemisphere; the mountains — not one mighty range, but a dozen, and each of them seeming mightier than the last; the big trees; Yellowstone Park and Glacier National Park, filled with the unfinished jobs of creation; Yosemite and Lake Tahoe; Monterey Bay and the Golden Gate; the Indian country of the Northwest, where Sitting Bull refused to be seated and the restless Spotted Tail so frequently changed his spots; the Indian country of the Southwest, where the cliff dwellers

founded a civilization as old as Egypt's, and where to-day the Navajo tends his flocks — or would do so if he were not so busy selling blankets; the Lava Beds and the Staked Plains; the Black Hills and the Bad Lands; and — greater than any of these and greatest of all the cataclysmic convulsions of Nature — the Grand Cañon, which no one ever yet has properly described, though nearly everyone has had a try at it.

I violate no confidence in stating that these things have been continuing without interruption for a considerable period; but a good many of us are just finding out about them.

The human side of the West has proved scarcely less astounding than the scenic aspect. To those who have for years been accustomed to European travel and European habits it is a constant revelation. Think of being in a land where a stranger has to pay no more for what he buys than a resident pays — not a blessed cent more!

Why, Clarence, it is incredible! When you cross the boundaries from one state to another state you do not have to bribe the train hands to take your trunks off the train and pile them in a custom house, and then bribe a lot of frowzy, whiskered bandits in crummy uniforms to pass your baggage, and then bribe a couple of porters to reload your baggage back upon the train; and then, in order to be on the safe side and to avoid complications, bribe everyone

else in sight. Nothing of the sort occurs! It is very disappointing. The train crosses the state line without any excitement whatsoever. Unless there happens to be a station there it does not stop at all.

About once in so often, as you tour about, you come to a mountain or a lake or a desert, or a geyser or a glacier or a chasm, or something — and there it is, just as the good Lord made it. No bad restaurants are scattered about; no booths for the sale of souvenirs and post-cards; no clamoring mendicants; no importuning guides; no vociferous cab drivers; no greedy custodians; no insatiable caretakers waiting to be tipped. There is nothing of this sort; absolutely nothing except majesty and solitude, and a great soothing peacefulness of the soul and restfulness of the spirit. You do not have to carry a ton or so of hand baggage with you. You check your baggage at your starting point and stick the checks in your pocket, and then forget all about the transaction until you reach your destination.

When you buy reservations aboard a train you know the said reservations will be there waiting for you when you climb aboard. You do not need to corrupt some functionary in order to insure having sufficient space in which to sit down during your journey. It is astonishing — indeed, it borders on the revolutionary — but, with American railroads, when you pay for a thing you get it, and no one has more

money or more influence who can take it away from you. If you go into a shop, and come forth again without making a purchase, no one feels insulted and no one feels called upon to insult you. If you make a small purchase the proprietor and all his hired help do not tear your clothes off your back in an effort to induce you to buy out the entire stock.

At the hotels a visitor is charged according to what he orders and what he gets, not according to what he will stand for in the line of extortion and robbery. Some of the hotels have exceedingly steep tariffs it is true, and especially is this true with regard to sundry caravansaries in coast towns; but the transients, by inquiry, may learn in advance what they must pay; and if the prices seem too steep they are at perfect liberty to go elsewhere, without embarrassment to themselves or grief to the manager. The proprietor will not lure them under false pretenses to stay on and then pluck them at his leisure. He would not dream of trying such a thing — you see, the poor ignorant wretch has not enjoyed the advantage of a Continental experience at hotel running.

When you break a bill at a cigar stand, say, you get back the proper amount of change — and none of the change is counterfeit either. If you, who mayhap have never traveled extensively except in foreign parts, find this statement hard to believe you need not take my word for it — just go and see for yourself.

Among these strange white tribesmen, who inhabit the interior and the outlying Western provinces of North America, the serving classes uniformly will accept tips for services rendered; but they are not addicted to thinking of the tip and nothing else.

Once in a while you actually happen upon one — a chambermaid or a porter or a bell boy — who performs some small kindly service for you without demanding, or even expecting, to be paid for it. It is done because the doer is a human being and regards you as a human being also, and not as a perambulating grab bag.

And finally, no smirking degenerate undertakes to sell you nasty photographs or escort you to nasty places, as in Paris; no beggars spring out of the ground or materialize out of the air, as in London; no military man crowds you off the sidewalk, as in Berlin of yore; no pickpocket trails you about, awaiting his chance to pilfer your purse and filch your watch, as in Rome; no baggageman rifles your baggage, as in Switzerland; no guide steers you into shops with a view to collecting private commissions on your purchases, as everywhere on the Continent.

Why, you may go for days and days without being pestered or mulcted, or cheated or mistreated, or called hard names in foreign languages. In their quaint, crude unsophistication these people expect payment only for

what they deliver, and no more than a fair payment for that. It certainly is not in the least like Europe.

When I was out at the cañon the last time all the types I had seen the year before were on hand, and some new types — that is, they were comparatively new out there, though they used to be common enough in Europe. For example, the Family was there — Mother and the Girls, and the Only Son. Mother had left some of the trunks and some of the movable crown jewels behind — of evenings she wore only one medium-weight diamond breast plate and riding lights in her ears — but she still adhered to Fifi, the fur-bearing cockroach. And Lancelot was missing from the picture — Lancelot, with his buck teeth and his adenoids, and his pale, cove-oyster eye, and his funny clothes.

Lancelot during the war was missing from this country and we missed him. He was over yonder in a trench in Flanders, or in Northern France, or at the Dardanelles, or somewhere, justifying his right to life by the manner in which he surrendered it.

Once in so often Britain goes to war, and then Lancelot offers the best possible evidence that he inherited more from his ancestry than a monocle-eye and a capacity for brandy and soda. Quietly, modestly and unostentatiously he sets the example for the rest of his little island by going out and dying like a gentleman; and by dying so he proves to the world that,

no matter what her detractors may say, Britain still plenteously produces that one crop which, though she lack all others, yet gives a nation the right to endure among the nations of earth — men.

On the morning of my arrival at the cañon there arrived also a lady from somewhere back East, traveling alone, who undertook to walk down the cañon and back up again the same day. One like her comes about once in so often. This lady had a determined manner and one of those figures that seem to overlap. Just by looking at her you knew that the men folks of her family, on both sides, for several generations back had been what are known as steady providers. Also, instinctively as it were, you gathered that she was prominent in reform movements, uplift waves and clubs generally; she had that air about her.

They argued with her — the guides and others — when, after taking a look into that mighty void, she announced her intention of making the journey up and down Bright Angel Trail afoot; they tried to dissuade her. But, no; this lady was not to be deterred. She stated that she would just stroll down during the forenoon and eat her lunch, and pluck a few wild flowers at Indian Gardens, which she could see very plainly from where she stood, and then in the afternoon she would stroll back.

She outlined the undertaking quite calmly but quite positively. Mountain climbing, she

said, was nothing new in her experience; she had done it before — often. She did not realize that, before a layman or a laywoman tackles the Grand Cañon afoot, the person should practice climbing up Mount Washington and sliding down it a few thousand times. And then, through long practice, when he — or she — is able to climb all the way up without panting and slide all the way down without bruising, the candidate, merely reversing the process, is almost ready to do the Grand Cañon trip under leg power. She did not realize this and she would not listen to advice.

Possibly distance deceived her. Except when Captain Hance, the official fictionist of the Grand Cañon, was stretching the truth for the benefit of a trusting tourist, everything out in that Arizona country, by reason of the rarefied atmosphere, seemed much closer than it really was. Possibly she wished to save the money she must spend for a mule and a guide if she did the Bright Angel in the regular way; but where, I maintain — where is the economy of saving a dollar or so when you are going to take a pair of broad, dependable feet, such as this lady owned, and treat them in such a way that they are never again the same feet they were?

Possibly she wished to show her independence of the entire male sex. At that, she might have had a lady mule to ride; there were plenty of mules belonging to the gentler sex in the hotel corral. She had a lunch packed up and put on

her walking skirt, and she adjusted her glasses and started down alone and afoot and very confident.

We started, too, but on muleback and in another direction. I was riding a mule, with a neat pompadour on her high, intellectual forehead and a carefully shingled tail, named Chiquita, meaning, in Spanish, Little One; which was a joke, because this mule was not little. The time before when I visited the cañon I rode a mule called Martha. I rode her for three days; and never after that, they told me, was she the mule she had been. She seemed to pine away and grow morose; and every time another fat man appeared in riding togs and the guide approached her, bearing a saddle, she laid down on her side and uttered low moans. I judge she suffered from melancholia or something of that general nature; so now I had Chiquita for a mount.

We headed down the Hermit Trail. When we came to the first sign post on the journey Chiquita stopped dead still and read what it said. And when she read that we had gone only eight hundred feet below the level of the rim and had yet nearly four thousand feet to go, measuring straight downward — or nine miles as the trail ran — realization seemed to come to her, and she turned and put her head on my shoulder and sobbed out the sorrow of her heart. I joined with her; for I remember that it had been more than a year since I had ridden in a saddle, and this was a very hard

saddle. And I am tender, if you get my meaning. There, on the narrow ledge overhanging the abysmal depths, our tears mingled.

Shortly afterward my attention was distracted. The scientist with the whiskers sat down in his white-duck riding pants on a cactus bed. But, before that, the young lady from Waukesha pulled her mule out of line and hurried him forward from the middle of the cavalcade to the head of it, so she might ask Shorty, who was our chief guide for that day, some questions that had been accumulating and backing up in her during the earlier stages of the expedition. She had been repeatedly assured in various quarters that she was perfectly safe, and that the trail was perfectly safe, and that everything was perfectly safe; but still she craved confirmation from an expert and experienced source.

"Now tell me honestly," she demanded: "isn't there any danger at all connected with this ride?"

"Ma'am," said Shorty seriously, "since you put it up to me that way, I ain't going to deceive you. If Slim's wife is running things down to the foot of the trail everything is all right, and you needn't worry; but if she should 'a' happened to leave camp and Slim should be doing the cooking, and we should have to eat his cooking to-night for supper, this shore is what you might call a perilous journey."

That satisfied her for a while; but presently

she saw one of those little monuments of piled-up boulders the cañon prospectors leave behind them to mark the locations of their mining claims, and she wanted to know what that was. The guides are always set and loaded for that question; they know that some time during the trip, sooner or later, it is coming, and they are primed for it.

"That, ma'am," said Shorty in an Alas-poor-Yorick-I-knew-him-well tone, "is the grave of a poor old trail guide."

Shorty was waiting for some one of the party to ask what caused the death of the late lamented, so that he might reply, according to the ancient ritual, that he was talked to death by tourists, when the scientist made his mistake. The scientist had joined us at the last moment, wearing an outfit of gorgeous and luxuriant red whiskers, a pair of form-fitting white-duck riding breeches, and an air of deep abstraction. Why a person so concerned with the serious aspects of life elected, even for a day, to join an assorted group of more or less frivolous-minded strangers was past telling.

With half an eye, one could tell that behind the crimson ramblers lurked a mind which would see in the beauties of the heavens only an opportunity to slip up behind some playful, twittering little comet that never had done him any harm and try to throw scientific salt on its tail. To him the Grand Cañon was only worth while as offering an opportunity to prowls about

in it and knock little dornicks off of it with a hammer, and then to label them and classify them, and from study of them to try to find out their mother's age.

Figuring out the birthdays of a Grand Cañon may be an absorbing occupation to such as care for that sort of thing, but they do not make exciting companions. When they sit still and think they are static, and when they talk they are statistical.

For an hour or so he rode with us, saying never a word. Then we came to a breathing place, where the trail widened out into a little shelflike ledge hanging over a cranny a thousand feet or so deep, and he dismounted from his mule; and, the better to rest himself, he threw his person prone on the earth at a spot where intermittent desert verdure sprouted. I imagined that he specialized in astronomy and geology rather than in botany. Probably up until that time all members of the vegetable kingdom had looked alike to him.

He dropped down right where a sprout of cactus grew, which was set thick with long, prickly spines; and, as I have already told you, he was wearing snug-fitting duck pants. He rose, as you might say, practically immediately. Once in the German trenches before Rheims I was present when a shell from the French lines dropped almost between the spraddled legs of a correspondent as he sat on a pile of turf, and at the time I thought he got from there in a

fairly brisk manner; but — shucks! alongside of our scientist he was practically a stationary object. It was almost like an optical delusion.

“Oh, see,” you said to yourself, “the professor is going to lie down! Now he’s down—no, by Jove! he isn’t; he’s up! He’s away up and going higher. Just see him go! Surely he won’t go any higher? It isn’t possible for anything human to ascend any higher on its own steam? Well, heavens alive, if he isn’t up two or three feet more! Why, the man is part bird! He should take up flying as a regular thing — he soars so readily and so well. Soaring is his natural gait. I wonder if he’ll ever come down?”

Shorty’s fears were unfounded. Slim was not doing the cooking when we reached the camp at the foot of Hermit Trail. Mrs. Slim was in charge, and very soon we discovered that she knew a good deal about bringing out the best points of biscuit dough and frying-size beefsteaks and flap-jack batter. I noticed a lot of modern improvements that had taken place in the camp since my last call.

There were even some patent fire extinguishers, shaped like Roman candles, hanging upon the walls of the mess hall. Somehow they looked a little bit out of place away down there in the bowels of the earth; but I guess they were regarded as necessary, for, though the cañon may never catch fire, being constructed almost exclusively of strictly noninflammable materials,

the camp might. And, seeing that the nearest regular paid fire department is about ninety miles away across the desert, with a gash a mile deep and thirteen miles wide in between, you might safely figure that if a fire broke out, say, on a Thursday, and the alarm were sent in promptly, it would be along about Sunday afternoon before the engines showed up; and by that time the fire would probably have grown tired of waiting for them and quit of its own accord.

Late the next day, as we were nearing the top of the cañon, we met a lone guide coming down with a burro pack train, and he stopped long enough to tell us the finish of the story concerning the iron-jawed lady who had insisted, the morning before, on walking down.

Shortly before dusk of the same day someone passing through the Indian Gardens had heard her pants for help, and he telephoned up; and a rescue expedition was organized and sent down for the lady. She made the return trip on a mule or a couple of mules — I forget which — with a guide walking at each side, holding her hands; and when she reached the rim she went to pieces like a glass snake.

Yes, I shall be trailing the Simple Tourist in Arizona before long. If I should not meet him there I shall seek him along the coast; and if I fail to discover a typical specimen either in San Francisco or in San Diego I shall look in the mirror — and there I know I shall find one.

CHAPTER XVI

LOUISIANA

"The Flavor Lasts"

A GOOD many people think of Louisiana in terms of New Orleans. I prefer to think of her as in terms of herself with New Orleans as a preeminent but not necessarily a predominant detail of the retrospective image.

To these outsiders the State presents herself merely as the setting for the city. To me she is a jeweled mosaic, having the city for her chief ornamentation; not a solitaire design, but a cluster of gems, with one especially splendid gem aglow in the heart of the matrix.

To me, also, the State, considered apart, is even more attractive than the city. Louisiana, after many times of revisiting, still holds the lazy charm she has held through all these years since she revealed herself to me as something else and other than an orange-colored segment in my geography map. The first Spanish moss I ever saw, excepting in story-books, was dangling like scalp-locks from the limbs of a Loui-

siana tree — a gnarled, half dead live-oak that stood on the edge of a clearing, like some crippled but defiant old warrior flaunting his grim trophies in the face of the ax-man before plunging into the thickets behind him. The picture has been with me ever since.

The first ripening sugar-cane I ever saw — infinitely richer looking than the straggly sorghum patches four or five hundred miles to the northward, whence I came — was in Louisiana. And the pecan trees there were so much more numerous, although no taller perhaps than those in the Border South where I was born, and the magnolias grew wild and thick, whereas ours had been planted. For this was the heart of the Far South.

Next to a field of yellowing maize I call a tobacco patch in midsummer the noblest appearing thing that grows for man's profit. But to my way of thinking, sugar-cane comes third. Oats are ornamental and cotton is decorative. The burnished wheat, as it ripples in the wind, is all poetry and the little lisping song it sings when the breeze freshens at evening is the true song of the fecund summer. Tall corn in a bottomland, with the wild morning glories coiling about its stalks, and its cutlass blades rasping together, has an incomparable majesty and dignity; and the tobacco plants make you think of nappy vellum, costly and luxurious.

But these close-ranked rows of the cane, shutting off whatever is behind them as with

a lush green curtain — they have mystery, and the lure of the tropics is in them. You feel that did you part those sappy, jointed stems and penetrate to the farther side, you should, by rights, find date palms and parrots there, and somewhere on beyond, chattering apes and the ruined temples of old Aztec gods.

The moss and the cane and the bay blossoms in the swamps — I shall carry these images always in my mind, and when I think of Louisiana I must think of them too. She fixed her spell on me then, away back yonder in that earlier day, and I have never lost it and hope never to lose it.

The oil developments of these latter years have made greasy and unwholesome splotches on her face. Where the sawmillers have done their derndest there are wide desolate strips of cut-over timberland studded with the stumps that are as so many grave-markers for a slain beauty, and in between them the spindly loblolly pines sway like ghosts of dead forest monarchs walking here in the empty aisles of one of civilization's slaughter-houses. And some of her more northerly towns have lost their tribal character — thanks be to, or curses on, the persuasive patterns for modern bungalows printed in the Sunday papers and the monthly magazines.

But almost anywhere off the beaten path, Louisiana yet is what she used to be — the unflawed emerald of the States. As that

familiar advertising slogan for a chewing-gum or a patent tooth-brush or whatever it was, puts it — "The Flavor Lasts!"

Whereas New Orleans has greatly changed. The ancient spirit which made her the most distinctive and, to a great many, the most fascinating of the larger American communities, has almost totally been blotted out. The casing remains but the perfume has been dissipated; only once in a while now do you catch a reminiscent and tantalizing whiff of it lingering like the smell of old lavender in a cedar cabinet.

The life seems to have died out of her French quarter. For the truth of the matter is that when the Eighteenth Amendment walked in at the front door, romance jumped out of the window and took it on the run and hasn't come back, and isn't expected back, either. The famous old French Market is a shabby ghost of a name. Mardi Gras is a commercialized gesture to former light-heartedness, repeated annually — more a commemoration now than a festival. The French Opera is no more. But there is a snappy Rotary Club!

I think they are almost forgetting how to play naturally and spontaneously and without taking aim beforehand. And yet there was a time when New Orleans people did know how to play, in the care-free fashion which is so common in San Francisco and so rare elsewhere on this continent. That passion for a concerted morality, to regulate the individual

moralties of the private citizen, is doing its work here, actually on the soil of New Orleans, most ungenial of all soils for its culture, I should have said, had you asked me ten years back or five years, even. Where we are concerned with minding our neighbor's business we are so apt to make it our sole business — and our sport and our pleasure as well. In illustration I would cite a personal experience.

Last winter, being marooned in New Orleans over a Sunday, I was denied the right to buy cigars at the hotel where I stayed. Nor could I gratify my sinful yearnings at any orthodox tobacconist's in the neighborhood. By order, every cigar case in every shop was locked.

A good Samaritan took pity on me. He gave me directions. I walked three blocks and around a corner into a dingy district and procured admittance to a pool-room with the air about it of being maintained for illicit practises. After the proprietor had convinced himself by questioning that I neither was an informer nor a disguised officer, he sold me, as a special favor, some evil-looking dark brown rolls of a brand unknown to me.

They resembled sections of blasting fuse, these wares of my dubious friend the cigarlegger, but they had their merits. They combined exercise for the respiratory organs with a gratification of the smoke craving, and at the same time made a food substitute. If you smoked one before luncheon you wanted no luncheon.

Probably if you had smoked one after luncheon you would want only a convenient place to put the luncheon. I didn't adventure this far, though. I am bold and hardy and willing always to take a sporting chance, but I trust I am not a plain idiot. Besides, any time I show off to prove how gallant I am I desire an audience, and on this occasion I was traveling alone.

Here then was a touch of the new New Orleans — rampant Sabbatarianism and Blue Law triumphant in what once was the most care-free city, and, with the possible exception of Quebec, the most Old Worldly city on this continent, north of the Mexican line.

On the night previous, immediately after my arrival, another equally illuminating incident befell. A resident who was an old acquaintance met me; he said I looked travel-worn; he judged I needed refreshment. So he took me to his club — one of the leading clubs — and led me in a smelly dark closet back of the washroom and from some hidden recess produced a flat pint vial and invited me to join him in a libation on the altar of fellowship.

I told him that I was one of those anti-Volsteaders who did not touch the hard stuff; that my opposition was based on my principles and not on my appetite; that some of my Prohibitionist friends might find this hard to believe; that he himself might find it hard to believe; but it was the truth. So he hoist in a fiery

snort and, after his eyes had quit streaming and he had quit gasping and choking, he proceeded to lament the passing of the old times, with their grace-notes of courtesy and hospitality.

I could grieve with him, but I was not prepared altogether to agree when he said it was the Dry Law which had worked such changes in the town he loved with the love which a son has for his mother. For native New Orleanians have for her a depth of affection which is deep and sincere and undying.

Granted that statutory aridity was a main contributory cause, I contended that the leveling influence which variously expresses itself in a rubber-stamp culture, in sumptuary legislation, in volunteer associations of Their Brothers' Keepers, in the dissemination of standardized modes of thought and conduct, punched out like dies or buttonholes, was at last claiming New Orleans for its very own, as already it had claimed so many populous centers, north, west and east, making people more prosperous, perhaps, and probably making them more docile under restraint, but surely making them duller. Its civic symbol is the skyscraper. There is romance in skyscrapers — and all about us, as we stood there, skyscrapers rose thick and fine; but it is not the romance which a Frenchman can appreciate, nor yet a man reared in a Gallicized atmosphere as this man had been.

He nodded in gloomy assent and emptied his clandestine flask and gave a melancholy sigh

and then we parted and he went home to listen in, I think, on the radio. He had the look about him of a man who was going home to listen in on the radio. You know the look, I'm sure — so many have it now who once were blithe and gay.

The next day, as I have said, was a Sunday and, having much time to kill, I spent a good part of it in aimless ramblings along the narrow rutted sidewalks of the older faubourgs on the farther side of Canal Street.

Physically these districts had changed but little since last I strolled through them. There were doorways for painters to rave over, and balconies that were floating dreams of cobwebby ironwork, and marvelous, moldy old inner patios opening through crumbling arches, and a hundred happy tricks and quirks of accidental architecture such as are to be found nowhere else on American soil, but something — yes, the something — was gone.

It couldn't be because I was growing older that I had this feeling. The very vital essence that once made New Orleans what she was — the note which Lafcadio Hearn played on and Cable in his novels has immortalized — was to be sensed not by its presence but, lamentably, by its absence.

Be it made known, though, that at least two of the institutions which always have given savor to the city yet abide, undiluted and undiminished. Creole New Orleans has more of

good manners and of good cookery, than any spot of like size in this sobered world. To one aspect of this complimentary distinction I presently — and briefly — shall hark back.

Confirmed believers in the perfect loveliness of the present plan for compulsory abstinence in the matters of malt, spirituous and vinous liquors will be well-advised not to pursue the ensuing paragraphs. They will be shocked and they will take violent issue with what I have to say.

But on the other hand, if perchance you believe, as I do, that the socializing of primitive man really began after, firstly, he kindled a blaze of logs to warm his body without, and secondly, concocted some soothing distillation or fermentation to warm his belly within — for surely the first peace council must have been held around a fire and over a jorum — why, then, in such case you may with impunity read what follows.

In New Orleans nearly everybody drank and not so very many got drunk. Drinking had been refined by contact with and the example of members of that race who first elevated the custom of moderate indulgence to an art — the French, and also the descendants of the French.

This state of affairs bred specialists. There was one place in which they mixed only a certain distinctive sort of cocktail. Lest I be accused of flirting with things accursed, I shall not name that cocktail. But you knew the

place where it was served by its sign of a blue gamecock crowing lustily for more of the same. There was the Absinthe House, so-called, and — oh, precious, poignant memory — there was Ramos'.

Here you got such gin fizzes as never were elsewhere on land or on sea. A Ramos gin fizz was made according to a private recipe of its illustrious discoverer; it then was shaken for upward of ten minutes — which to the famishing patron seemed ten hours; shaken not by machinery but by hand, lovingly and thoroughly and painstakingly. It then became most fair to look upon and fairer still to the taste — a frothing vision, chilled and soothing and seductive — yes, indeed, exceedingly seductive. As proof of which this testimony is offered.

Once upon a time there came to New Orleans a group of Eastern tourists — captains and first mates of finances out of New England and the North Atlantic states, grave men, important men, men of weight and substance. They were touring the South to establish close commercial relations with the North. They were legates, if you will, plenipotentiaries, ambassadors of the monetary power.

The titular head of the Massachusetts delegation, and its chief spokesman, was typical of a certain breed of banking presidents. Seeing him, you felt at once that here was one who in early life had learned the great but short and

simple lesson so essential to success in the banking business; he had learned to say *no*. Offhand, you would have said also that in his wintry soul it was always snowing. He had an eye in his head like an undertaker's night bell. In his cheeks were those little blue and red varicose threads such as you find on the fields of new U. S. treasury notes.

Sartorially he conformed to the conventions. He wore the ethical flat-topped derby hat which for forty years — ever since Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Senior, dedicated one to that intention — has been the official symbol for veteran conservatism and sound principles in the Eastern marts of trade. He wore too the high collar, shorn away in front to show he had nothing to conceal. It was like refining pure gold, yea, like painting the lily, but he also wore close-trimmed white side-whiskers, as standing for old-fashioned probity.

Members of the local entertainment committee lured this gentleman, with certain of his confrères, into Ramos' and there plied him with Ramos gin fizzes. After the second one it is claimed that almost a human light came into his eye. He said, speaking dreamily, that but one thing now was required to make complete his visit to these hospitable parts — he desired only that some one should take him in a pirogue along some old bayou so that he might bask in the moonlight and inhale the perfumes of the jessamine flower, and across the sleeping

fields, from a far-off cabin, catch the mellow plunk of a darky minstrel's old banjo, and even sing some old plantation glee or roundelay. In fact, at this very moment he felt a desire to burst into song stealing over him.

He was clearing his throat preparatory to beginning, when, at this juncture, something interfered with his purpose. It was a third Ramos gin fizz. He drained it at a single draft. He then voiced a deep admiration for the South, its traditions and its aspirations. Personally, he always had felt that there was a good deal to be said on both sides of the Secession issue and, after giving the matter due consideration, it was his deliberate opinion that the Abolitionists had gone entirely too far. He spoke as a strong Southern sympathizer from the North, and he didn't care who heard him, either.

After the fourth Ramos he rose to his feet, assisted by two or three friends, and invited the entire company to join him in giving three rousing cheers for President Jefferson Davis and the Bonny Blue Flag that bore but a Single Star. Then came the final touch, to prove the softening influences of four Ramos gin fizzes. He drew a hundred dollar bill from his pocket and announced that he wished to break it, provided only he was quite sure that all his change would be in Confederate money.

Have I somewhat exaggerated? Is the moving scene I just have depicted an imaginary

one? Well, perhaps, but remember, I have been striving to produce an effect. And any skilled dramatist will tell you it is only through exaggeration that the effect of a verity is to be attained.

But suppose — and here is the point I am trying to make — suppose that wealthy gentleman were to come now to New Orleans on another mission of promoting harmony and good feeling between the sections.

What form, perforce, would the entertainment of the hosts take? What could they do for their distinguished guest, did he thirst, save to steer him into a broom closet behind a club lavatory and let him lave his palate with a swig out of a bottle warmed by being carried on a good scout's hip? And then what contribution, vocally, could he make to the ideal of a reunited country, excepting maybe a few sincere and heartfelt hiccoughs?

Mind you, I am not quarreling with the judgments handed down to us by our present rulers — the Honorable Wayne Wheeler from his seat of government in Washington, the Honorable William Anderson from his recent seat in Sing Sing, and others. On my own hook I merely am presenting a simple, wistful little hypothetical question of my own.

Slight reference was made a few paragraphs back to the subject of Creole cooking. I threatened that anon I meant to return to this topic. I am keeping my word.

Speaking by and large, I claim that next to the English, the Americans are the worst cooks among the higher white races. We have not the excuses that the English have for their culinary shortcomings, either. The Englishman's range of provender comparatively is circumscribed and limited, while ours is both broad and comprehensive.

Where, in special sections, we stick to the special dishes of those sections, our performances are noteworthy. Indeed, locally we attain some handsome results, as witness the Boston baked bean and the buckwheat cake of Down East; the seafood dishes of the upper Atlantic coast; the scrapple and fried apple of Pennsylvania; the Mexicanized dainties of California; the terrapin and canvas-back of the Eastern Sho'; the specialties of Baltimore and Norfolk; the Brunswick stew and barbecue of the Middle South; and so on and so forth.

But where, lacking distinctive modes of cookery, we embark on foreign seas, there is but one word to utter. The word is *wowie!* Take those Southern hotels where native cooks of color endeavor to make good on the promises set forth in menus that have been copied by ambitious proprietors from the menus of big city hotels with their Hungarian and Teutonic and Slavic chefs. Or take the attempts of side-street restaurant keepers in New York to achieve typical Southern dishes. You turn out of Broadway into any one of the Forties and

by the evidence that is borne to your nose you are in doubt whether what you smell is the hot masterpiece of a purveyor just up from the East Side and featuring the supposedly distinctive dishes of Dixieland or some asphalt cooking for a job of street repairing.

Have you, in your time, eaten a real waffle? Then you appreciate, without my telling you, that the common New York variety is not a waffle at all. It is not even an imitation. Though it lacks the customary "Welcome" done in red letters on its upper side, you know what it is and know that where it belongs is not on the table but just outside the front door.

Along with it they like to give you *chicken à la Maryland* as concocted according to the New York version. But in Maryland they would regard it as sufficient reason for lynching the perpetrator. Consider briefly this offering:

To begin with, there is part of the carcass of an emu, or perhaps of a young ostrich — the hock joint certainly seems to suggest the ostrich — fried criminally in a lardy batter, then drenched with liquid kite-paste and invariably accompanied by an alleged corn-fritter, which last-named is a flabby but durable and highly resistant article, dripping with sogginess and tasting a good deal like a blotting-pad that has seen hard usage in the timekeeper's office of a crude-oil refinery.

It is a barbarism and an offense against the repute of all honest chickens, a libel on the fair

name of Maryland. For down there, when they promise you chicken, chicken is what they serve you; cassowaries and secretary birds are debarred. And no Marylander ever would think of warming up some flour and some car-grease together in a pan and calling the mixture gravy.

After eating Southern dishes — Manhattan style — in New York, to go to New Orleans and eat real Southern dishes is, for any man who respects his palate and his stomach, much like taking a trip to an epicure's paradise. It is there — in New Orleans, I mean — that the very best products of ancient and honorable Southern kitchens are blended with what is most savory in French cookery.

To my way of thinking it is even better than the best of the French cooking, seeing that the New Orleans chefs have all the arts and adornments of their Latin ancestors at their fingertips, plus the resources of a variety of food-stuffs and Louisiana-grown condiments and sauces unknown in Europe. And what the master chef at any one of three or four New Orleans restaurants which I might name can do with Bayou Cook oysters and with lake shrimp and with river shrimp, and with crayfish, and with crabs, and with that finny tidbit of Gulf waters known as the pompano! And what he does do with them! And his gumbos and his jambalas and his other rice dishes! Hush your mouth, man!

And have you, perchance, ever drunk genuine Creole coffee with spices and a bitter orange in it, and brought to you with brandy blazing on its inky fragrant surface?

You do not sleep after drinking a couple of cups of Creole coffee. Through the silent watches of the night you circle around and around restlessly, with the eyes wide open. But this does not mean that you deliberately are staging an imitation of a goldfish. You merely are paying the penalty for having taken one demitasse too many of the extracted, sublimated, glorified soul of the coffee-bean. It's worth the price, too—the memory of that aromatic salute to the senses.

Once upon a time, being seduced by certain poetic words of Thackeray, I made a special trip to a certain café in Paris to eat *bouillabaisse*. I found it distinctly worth while. Later I went to Marseilles, the home of this dish, and there ate it again and found it better. And then I came back to America and ate it at Antoine's in New Orleans and found it best of all.

At the risk of being repetitious I must say it again: Prohibition or other causes may have cramped New Orleans' style, but in cookery, as in courtesy to the stranger, she still is, and I trust may always be, the queen-mother city of the habitable globe.

The upper part of the State, taking one thing with another, rather is lacking in outstanding characteristics and only moderately is pictur-

esque — levee-guarded alluviums, pine-covered uplands, truck patches, plantations, cotton-field, rice-field, cotton-field again, and a sprinkled succession of towns monotonously alike. It's just average Down South, excepting that the vegetation is ranker and more tangly and the colored population denser than you would find in a hill country.

Mountain scenery has no lure for the Afro-American. Even had not the demands for manual labor in the slavery day colonized him there, he long ago would have gravitated, naturally and inevitable, to the flatlands, where the soil needs but little coaxing and the creek yields catfish.

He is numerous enough up-state, but in the Black Belt parishes he outnumbered the whites six, eight, ten or, in at least one instance, fifteen to one, and collectively constitutes what we call a Question. Out of a jungle he came originally and another jungle has marked him. There is a method of spreading warnings or alarms faster than a man could travel on horseback — a mystery which no white man has learned to copy or yet has fathomed. African travelers have told about it in books; it is in common use in Zululand, they say. And in interior Louisiana the African telegraphs in precisely the same fashion and with equal speediness carries news from one to another of the scattered black settlements; or my informants are the greatest liars unhung.

A field hand will turn moody, morose, sullen. This continues one day, or two or three. Then he drops his hoe and slips away, a furtive dark shadow, into the deep woods. Presently, out of those woods, the sound carrying for long distances, comes the roll of the tom-tom. He is astraddle of a hollow gum log, drumming upon it with two sticks in a throbbing, rhythmic *tunk-tunk, tunk-tunk, tunk-atunk-atunk*.

Back among the white man's cotton rows his fellows hear the call. They grow restless; presently the swamp also has swallowed them up. No white man knows what goes on there, but perhaps on the plantation is some wrinkled, sinister black crone who by neighborhood repute is a high priestess of the Voodoo. And she suddenly is missing from her cabin. A dozen other cabins are empty.

All that night, without pause, the drums are uttering their ominous thunder. In the morning the truants come straggling home, coated with muck, staggering from exhaustion, half dead for lack of sleep. It may not happen often, but according to reports which I deem to be trustworthy, it happens often enough to make out a proven case.

It is with a condition of which such a thing as this merely is a phase — a condition demonstrating itself daily in some difficult fashion — with which the dominant Caucasian minority in these negro parishes has to contend. That he is able at all to contend with it and, more

than that, to endure as constant master of the situation, is a tribute to his courage as well as to his adaptability. And sometimes it really does seem to irk him that well-meaning but meddlesome philanthropists a thousand miles away, who know nothing at first-hand of the facts confronting him, should seek to enforce upon his attention their benevolent theories touching upon the solution of the race puzzle.

What he should remember is that, speaking by sections, we are great hands in this country for nosing into other folks' affairs. New Englanders scold the Southerner for his attitude along lines of color. Amateur Southern sociologists — in and out of Congress — arise to tell the North how it may handle its immigration issue and cure its problems of congestion and alien influxes. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and Connecticut patriots were strongly worked up over child labor in the cotton states — as well they might be — until they discovered that, at their own very doors, were similar factory abuses just as flagrant and just as cruel.

The East dearly loves to advise the Far West concerning its Asiatic menace. Personally, I am inclined to believe that any moderately intelligent citizen of San Francisco or Portland better is fitted to decide how and when the incoming streams of brown and yellow men should be curtailed or shut off than the most public-spirited individual in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, is.

At the same time, while I can appreciate that the Californian may view with alarm the industrial and agrarian Orientalizing of his State, I never could figure out why he should permit himself to become all worked up, about once in so often, by a Japanese war scare. It seems to me that this last is one peril which has been exaggerated. The little fatalist from Nippon may be a gallant warrior — who was it said he couldn't see any pleasure in the prospect of fighting a fellow who thought you were doing him a personal favor by killing him? — but, in the event of an invading force landing on our Western Coast, I, for one, shouldn't be so very deeply worried as regards the enemy's artillery work. Did you ever try to light one of those genuine Swedish parlor matches such as our Japanese friends make, and then sell to us?

It is away down the State, in the land of the bayous and the salt marshes — the Acadian Country — that one finds the Louisiana which most powerfully appeals to this witness. There are the truest tropics to be found in the Union. To my way of thinking, not even the tip of the Florida Peninsula, stretching further southward by hundreds of miles as it does, can measure up, in this detail of a tropical setting, to this part of Louisiana.

True, lower Florida has the coconut palm and infrequently the mahogany tree, and lower Louisiana has neither of these, but there is to the mangrove keys a naked aspect and to the

mainland a sandiness and a sparsity of verdure which seem barren and skimpy when compared with the luxuriousness of growth and the variety of faunal life on the Gulf Shore west and southwest of New Orleans.

Ornithologists say that there is the last refuge of the Carolina paroquet and the ivory-billed woodpecker, noblest and wariest of the log-tappers, a veritable king of the tall timber. I can testify that here are to be encountered in sizable flocks rare wading birds which practically are extinct elsewhere in America — the scarlet ibis and the glossy, and the snowy heron and the roseate spoonbill, and once in a while — although I never saw one myself — a few specimens of that most gorgeous of all the long-legged fowl, the flamingo. And on Avery Island are black bears larger than any other black bears in the world — bears regarded by the naturalists as forming a separate and distinct species.

Howsoever, I would not recommend to the tourist that he visit these wilder and more remote parts in the summer. For they tell me that then the biting and the stinging insects have their innings, and the cotton-mouth moccasin suns himself on the mud along the great Intercoastal Canal, and the diamond-back rattler is abroad on his business, and occasionally one may run into that girdled streak of fanged lightning, that serpent which of all the venomous serpents in sub-temperate North

America is the rarest and the most beautiful — the coral snake of the palmetto scrub. But pretty is as pretty does. This customer certainly has some mighty unpleasant ways about him.

When cooler weather comes and there is a suspicion of a frosty snap in the air, sufficiently keen to drive the heat-loving vermin to cover, and the duck and the geese and the brant and the snipe sweep down from the North to winter in these marshes, then it is that Louisiana offers to the gunner and to the nature-lover such sport as no other part of the United States can match. It takes a born liar to tell the truth about the wild fowl flights on Pecan Island.

Many a time before, other travelers have told in print of the agreeable shocks that come to the visitor to the Evangeline Country — entering a corner of the Union where Americans of four or five or six generations, both white and black, speak only in the patois of medieval France; where whole days may pass and the stranger hear no single word rendered in English; where French peasant customs prevail and French communal life persists; where colored nuns glide past one in their swishing black draperies; where a yellow-legs is "*klook klook*" and a widgeon is "*zin zin*" and a jack-snipe is "*cache cache*" and a robin is "*greve*" and any tiny chippering bird of the warblers or the sparrows or the finches is "*titite*"; where every family is a clan and a big one; where curious fas-

cinating ethnological and linguistic contradictions meet one at every turning.

But no descriptionist, however gifted, ever has been competent to paint a proper picture of the languorous splendor of a trip on Vermillion Bayou in the time of the blooming of the water hyacinth when the breeze is a perfumed caress and the sky a blue benediction bending down over endless panoramas of vivid beauty. And, in my humble opinion, nobody ever will describe it, either, until there arises among us a genius who can do such tricks with the written word as never yet have been done.

The intermingling of the two cultures — Anglo-Saxon and Gallic — produces some curious bits of freakiness in the Land of the Cajuns. One night in camp I asked my guide to play on his treasured violin some of the airs he played for picnics and infares among his own people up in Cameron Parish. As he poised the bow, I lay back on my bunk expecting to hear some quaint *chanson* of the Quebec voyageur, some haunting, languishing thing that a *courier du bois* sang centuries ago before the guide's exiled forebears were brought from Nova Scotia to the French possessions of the South. He played for me "Turkey in the Straw" and, for an encore, "Pop Goes the Weazel."

I do so delight to happen upon one of these quaint Old World touches right here in the heart of the U. S. A.!

CHAPTER XVII

OVER THE LINE

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and a Moose or Two

AT the outset, when our expedition was still in the preparatory stages, we collectively knew a few sketchy details regarding the general architectural plan and outward aspect of the moose. One of us had once upon a time, years and years before, shot at or into — this point being debatable — a moose up in Maine. Another claimed that in his youth he had seriously annoyed a moose with buckshot somewhere in Quebec. The rest of us had met the moose only in zoos with iron bars between us and him or in dining-halls, where his head, projecting in a stuffed and mounted condition from the wall, gave one the feeling of dining with somebody out of the Old Testament. Speaking with regard to his family history, we understood he was closely allied to the European elk — the Unabridged told us that — and we gathered that viewed at a distance, he rather suggested a large black mule with a pronounced Roman

nose and a rustic hat-rack sprouted from between his ears. Also, through our reading upon the subject, we knew that next to the buffalo he was the largest vegetarian in North America and, next to a man who believes in the forecast of a campaign manager on the eve of an election, the stupidest native mammal that we have. By hearsay we had been made aware that he possessed a magnificent sense of smell and a perfectly wonderful sense of hearing, but was wofully shy on the faculty of thought, the result being that while by the aid of his nose and his ear he might all day elude you, if then perchance you did succeed in getting within gunning range of him he was prone to remain right where he was, peering blandly at you and accommodately shifting his position so as to bring his shape broadside on, thereby offering a better target until you, mastering the tremors of eagerness, succeeded in implanting a leaden slug in one of his vital areas.

But, offhand, we couldn't decide what the plural of him was. Still if the plural of goose were geese and the plural of mouse were mice it seemed reasonable to assume that the plural of moose should be mise. Besides, we figured that when we returned and met friends and told them about our trip it would sound more impressive, in fact more plural, to say that we had slain mise rather than that we had slaughtered moose. In the common acceptance of the term as now used, moose might mean one

moose or a herd of them, but mise would mean at least a bag of two of these mighty creatures and from two on up to any imaginable number.

One mentally framed the conversation:

"Well, I hear you've been up in Canada moose hunting." This is the other fellow speaking. "Kill any moose?"

"Kill any moose? Huh, we did better than that — we killed mise."

So by agreement we arranged that mise it should be. This being settled we went ahead with our plans for outfitting ourselves against our foray into the game country. We equipped ourselves with high-powered rifles, with patent bedding-rolls, with fanciful conceits in high boots and blanket overcoats. We bought everything that the clerk in the shop, who probably had never ventured north of the Bronx in all the days of his sheltered life, thought we should buy, including wicked looking sheath knives and hand axes to be carried in the belt, tomahawk fashion, and pocket compasses. Personally, I have never been able to figure out the exact value of a compass to a man adrift in a strange country. What is the use of knowing where north is if you don't know where you are? Nevertheless, I was prevailed upon to purchase a compass, along with upward of a great gross of other articles large and small which the clerk believed would be needful to one starting upon such an expedition as we contemplated. On my account he did a deal of

thinking. Not since the fall of 1917, when we were making the world safe for the sporting-goods dealers of America, could we have spent so busy and so happy an afternoon as the afternoon when I dropped in on him. It must have reminded him of those gone-by days when our Government, as viewed by the lay eye, did not seem to be producing anything with a view to conducting active hostilities excepting second lieutenants.

By past experience I should have known better than to permit myself to be swept off my feet by this tradesman's flood of suggestions and recommendations. Already I had an ample supply of khaki shirts that were endeared to me by associations of duck-hunting forays in North Carolina and chill evenings in an Adirondack camp and a memorable journey to Wyoming, where the sage-hen abides. I treasured a pair of comfortable hunting-boots that had gone twice with me to European battlefields, and down into the Grand Cañon and up again and across the California desert, without ever breeding a blister or chafing a shin. Among my most valued possessions I counted an ancient shooting-coat, wearing which I had missed quail in Kentucky, snipe on Long Island, grouse in Connecticut, doves in Georgia, and woodcock in New York State. Finally, had I but taken time for sober second consideration, I should have recalled that the guides I have from time to time known, considered themselves

properly accoutred for the chase when they put on the oldest suit of store clothes they owned and stuck an extra pair of wool socks in their pockets. But to the city-bred sportsman half the joy of going on a camping trip consists in getting ready for it.

That clerk had a seductive way about him; he had a positive gift. Otherwise I suppose he would have been handling some line which practically sells itself, such as oil stocks or mining shares. Under the influence of his blandishments I invested in a sweater of a pattern which he assured me was being almost exclusively favored by the really prominent moose-hunters in the current season, and a pair of corduroy hunting-pants which, when walked in, gave off a pleasant swishing sound like a soft-shoe dancer starting a sand jig. I was particularly drawn to these latter garments as being the most vocal pants I had ever seen. As I said before, I bought ever and ever so many other things; I am merely mentioning some of the main items.

We assembled the most impassive group of guides in the whole Dominion — men who, filled with the spirit of the majestic wilds, had never been known publicly to laugh at the expense of a tenderfooted stranger. They did not laugh at Harry Leon Wilson's conception of the proper equipment for a man starting upon such an excursion as this one. Wilson on being

wired an invitation to go on a hunt for moose promptly telegraphed back that to the best of his recollection he had not lost any moose, but that if any of his friends had been so unfortunate or so careless as to mislay one he gladly would join in the quest for the missing. He brought along an electric flashlight, in case the search should be prolonged after nightfall, a trout rod and a camera. The guides did not laugh at Colonel Tillinghast Houston's unique notion of buying an expensive rifle and a hundred rounds of ammunition and then spending his days in camp sitting in his tent reading a history of the Maritime Provinces in two large volumes. They did not laugh at Colonel Boze-
 man Bulger's overseas puttees or at Damon Runyon's bowie knife, or at Major McGeehan's eight-pound cartridge-belt — it weighed more than that when loaded — I am speaking of it, *net* — or at Frank Stevens' sleeping-cap or at Bill Macbeth's going-away hair-cut — the handiwork of a barber in a remote village, who plainly was a person looking with abhorrence upon the thought of leaving any hair upon the human neck when it is so easy to shave all exposed surfaces smooth and clean from a point drawn across the back of the head at the level of the tops of the ears on down as far as the rear collar button. He must have been a lover of the nude in necks, that barber. The guides did not laugh even at my vociferous corduroys which, at every step I took, went "*Hist,*

hist,” as though entreating their wearer to be quiet so they might the better be heard.

By a series of relay journeys we moved up across the line into Quebec, thence back again below the boundary and across the State of Maine, thence out of Maine into New Brunswick and to the thriving city of St. John, with its justly celebrated reversible falls which, by reason of the eccentricities of the tide, tumble upstream part of the time and downstream part of the time, thence by steamer across that temperamental body of water known as the Bay of Fundy, and so on into the interior of Nova Scotia. If anywhere on this continent there is a lovelier spot than the southern part of Nova Scotia in midfall I earnestly desire that, come next October, someone take me by the hand and lead me to it and let me rave. It used to be the land of Evangeline and the Acadians; now it is the land of the apple. You ran out of the finnan-haddie belt in and around Digby into the wonderful valley of the apples. On every hand are apples — on this side of the right-of-way, orchards stretching down to the blue waters of one of the most beautiful rivers in America, on that side, orchards climbing up the flanks of the rolling hills to where the combing of thick timber comes down and meets them; and everywhere, at roadside, on the verges of thickets, in pastures and old fields, are seedlings growing singly, in pairs and in clumps. They told us that the valley scenically

considered is at its best in the spring after the bloom bursts out upon the trees and the whole country-side turns to one vast pink and white bridal bouquet, but hardly can one picture it revealing itself as a more delectable vision than when the first frosts have fallen and every bough of every tree is studded with red and green and yellow globes and the scent of the ripened fruit rises like an incense of spices and wine.

The transition from the pastoral to the wilderness is abrupt. You leave Annapolis Royal in a motor car — that is, you do if you follow in our footsteps — and almost immediately you strike into the big game country. Not that the big game does not lap over into the settlements and even into the larger towns on occasion, for it does. It is recorded that on a certain day a full-grown moose — and a full-grown moose is almost the largest full-grown thing you ever saw — strolled through one of the principal streets of St. John and sought to enter — this being in the old sinful times — a leading saloon. A prominent lawyer of the same city told me that some four weeks before our arrival a woman client of his, living some two miles from the corporate limits, called him on the telephone at his office to ask his professional advice as to how legally she might go about getting rid of a bull moose which insisted on frequenting her orchard and frightening her children when they went to gather pippins. She felt, he said she said, that a lawyer was the

proper person to seek in the emergency that had arisen, seeing that the closed season for moose was still on and it would be unlawful to take a shot at the intruder, so what she particularly desired to know was whether she couldn't have him impounded for trespass or something.

But such things as these do not happen every day. Probably a man could spend months on end in St. John without seeing the first of the above-mentioned animals rambling down the sidewalk in the manner of a young moose-about-town and trying to drop into the place where the saloon used to be, only to back out again, with chagrin writ large upon his features, on discovering that the establishment in question had been transformed into a hat store.

To meet the moose where frequently he is and not merely where occasionally he is, one must go beyond the outlying orchards and on into the vasty expanse of the real moose country — hundreds of hundreds of miles of virgin waste, trackless except for game trails and portages across the ridges between waterways. It is a country of tamaracks and hemlocks, of maples and beech and birch, of berries and flowering shrubs, of bogs and barrens and swampy swales, of great granite bowlders left behind by the glaciers when the world was young and thawing, of countless lakes and brawling, white rapids and deep blue pools where, in the spawning season, the speckled trout are so thick that the small trout have to

travel on the backs of the larger ones to avoid being crushed in the jam. I did not see this last myself; my authority for the statement is my friend the veracious lawyer of St. John. But I saw all the rest of it — the woods wearing the flaunting war-paint colors of the wonderful Canadian Indian summer — crimson of huckleberry, tawny of tamarack, yellow of birch, scarlet of maple; the ruffed grouse strutting, unafraid as barnyard fowl and, thanks be to a three-year period of protection, almost as numerous as sparrows in a city street; the signs of hoofed and padded creatures crossing and criss-crossing wherever the earth was soft enough to register the foot tracks of wild things.

And if you want to know how New Brunswick looked after Nova Scotia, you are respectfully requested to reread the foregoing paragraph, merely leaving out some of the lakes and most of the bowlders.

On a flawless morning in a motor boat we crossed a certain lake, and I wish I knew the language that might serve to describe the glory of the colors that ringed that lake around and were reflected, to the last flame-tipped leaf and the last smooth white column of birchen trunk in its still waters, but I don't. I'll go further and say I can't believe Noah Webster had the words to form the picture, and he had more words than anybody up until the time Senator Borah went actively into politics. As for myself, I can only say that these colors fairly

crackled. There were hues and combinations of hues, shadings and contrasts such as no artist ever has painted and no artist ever will care to paint, either, for fear of being called a nature faker.

The scene shifts to our main camp. We have met our guides and have marveled at their ability to trot over steep up-and-down-hill portages carrying, each one of them, upon his back a load which no humane man would load on a mule, and have marveled still more when these men, having deposited their mountainous burdens at the farther end of the carry, go hurrying back across the ridge presently to reappear bearing upon their shoulders upturned canoes, their heads hidden inside the inverted interiors and yet by some magic gift peculiar to their craft, managing somehow to dodge the overhanging boughs of trees and, without losing speed or changing gait, skip along from one slick round-topped boulder top to another. Now we are in the deep woods, fifty miles from a railroad and thirty miles from a farmhouse. We sleep at night in canvas lean-tos, with log-fires at our feet; we wash our faces and hands in the lake and make high resolves — which we never carry out — to take dips in that same frosty water; we breakfast at sun-up and sup at dusk in a log shanty set behind the cluster of tents, and between breakfast and supper we seek, under guidance, for fresh meat and dining-room trophies.

We have come too late for the calling season, it seems. In the calling season Mr. Moose desires female society, and by all accounts desires it mightily. So the guide takes a mean advantage of his social cravings. Generally afoot, but sometimes in a canoe, he escorts the gunner to a likely feeding-ground or a drinking place and through a scroll of birch-bark rolled up in a megaphone shape, he delivers a creditable imitation of the call of the flirtatious cow moose. There are guides who can sound the love note through their cupped hands, but most of the fraternity favor the birchen cornucopia. The sound — part lonely bleat, part plaintive bellow — travels across the silent reaches for an incredible distance. Once when the wind was right there is record of a moose-call having been heard six miles away from where it was uttered, but in this case the instrumentalist was a half-breed Micmac Indian, the champion moose-caller of Nova Scotia and perhaps of the world.

In the bog where he is lying, or on the edge of the barren where he is feeding, the bull hears the pleading entreaty and thereby is grossly deceived. Forgetting the caution which guides his course at other times, he hurries where the deceiver awaits him, in his haste smashing down saplings, clattering his great horns against the tree boles, splashing through the water-brooks. And then when he bursts forth into the open, snorting and puffing and grunting, the hunter beholds before him a target which in that set-

ting and with that background looms like a grain elevator. Yet at a distance of twenty yards or thirty, he has been known to miss the mark clean and to keep on missing it, the while the vast creature stands there, its dull brain filled with wonder that the expected cow should not be where he had had every vocal assurance she would be, and seemingly only mildly disturbed by the crashing voice of the repeater and by the unseen, mysterious things which pass whistling over his back or under his belly as the gun quivers in the uncertain grasp of the over-anxious, buckague-stricken sportsman.

Once though he has made up his sluggish wits that all is not well for him in that immediate vicinity, he vanishes into deep cover as silently as smoke and as suddenly as a wink.

The mating time comes in mid-September and lasts about a month more or less; and since the open season does not begin until October the first, it behooves the hunter who wishes to bag his moose with the least amount of physical exertion on his own part to be in camp during the first two weeks of October, for after that the bull moose is reverting to bachelorhood again. He may answer the call, but the chances are that he will not. A little later on, after the snows have come, one may trail him with comparative ease. Besides, he is browsing more liberally then and consequently is moving pretty constantly. But between the time when the leaves begin to fall and the time when the snow

begins to fly he is much given to staying in the densest coverts he can find and doing the bulk of his grazing by night.

So he must be still-hunted, as the saying goes, and it is still-hunting that we are called upon to do. The guide takes his birch-bark horn along each morning when he starts out, carrying it under one arm and an ax under the other, and upon his back a pouch containing the ingredients for the midday lunch and the inevitable fire-blackened teapot which he calls always by the affectionate name of "kittle." He never speaks of stopping for lunch. When the sun stands overhead and your foreshortened shadow has snuggled up close beneath your feet like a friendly black puppy, he suggests the advisability of "biling a kittle," by which he means building a fire and making tea. So the pack between his shoulders is necessary but the moose call is largely ornamental; it is habit for him to tote it and tote it he does; but mainly he depends upon his eyes and his ears and his uncanny knowledge of the ways of the thing we aim to destroy.

Yes, they call it still-hunting and still-hunting it truly is so far as Louis Harlowe, the half-breed, or Sam Glode, the full-blood Micmac, or Charley Charlton, the head guide, is concerned, as he goes worming his way through the undergrowth in his soft-soled moccasins, instinctively avoiding the rotted twig, the loose bit of stone and the swishy bough. But the pair of us,

following in his footsteps, in our hard-bottomed, hob-nailed boots, our creaky leather gear and our noisy waterproofed nether garments, cannot, by the widest latitude in descriptive terminology, be called still hunters. Carrying small avalanches with us, we slide down rocky slopes which the guide on ahead of us, negotiated in pussy-footed style; and we blunder into undergrowth; and we trip over logs, and we flounder into bogs and out of them again with loud, churning sounds. Going into second on a hillside we pant like switch engines. I was two weeks behind with my panting when I came out of Canada and in odd times now I still pant briskly, trying to catch up.

Reaching level ground we reverse gears and halt to blow. Toward midafternoon, on the homebound hike, our weary legs creak audibly at the joints and our tired feet blunder and fumble among the dried leaves. We create all the racket which, without recourse to bass drums or slide trombones, it is humanly possible for a brace of overdressed, city-softened sojourners to create in deep woods, and still our guide — that person so utterly lacking in a sense of humor — speaks of our endeavor as still-hunting. If an ethical Nova Scotian guide — and all professional guides everywhere, so far as I have observed, are most ethical — were hired to chaperon Sousa's band on a still-hunt through the wilderness and on the way Mr. Sousa should think up a new march full of oom-

pahs and everything, and the band should practice it while cruising from bog to barren, the guide, returning to the settlements after the outing, would undoubtedly refer to it as a still-hunt.

In our own case, I trust that our eagerness in some measure compensated for our awkwardness. At least, we worked hard — worked until muscles that we never knew before we had, achingly forced themselves upon our attention. Yet, if for the first day or two our exertions brought us no reward in the shape of antlered frontlets or great black pelts drying on the rocks at the canoe landing or eke savory moose steaks in the frying pan; if it seemed that after all we would have to content ourselves with taking home a stuffed guide's head or so; if twilight found us reuniting at the supper table each with tales of endless miles of tramping to our credit but no game, nevertheless and notwithstanding, the labor we spent was not without its plenteous compensations.

To begin with, there was ever the hope that beyond the next thicket or across the next swale old Mr. Sixty-Inch Spread would be browsing about waiting for us to come stealing upon him with all the stealthy approach of a runaway moving-van and blow him over. There was the joy of watching our guide trailing, he reading the woods as a scholar reads a book and seeing there plain as print what we would never have seen — the impress of a great splayed hoof in the yellowed moss, the freshly-

gnawed twigs of the moose-wood, the scarred bark high up on a maple to show that here a bull had whetted his horns, the scuffed earth where a bear had been digging for grubs, the wallow a buck deer had made at a crossing. And when he told us that the moose had passed this way, trotting, less than an hour before, but that the deer's bed was at least two nights old, while the bear's scratching dated back for days, we knew that he knew. Real efficiency in any line carries its own credentials and needs no bolstering affidavits. There may be better eyes in some human head than the pair Louis Harlowe owns or than that equally keen pair belonging to Harry Allen, the dean of New Brunswick guides, but I have yet to see their owners and I am quite sure that for woodcraft there are no better equipped men anywhere than the two I have named.

We couldn't decide which was the finer — the supper at night with a great log fire chasing back the dense shadows, and the baked beans and the talk and the crisp bacon and the innocent lies passing back and forth or the midday lunch out in the tangy, painted forest, miles and miles away from anywhere at all, with the chickadees and the snow-birds and the robins flittering about, waiting their chance to gather the crumbs they knew we would leave behind for them and with the moose birds informally dropping in on us before ever the kettle had begun to sing.

Naturalists know the moose bird, I believe, as the Canada jay and over the line in the States they call him the venison hawk, but by any name he is a handsome, saucy chap, as smart as Satan and as impudent as they make 'em. The first thin wisp of your fire, rising above the undergrowth, is his signal. For some of the denizens of the wilderness it may be just twelve o'clock, but to him it's feeding time. Here he comes in his swooping flight, a graceful, slate-blue figure with his snowy bib and tucker, like a trencherman prepared. And there, following close behind him, are other members of his tribe. There always is one in the flock more daring than the rest. If you sit quietly, this fellow will flit closer and closer, his head cocked on one side, uttering half-doubtful, half-confident cheeps until he is snatching up provender right under your feet or even out of your hand. His preference is for meat — raw meat for choice, but his taste is catholic; he'll eat anything. Small morsels he swallows on the spot; larger tidbits he takes in his bill and flies away with to hide in a nearby tree crotch. His friends watch him, and by the time he has returned for another helping they have stolen his cache, so that chiefly what he gets out of the burden of his thrifeful industry is the exercise. I do not know whether this should teach us that it is better to strive to lay by something against a rainy day and take a chance on the honesty of the neighbors or to seize our pleasure when

and where we find it and forget the morrow. Æsop might be able to figure it out, but, being no Æsop, I must continue to register uncertainty.

Campfire suppers and high noon barbecues and glorious sunrises and shooting the rapids in the rivers and paddling across the blue lakes, scaring up the black duck and the loons from before us, and all the rest of it, was fine enough in its way, but it was not killing the bull moose. So we hunted and we hunted. We dragged our reluctant feet through moose bogs — beaver meadows these are in the Adirondacks — and we ranged the high ground and the low. Cow moose we encountered frequently and calves aplenty. But the adult male was what we sought.

We had several close calls, or perhaps I should say he did. One of our outfit — nameless here because I have no desire to heap shame upon an otherwise well-meaning and always dependable companion — had been cruising through thick timber all day without seeing anything to fire at. Emerging into an open glade on a ridge above Little Red Lake, he was moved to try his new and virgin automatic at a target. So he loosed off at one of the big black crows of the North that was perched, like a disconsolate undertaker, with bunched shoulders and drooping head, on a dead tamarack fifty yards away. He did not hit Brother Corbie but he tore the top out of the tamarack snag. And then when

he and the guide had rounded the shoulder of the little hill and descended to a swamp below they read in certain telltale signs a story which came near to moving the marksman to tears.

Moving up the slope from the other side the guide had been calling. A bull moose, and a whaling big one, to judge by his hoof marks, had been stirred to inquire into the circumstances. He had quitted the swamp and had ambled up the hill to within a hundred yards of the crest when — as the guide deduced it — the sound of the shot just above caused him to halt and swing about and depart from that neighborhood at his very best gait. But for that unlucky rifle report he probably would have walked right into the enemy. My friend does not now feel toward crows as he formerly felt. He thinks they should be abolished.

An experience of mine was likewise fraught with the germs of a tragic disappointment. In a densely thicketed district, my guide, with a view to getting sight of the surrounding terrain above the tops of the saplings, scaled the steep side of a boulder that was as big as an ice-house and then beckoned to me to follow. But as a scaler I am not a conspicuous success. By main strength and awkwardness I managed to clamber up. Just as I reached the top and put my rifle down so that as I panted I might fan breath into myself with both hands my boot soles slipped on the uncertain surface and I slid off my perch into space. Wildly I threw out both

arms in a northerly direction. My clutching fingers closed on a limb of a maple which overshadowed the rock and I swung out into the air twelve feet or so above the inhospitable earth and utterly unable to reach with my convulsively groping feet the nearermost jut of granite. For an agonized moment it seemed probable that the only thing that I might break my fall with would be myself. But I kept my presence of mind. I flatter myself that in emergencies I am a quick thinker. As I dangled there an expedient came to me. I let go gradually.

And then as I plumped with a dull sickening thud into the herbage below and lay there weaponless, windless and jarred, I saw vanishing into the scrub not a hundred feet away the black shape of a big and startled moose. I caught one fleeting glimpse of an enormous head, of a profile which might have belonged to one of the Major Prophets, of a set of horns outspreading even as the fronded palm outspreads itself, of a switching tail and a slab-sided rump, and then the shielding bushes closed and the apparition was gone, and gone for keeps. For my part there was nothing to do but to sit there for a spell and cherish regrets. Under the circumstances, trailing a frightened bull moose would have been about as satisfactory as trailing a comet, and probably not a bit more successful as to results.

For the majority of the members of our troupe the duration of the hunt had a time limit. On

the afternoon of the last day in camp, two of the party strolled into the immediate presence of a fair-sized bull and, firing together, one of them put a slug of lead in a twitching ear which he turned toward them. It must have been his deaf ear, else he would have been aware of their approach long before. But one moose was singular and the achievement of the plural number was our ambition. So four of us crossed back into New Brunswick where according to all native New Brunswickers the moose grow larger than they do in the sister province; Nova Scotians taking the opposing side and being willing to argue it at all times.

With unabated determination the gallant quartet of us hunted and hunted. Three big deer died to make holiday for us but the moose displayed a coyness and diffidence which might be accounted for only on the ground that they had heard we were coming. Indeed they could not very well help hearing it.

Each morning under the influences of the frost the flaming forest colors showed a dimming hue. Day before yesterday they had been like burning brands, yesterday there were dulled embers, to-day smouldering coals; and tomorrow they would be as dead ashes. Each night the sun went down in a nimbus of cold gray clouds. There was a taste and a smell as of snow in the air. The last tardy robin packed up and went south; the swarms of juncoes grew thicker; wedge-shaped flights of coot and black

duck passed overhead, their bills all pointing toward the Gulf of Mexico. Then on the last day there fell a rain which turned to sleet and the sleet in turn to snow — four inches of it — and in the snow on that last day the reward which comes — sometimes — to the persevering was ours.

To know the climactic sensation which filled the triumphant amateur you must first of all care for the outdoors and for big game shooting, and in the second place you must have known the feeling of hope deferred and in the third place you must have reached the eleventh hour, so to speak, of your stay in these parts with the anticipation you had been nurturing for all these weeks since the trip was first proposed, still unrealized in your soul.

You and your camp mate and your guide were on the last lap of the journey back to camp; the sun was slipping down the western wall of the horizon; the shadows were deepening under the spruces; you rounded the shoulder of a ridge and stood for a moment at your guide's back looking out across a fire-burned barren. He stiffened like a pointer on a warm scent and pointed straight ahead. Your eye followed where his finger aimed, and two hundred yards away you saw a dark blot against a background of faded tamarack — a bull standing head-on. You shot together, you and your companion. Apparently unscathed, the animal swung himself about and started moving at the seemingly

languid lope of the moose, which really is a faster gait than you would suppose until you measure the length of his stride. You kept on firing, both of you, as rapidly almost as you could pull the triggers of your automatics. Twice he shook himself and humped his hind-quarters as though stung, but he did not check his speed. You emptied your magazine — five shots. Your mate's fifth shell jammed in the chamber, putting him out of the running for the moment. In desperate haste you fumbled one more shell into your rifle, and just as the fugitive topped a little rise before disappearing for good into the shrouding second-growth you got your sight full on the mark and sent a farewell bullet whistling on its way. The black hulk vanished magically.

"That'll do," said your guide, grinning broadly, "you got 'im. But load up again before we go over there. He's down and down for keeps, I think, judgin' by the way he flopped, but he might get up again."

But he didn't get up again. You came on him where he lay, still feebly twitching, with two flesh wounds in his flanks and a third hole right through him behind the shoulders — a thousand pounds of meat, a head worth saving and mounting and bragging about in the years to come, a pelt as big as a double blanket and at last the accomplished plural of moose was mise.

So then you did what man generally does

when language fails to express what he feels. You harked back sundry thousands of years and you did as your remote ancestor, the cave dweller, did when he slew the sabre-toothed whatyoumaycallhim. About the carcass of your kill you executed a war dance; at least you did if you chambered the emotions which filled the present writer to the choking point.

And then the next day, back in the settlements, when you reunited with the two remaining members of the outfit who had been in camp eight miles away from the camp where you stayed, and when you learned that now there was a total tally of three deceased beasties, the war dance was repeated, only this time it was a four-handed movement instead of a solo number.





